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ART. I.—1. *History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in* 1852. By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L. 6 Vols. 1852–57.

2. *History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons in* 1815. By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L. 14 Vols. 1850.

IF the time shall ever arrive—and the contingency is not more improbable than a realization of many of the prophecies contained in these works—when every other contemporaneous record shall have perished, the histories of Sir Archibald Alison will be regarded as a colossal political pamphlet, written in an age of longeval patriarchs and in a land of polemical giants. The author who can devote twelve thousand pages to the perishable vindication of party "cries," will be assumed to have been of a people who yet enjoyed a life of primitive duration, and with whom everything but their reasoning was proportionate to their physical stature. We may question, however, the success of a monster pamphleteering, which is at once the jest of Liberal politicians, and which an eminent Conservative leader (with marked ingratitude) has characterized as a history of Europe written in twenty volumes, to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories. Yet it must not be forgotten that Sir A. Alison's writings claim credit for the most startling revelations of modern research:—they have discovered that the Reform Act was produced by the contraction of the currency, and that the Roman Empire fell to destruction because it had no Corn Laws!

There can be no doubt, that to write a history of the great drama of the last sixty or seventy years involves great difficulties, or, at least, that it calls for the exercise of extraordinary qualifications. This is even more true of the later than of the earlier of the two periods of which Sir Archibald has treated. In dealing

indeed, with bare facts, there exists, in the abstract, more information, in proportion to our proximity to the events that we record. But in questions involving the relations of cabinets, it often happens that this testimony is not available. For a narrative of battles, there are eye-witnesses among our contemporaries whose knowledge is more often freely imparted, and whose considerate statements rarely conflict with one another. But the very existence of these sources of direct and authentic knowledge renders it the more difficult to rely upon the second or third hand statements which have meanwhile appeared, and have not yet been subjected to criticism and analysis. Their existence renders it especially perilous to allow our own imagination to supply the particulars which our library does not yield.

But, in passing from facts to opinions, and in dealing with the tendencies of events whose results are yet incompletely developed, the qualification required for a contemporary historian of Europe is yet more various and more rare. He requires a profound knowledge of the state of government and of the state of society —of the nature and working of laws and institutions, and of the bent and action of opinion—in every important commonwealth. He requires, above all things, a calm judgment, an entire absence of partisan bias, a total freedom from prepossessions, and a clearness of foresight only to be obtained at once from the deepest and the most comprehensive thought. He must write in a concise style, if he would appreciably advance his unwieldy subject within any practicable compass. He must remember that the disposition of society to look upon political prophets in the light of spurious diviners, is founded on a pretty wide induction that their divinations are almost inevitably wrong. He must combine with these qualities an imitation of the immortal experiment of Thucydides, whose conciseness of narration is exactly proportioned to the relation of details to the main action of his story; and whose philosophy of contemporary events is, not the vaticination of the theorist, but the calm reasoning of the statesman in anticipation of their developed tendency.

It will be seen that, of these difficulties, as they apply to Sir A. Alison's works, part are inherent in the subject, and part are of the author's own making. He might surely, for instance, have left the Peninsular war to Sir William Napier, who had preceded him in the field. He has at least failed to displace that author, or even to put himself in any sort of comparison with him; and he has braved a civilian's difficulty of strategic criticism. His elaborate descriptions of Russia (in his new work) are as inferior to those of Haxthausen, as his elaborate descriptions of Turkey are inferior to those of Ubicini. These authors had also preceded him: and institutions dating long prior to the

period of the history can have no other concern with it than as they are directly involved in the narrative of events. This system of describing governments and manners extends to other states (in which also we have ourselves travelled); and the descriptions combine a maximum of tediousness with a minimum of fidelity. Sir Archibald's desire to hit his political opponents is so keen and predominant, in every subject of discussion, that he strikes on all sides with an aimlessness which frequently results (as we shall see) in his hitting his own party harder than his opponents, and himself hardest of all. His assertions of policy, which contravene the avowed opinion of the greatest living reputations, are continually put forward without a shadow of reasoning. Where, on the other hand, argument is offered on a few favourite topics of declamation, it is offered so singularly without any defined view or clear notion, that, if we collate the argumentative passages which are scattered over different volumes, on any one subject, the result of the author's deductions is seen, upon his own showing, to be nearly worthless, if not absolutely *nil*. The style of his criticisms similarly alternates between wearisome flippancy, and the assumption of a compassionate intellectual pre-eminence, which disdains a sarcasm. It is, therefore, the aim of the present criticism of Sir A. Alison's works, not to provoke and initiate controversy, but simply to take up the gauntlet which the author has already thrown down.

Either of these histories devotes itself, as is well known, into one of the two great periods of which the interval between the French Revolution and the accession of Louis Napoleon is composed. These periods are very fairly defined by the author as periods of equal and corresponding activity, respectively in war and in peace. There is, however, this broad distinction to be borne in mind, that the military activity of the former age was (with the exception of its first few years) the instigating activity of the few, while the pacific activity of the later age was the instigating activity of the many. It follows from this distinction, that the changes which this pacific activity has produced, are not alone likely to be more durable; but that they form an inherent part of the social condition of Europe. When, therefore, the virtual direction of the national life had passed into hands so different from those by which that life had previously been controlled, it was impossible but that great changes should result, both in the external and internal relations of nearly every state. It was to be presumed that these changes in the national life would demand a corresponding change in those relations.

It is precisely at this point that Sir A. Alison joins issue with nearly the whole of his generation. He looks upon every change in our domestic government, every fresh phasis in our foreign

alliances, and every expansion in our social and commercial life, as an evidence of our national decline. He regards the European settlement of 1814–15 as a righteous and designedly-eternal settlement; and he ascribes to popular violence every instance of its infraction, and the whole responsibility for the tyranny and insecurity that have since been experienced. The general wisdom of that settlement will hardly, indeed, be disputed, in all the difficulties which then prevailed; but it will nevertheless be seen that those European Governments which are the author's archetypes of Conservatism, were the first to violate its fundamental provisions. Sir Archibald entertains the same view of the actual constitution of England in 1815: and from that starting-point he traces our decline, successively, in the contraction of the Currency; in "the calamity of Free Trade;" in our Colonial policy; in the repeal of the Test Act, and in Catholic Emancipation; in the alleged substitution of "Liberal" for "Conservative" alliances abroad; and in Parliamentary Reform.

The first chapter of Sir A. Alison's new work is devoted to a general survey of this gloomy picture; and it is, in a certain sense, an analysis of all that follows. It ought not therefore to be entirely overlooked, as it at once evinces the manner in which the whole of this great and paradoxical proposition is sustained. We will take, in the first place, the author's argument from free trade, viewed in reference to emigration and to the alleged consequent decline of the population of these islands:—

"Great and important as were these results [the Anglo-French alliance] of the social convulsions of France and England in the first instance, they sank into insignificance compared with those which followed the change in the commercial policy and the increased stringency in the monetary laws of Great Britain. The effect of these all-important measures, from which so much was expected and so little, save suffering, received, was to augment, to an extraordinary and unparalleled degree, the *outward* tendency of the British people. The agricultural population, especially in Ireland, were violently torn up from the land of their birth by woeful suffering: a famine of the thirteenth appeared in the population of the nineteenth century; and to this terrible but transient source of suffering was superadded the lasting discouragement arising from the virtual closing of the market of England to their produce, by the inundation of grain from foreign states. . . . . .

"Europe, before the middle of this century, beheld with astonishment Great Britain, which at the end of the war had been self-supporting, importing ten millions of quarters of grain, being a full fifth of the national subsistence, and a constant stream of three hundred thousand emigrants annually leaving its shores. Its inhabitants, which for four centuries had been regularly increasing, declined a million in the five years from 1846 to 1850 [1851?] in the two

islands, and two millions in Ireland taken separately."—Vol. i., pp. 10, 11.

This statement is, without exception, the strangest compound of anachronisms and miscalculations that we ever encountered. The scientific world have been content to ascribe the potato disease to some chemical secret which they cannot solve: Sir A. Alison plainly refers this chemical process of nature to the repeal of the corn laws and the contraction of the currency! It will have been observed that he distinctly recounts the famine of 1846 as among the results of these two measures. But waiving this singular discovery, which throws Liebig and Playfair into the shade at once—and granting that the author cannot really have intended what he nevertheless states, let us glance next at the anachronism which this statement involves. He takes the increase or decrease of population as the true index of the expediency of the measures meanwhile in force. We say nothing more of the potato blight in this place; although it is well known that the famine produced by that blight was at its height before the corn laws were, even theoretically, repealed. Waiving this anachronism also, we pass to the author's next assertion, of "the virtual closing of the market of England to Irish produce, by the inundation of grain from foreign states." That Sir A. Alison refers to the operation of this system during 1846–50 is perfectly clear; since he regards the decline of population as the immediate result of the abolition of the corn laws, and specifies that decline during those years. Now, is it possible that he is not aware that the repeal of the corn laws did not come into operation until 1849, and that therefore these results, during three of these years at least, actually co-existed with protective laws? To this it may be replied, perhaps, that Sir Archibald intended to include the commercial legislation of 1842, as well as that of 1846. We answer, therefore, at once, that he is precluded from the benefit of this hypothesis by the very figures which constitute his own argument against the legislation of 1846. For (at p. 56) he appeals to the contrast between the decline of the population in 1846–51, and its previous increase in 1841–46, as an evidence of the distinctive results of free trade.

To turn to the next question—What are the merits of this argument of the alleged decline in the population of the United Kingdom? We have already quoted Sir A. Alison's assertion, that the population of the two islands declined by *one* million, and that of Ireland alone by *two* millions, in the five years 1846–50. This, to begin with—and accepting the author's index of prosperity in population—is a highly satisfactory indication for Great Britain; inasmuch as its population must have increased by one million in the five years, according to Sir Archibald's own statement.

What, however, is the correctness of these figures? If we turn from p. 11, in which they stand, to p. 56, we shall find quite a different statement. We find that the population during these five years declined, not by 1,000,000, but simply by 600,000. We find also, that during the whole ten years, from 1841 to 1851, it increased from 26,831,000 to 27,435,000,—or more than 600,000. We find, consequently, that the increase, during the first half of this decade, was 1,200,000. And during four out of five of those years, we had a partial free trade in corn, and a total free trade in meat, which was one great element of Irish export into England.

But apart from these considerations, is it true that our population did decline in 1846-51, in the common acceptation of the expression? Sir A. Alison tells us that emigration, during those five years, set in at a rate of 300,000 a-year. This immediately accounts for the exclusion of 1,500,000 of British born subjects, who were either in these islands in 1846, or were since born on these shores, from the census of 1851. If, then, the diminution of population, during the same period, was but 600,000, it becomes clear that, in these very five years (1846-51), there must have been an excess of 900,000 births over deaths. Although no general census of the population has since been taken, it has been ascertained, beyond all reasonable doubt, that emigration, though increasing rather than lessening in actual numbers, has since been outstripped by the excess of population. We think Sir Archibald might have had the candour to acknowledge this circumstance in one of his later volumes.

It must be observed also that he discreetly omits reference either to the Irish famine, as disconnected from free trade, or to the gold discoveries in California and Australia; although he is peculiarly *au fait* of these questions, in their relation to his own cause. He has acknowledged that the actual population of Great Britain did not decrease in numbers, and, on the contrary, that it increased as much as that of Ireland decreased, in stating that the decrease of Ireland was double that of the United Kingdom. We have, therefore, to deal with Ireland alone. Does Sir A. Alison, then, make no computation for the actual deaths caused by the fevers and starvation which prevailed in that country? Does he make no computation for the apprehension of those recurring miseries which drove the people to increased emigration? With what possible consistency or shadow of sense can he ascribe this result to the contingent evils arising from duties to be abolished three years later—and which, in their partial abolition, the Irish had experienced and not suffered from—and wholly exclude a consideration of the positive evil of starvation by the failure of their own crops, which was actually

depopulating them? And though very willing to make the gold discoveries in Australia and California a stalking-horse wherewith to cover the retreat of a defeated policy, whenever the subsequent prosperity of England under free trade is brought forward, he here omits any acknowledgment of this sudden stimulus upon Irish emigration.

Here, then, is a fair illustration of Sir A. Alison's method of arguing a party question, and of proving the impolicy of a fiscal measure, upon population returns, when those returns show that the births exceeded the deaths of the United Kingdom, during the five years in question, by 900,000; and that, in spite of an emigration from the United Kingdom of a million and a half, the population of Great Britain meanwhile largely rose; and while a famine in Ireland, and gold fields in Australia and California, presented themselves almost simultaneously as concurrent motives to emigration. If this is all that is to be said for the question that Sir Archibald has raked up, it certainly has received from him a conclusive condemnation.

We will turn to the next great element of our political retrogression—the political alliance cultivated by this country with France from the Revolution of 1830:—

"The first effect," says Sir A. Alison, "*of this identity of feeling and interest* in the class then for the first time intrusted with the practical direction of affairs in both countries, was a close political alliance between their Governments, and an entire change in the foreign policy of Great Britain. To the vehement and ceaseless rivalry of four centuries succeeded an alliance sincere and cordial at the time; though, like other intimacies founded on identity of passion, *not of interest*, it might be doubted whether it would survive the emotions which gave it birth."—Vol. i., p. 7.

When the author has made up his mind whether the alliance proceeded upon a sense of interest or not—a question, by the way, on which his whole argument turns—he will be able to render himself less unintelligible. We take up this passage, however, less with the view of criticising blunders which serve to show that the writer can have formed no notion (true or erroneous) in his own mind in regard to the subject with which he here deals, than with the aim of pointing out what these interests are, which are yearly integrating more firmly the alliance of England with what Sir A. Alison chooses to term the Revolutionary Powers.

If the author had ever analysed the commercial statistics of the last quarter of a century—which are published by Great Britain, France, Sardinia, and some other states—and especially the commercial tables of the statistical department of the Board of Trade—he would have perceived that, during that period, the

commercial relations, both direct and indirect, of this country with the states of Western Europe, have been increasing in a degree which has bound together the maritime states of the west in an alliance founded almost as directly upon reciprocal interests and necessities as the Zollverein itself. It is singular that a writer, the aim of whose whole argument it appears to be to find a solution of every problem in monetary laws, should know so little of the great commercial facts on which those laws must largely depend.

The author thus proceeds with his theme:—

"To complete the perils of Great Britain, arising out of the very magnitude of its former triumphs and extent of its empire, while so many causes were conspiring to weaken its internal strength, and disqualifying it for withstanding the assault of a formidable enemy; others, perhaps more pressing, were alienating foreign nations, breaking up old alliances, and tending more and more to isolate England in the midst of European hostility. The triumph of the democratic principle, by the Revolution of 1830, in France, was the cause of this: for it at once induced an entire change of government and foreign policy in England, and substituted *new revolutionary for the old conservative alliances.* Great Britain no longer appeared as the champion of order, but as the friend of rebellion; revolutionary dynasties were, by her influence, joined to that of France, established in Belgium, Spain, and Portugal; and the policy of our Cabinet avowedly was to establish an alliance of constitutional sovereigns in Western, which might counterbalance the coalition of despots in Eastern Europe."—Pp. 27, 28.

By what ministers of England were these "old Conservative alliances" of Great Britain broken up, if broken up they were? They were broken up by Viscount Castlereagh, by Mr Canning, by the Duke of Wellington, and by the Earl of Aberdeen. The truth is, that the divergence of Great Britain from the policy of the Great Continental Powers during the forty years between the Peace of Paris and the war of 1854, was never so broad, nor the danger of European war so imminent, as between 1815 and 1830. From the policy of the Holy Alliance, the first act of the Continental Great Powers after the restoration of peace, Lord Castlereagh at once declared the divergence of Great Britain. At the Congresses of Troppau and Laybach in 1820 and 1821, the British Government was the chief opponent of the "Great Conservative Powers;" and Lord Castlereagh's circular of that period attests the almost total isolation of England. In 1822, Mr Canning sent the Duke of Wellington to the Congress of Verona, to protest against the conduct of the "Conservative Powers," upon the very question for which they were convened. During the four or five subsequent years, we were upon the

verge of war with France, chiefly by reason of her very prominence as the agent of the "Conservative Powers," in the invasion of Spain. In 1827, we were dissevered from Austria on the question of Greek Emancipation; and in 1828 and 1829 the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen are understood to have refrained from direct hostilities with Russia, chiefly through an apprehension that they would have been thereby involved in war with France also.

These circumstances do honour to those Tory statesmen, whom a paramount sense of public duty induced virtually to dissever their country from the alliances of 1815. But nothing can be more clear, from these examples, than that the inherent divergence of the English system from the "Conservative Powers," prevented the existence of any such alliances as Sir A. Alison has described. The state of our alliances with those powers in 1830 may be fairly inferred from the readiness with which the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen acknowledged the throne of Louis Philippe.

The author proceeds thus:—

"Strong in the support of France, whether under a throne surrounded by republican institutions, or those institutions themselves, England became indifferent to the jealousy of the other Continental Powers, and in the attempt to extend the spread of liberal institutions, or the sympathy openly expressed for *foreign rebels*, irritated beyond forgiveness the Cabinets of St Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin."—P. 28.

We do not care to enter upon the legal question, whether the Poles (who are here designed) were rebels or not. But as Sir Archibald assumes the entire harmony of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, in 1830 and 1831, in adhering to the "Conservative Alliance," we may as well remind him, that Austria and Russia were upon the verge of war at this very juncture, and upon this very question. It is perfectly well known to all public men in London, that Prince Metternich warmly espoused the cause of the Polish "rebels," and was preparing for an armed intervention in their support, on the condition that an Austrian prince should fill their constitutional throne, when the vigour of the Russians unexpectedly terminated the war.

Sir A. Alison thus winds up with the proof of his consistent proposition:—

"But all alliances founded on identity of feeling, not interest, are ephemeral in their duration. *A single day destroyed the whole fabric on which we rested our security.* Revolutionary violence worked out its natural and unavoidable result in the Continental States. A military despotism was, after a sanguinary struggle, established in Austria and Prussia: *the 2d of December arrived in France; and in an instant that power was turned over to the rank of our enemies.*"—P. 28.

So much for all this boasted discernment! That many persons should have connected the idea of a Bonaparte in absolute power in France with Continental usurpation, and a threatened invasion of this country, by the mere historic relation of the two ideas, was not unnatural. But that a writer who had passed half his life in a study of the political history of this century, should have failed to perceive the three great determining influences in the policy of the present Emperor of the French, is really surprising. He did not anticipate the probability that that prince, as he existed under the force of his uncle's name, would adopt the alliance of England in the interest of commerce, which that uncle had so often declared should have been his policy, could he but have had his career over again. He did not anticipate the effect of the adverse prepossession of the legitimist sovereigns towards the house of Bonaparte—added to the hauteur and disdain with which they had treated even King Louis Philippe, twenty years before. He seems to have had no perception that the *national* alliance of France and England was a great commercial fact. We have already adverted to this, as an evidence of Sir A. Alison's strange misconception of the real bases of the present political system of Europe. He appears able to see no further than the actual fabric of government; and referring the coincidence of more popular power in France and England with the avowed alliance of the two States to the mere sympathy of a popular system, he augurs the ruin of the alliance from the fall of the popular system. With regard to his repeated assertion (this time stated without a contradiction), "that the alliance could not be durable because it was not founded on an identity of interest," we may reply, that perhaps the experience of twenty-seven years may now be taken as an evidence of its durability; and that the fact of its durability may be alone held as a presumption of its basis in an identity of interest.

It is certainly not a little amusing to turn from this volume to p. 383 of vol. IV., and to observe how Sir A. Alison wreaks his revenge on the Allied Powers for disappointing his prediction. Now elsewhere, throughout these volumes, he has justly held in view the importance of the Turkish Empire to the balance of European power; and, more than all, the pre-eminent necessity of preserving that Empire from the encroachment of Russia. Yet in this passage, written during the late war, he holds up to European indignation the spectacle of France and England uniting for the defence of a Mohammedan State! This certainly strikes us as a somewhat unsuccessful retreat from a false position.

This defence of Turkey being here referred to "the Reform Act" (!), it may be as well to add, that Lord Castlereagh, who is Sir Archibald's political archetype, was himself as strenuous

a supporter of that State as Lord Palmerston himself. We remember asking the late Lord Londonderry what course Lord Castlereagh would have pursued with regard to Greek Emancipation, if he had lived five years longer. Lord Londonderry replied, "I am certain my brother would never have consented to anything of the kind."

Before we quit the subject of foreign affairs, it is worth while to advert to Sir A. Alison's view of the increased military establishments of the despotic powers, in their relation to the probability of general war. This question is of the more practical import, since it is directly connected in the narrative with that of our own defences. The author argues,—

"Since the battle of Waterloo, all the contests of Europe have been *internal* only. There have been many desperate and bloody struggles, but they have *not* been those of *nation with nation, but of class with class, or race with race.* No foreign wars have desolated Europe; and the whole efforts of government in every country have been directed to moderating the warlike propensities of their subjects, and preventing the fierce animosities of *nationality and race* [!] from involving the world in general conflagration. . . . .

"But this has been materially changed by the consequences of the great European revolution of 1848; and it may now be doubted whether the greatest dangers that threaten society, are not those of foreign subjugation, and the loss of national independence."—i., p. 22.

It is, of course, difficult to argue with an author who has no distinct idea of the meaning that he would assign to his own terms. In the same breath he uses the terms "nation" and "race," first in antithesis, and then as implying nearly identical ideas. The anticipation of external war, as the ultimate characteristic of this age, is however fair and plausible: though the financial break down of France and Russia (since this volume was written) has not favoured the experiment; and though the increase of military force in Austria and Prussia is only proportionate to the increase of popular disaffection.

But this picture has apparently been drawn, only to bring out more vividly our own alleged defencelessness, which, as may be expected, Sir A. Alison refers to the contraction of the currency. It is, of course, a broad question, whether the popular voice has not been raised too loudly for retrenchment. The author, however, proceeds to illustrate his position with much the same circumspection as before:—

"The military strength of Great Britain has been strained to the uttermost to withstand the hostility, at the Cape of Good Hope, of the Caffres, who never could bring six thousand men into the field."—P. 25.

Now, everybody knows that the Caffre war was a guerilla war; and with the suppression of such a war numbers can have little concern. The late Duke of Wellington stated in the House of Lords, when this war was pending, that such hostilities were to be met, less by numbers than by tactics. The war was a war of depredation by the Caffres; and their operations were carried on upon the basis of a nearly impenetrable jungle, which was always their retreat. The Duke's advice was, therefore, that roads should be made through the jungle, by the cutting down of the wood, as the only means of suppressing the Caffre invasion. To say, therefore, that "our military strength was strained to the uttermost" in these proceedings, involves a misconception of the whole character of the war. It might have been remembered, too, by this annalist of the Peninsular campaigns, that the hosts which Napoleon poured through the Pyrenees were never able to overpower the guerilla bands of Navarre and the Basque Provinces.

But Sir A. Alison continues:—

> "Every gleam of colonial peace has been invariably followed by profuse demands at home for a reduction of the establishments, and a diminution of the national expenses; until they have been brought down to a point so low, that the nation, which, during the war, had a million men in arms, two hundred and forty ships of the line bearing the royal flag, and a hundred in commission, could not now muster twenty thousand men and ten ships of the line to guard Great Britain from invasion, London from capture, and the British Empire from destruction."—P. 25.

In the first place, it must be remembered that this alluring picture of the armaments of England before the calamitous contraction of the currency—Priami dum regna manebant—has its vanishing point in a charge of eight hundred millions upon the present generation. It is clear, therefore, that England, since the contraction of the currency, has paid far more for the naval and military displays terminating with 1815, than she ever did before it. Secondly, we find in the estimates proposed by Mr Sidney Herbert in 1853,—before there existed any apprehension of a war with Russia, and when, therefore, they were presumptively similar to those of 1852, which is the date of this volume,—a vote for 108,000 men for the army alone. As the author acknowledges that only half our army was in the colonies (a proportion, indeed, largely overdrawn), it follows that our home force, exclusively of marines, yeomanry, etc., was, on his own reasoning, nearly triple what he has stated it to have been.

Thirdly, with regard to our having had a "million in arms" previously to 1815, we remember the late Mr Hume calculating, in

1850 or 1851, that we had then about eleven hundred thousand. The hyperbole of Sir A. Alison is pretty nearly as great as the hyperbole of Mr Hume; only that the latter financier gave us the process of his calculation, which the former does not. Mr Hume included the militia, yeomanry, police, Indian and Colonial armies, and perhaps every man who received a shilling from the State. If, however, the author's view of the military strength of England forty or fifty years ago were in any degree correct, how would he account for the fact, that, during four out of the six years of our share in the Peninsular war, Lord Wellington never found himself at the head of more than 20,000 British bayonets? We believe that the largest *British* army that has taken the field during this century, was arrayed before Sebastopol in 1855.

Sir A. Alison's views of our colonial policy during this downward period of our history, are as accurate and precise as anything we have yet noticed. Thus he speaks of the Revolution of 1830 in its colonial results:—

"Its first effect was to bring about the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies. Eight hundred thousand slaves in the British colonies, in that quarter of the globe, received the perilous gift of unconditional freedom. For the first time in the history of mankind, the experiment was made of extending the institutions of Japhet to the sons of Ham. . . . New Zealand was added to the already colossal empire of England in Oceania; and it was already apparent that the foundations were laid, in a fifth hemisphere (?), of another nation, destined to rival, perhaps eclipse, Europe itself in the career of human improvement. For the first time in the history of mankind, *the course of advancement ceased to be from East to West.*"—P. 9.

Why, in the very same breath he has been characterizing the introduction of European institutions among the West Indians, as one of the greatest incidents of this period! The English settlements in the American continent were meanwhile yearly extending themselves, and European emigration was there pouring in with continually increasing volume.

Let us now turn to the fourth volume, in which Sir A. Alison deals with the Repeal of the Test Act, Catholic Emancipation, and Parliamentary Reform. On the two former of these questions, we are agreeably surprised by his liberality. He approves of the repeal of the Test Act, and he regards Catholic Emancipation as "a great and wise measure."—(P. 185.) To be sure, Lord Castlereagh was for Catholic Emancipation; and the author's opinion in its favour is thereby saved from heterodoxy. The origin of this measure is, of course, referred to the contraction of the currency; and it is very pleasant to find that this unfortunate

legislation—"from seeming evil still educing good"—was the parent of "a great and wise measure."

But it was not to be expected that Catholic Emancipation would get off scot free. Accordingly, we read, at p. 193, that "Emancipation has brought a righteous retribution to both parties." The retribution is thus explained and vindicated:—

"England has been punished, and justly punished, for doing a right thing from wrong motives; and the consequences of the fault have already been amply experienced. The great precedent of yielding, not to justice, but to coercion, has not been lost upon the agitators within her own bosom. The Reform movement was the child of the Catholic agitation, the Anti-Corn Law League of the triumph of Reform."—Vol. iv., p. 193.

On this reasoning we have four observations to offer. *First*, the Divine government of nations is one of the most solemn and mysterious questions that can be entertained; and it is one, assuredly, on which the greatest intellects would refrain from expressing an opinion without the greatest circumspection. To deal out judgments in this way, is one of the most certain attributes of superficial and egotistical declamation. *Secondly*, the argument itself is marked by an obliquity of perception so great, as necessarily to strike the most careless reader. If a nation is to be punished according to the extent of its failings, which is the greater failing—to do a just act from a wrong motive, or to persevere in the unjust act? After England had so long persevered in the unjust act, without, as it appears, experiencing retribution, is it consistent with our notions of justice—and it is by these notions that the author decides the question—that retribution should follow our commission of a just act, even though the motives qualify the justice? *Thirdly*, how does he arrive at the obliquity of the motive? How can he assume that those who ultimately conceded, did not deem concession more just than the alternative of general bloodshed? How does he show that the distributive assignment of civil rights rested upon a positive Divine law, and not upon a human calculation of the balance of social and moral good to the whole community? *Fourthly*, what is the significance of the retribution, and what the aim of this flippant denunciation of the Reform Act and of the Repeal of the Corn Laws—in the face of a nearly universal concurrence in the expediency of the measures which constitute the retribution itself? And, with regard to the indirect results of the machinery by which these measures were carried, the Political Unions expired in the first Reformed Parliament, and the League has, in its turn, undergone a similar fate.

To pass to the next subject, let us see how Sir A. Alison deals

with Parliamentary Reform. This is one on which we admit that a certain allowance ought to be made for the inherent prejudice of which few who lived in the period of that measure can entirely divest themselves. The author's estimate of the influence of Catholic Emancipation on Parliamentary Reform is no doubt well-founded. He takes care also, that, among its influences, the contraction of the currency shall not be forgotten. But he proceeds to assert the converse of the proposition, and to argue it in these terms:—

"No one doubts that, if the Reform Bill had been the first measure carried, the Catholic Relief Bill would never have been the second. The present House of Commons (1854), even with the addition of fifty Catholic members for Ireland, is greatly more hostile to the Catholics than that of 1829 was. The opposition to them is to be found now rather in the Lower than the Upper House. This is a very remarkable circumstance, in a country so much influenced by public opinion as England, especially during the last half-century, has been. *It* [what ?] was carried by the liberal opinions of the holders of a majority of the close boroughs, which brought the Government into such straits as compelled it to force through the measure."—Vol. iv., p. 185.

This strikes us as a very doubtful proposition to assume so confidently. The close borough seats abolished by the Reform Act were 141; and this number pretty closely coincides with the difference between the close seats now and the close seats before 1832, although the change of the franchise may somewhat have affected the distinction. The Tory nominees in the House of Commons, with very incidental exceptions, must be subtracted from this number; for the author, by supposing that the nomination-holders forced the measure on the Government, excludes from calculation those Tory peers whom the Duke of Wellington's influence may have induced to favour Emancipation. We have therefore to set the Whig nomination-members against the fifty Irish seats secured to the Catholics, as the author asserts, by Parliamentary Reform, and against the presumptive difference of opinion between seventy or eighty members nominated expressly to withstand Catholic Emancipation, and such a number chosen chiefly by free suffrages. Allowing, then, these scales nearly to counterpoise each other, we have to account for the increased endowment of Maynooth under a Reformed House of Commons. And, more than all, we have also, in considering the relative anti-Catholicism of the House of Commons in 1829 and 1854, to bear in mind the difference between the views of that House when the claims of the Catholics were withheld, and when they were conceded. This is what Sir A. Alison's argument entirely loses sight of. Surely the alleged prepossessions of the

House of Commons against Catholic encroachment in 1854, after relief had been granted for a quarter of a century, affords no sort of index of what their views towards the Catholics would have been if that relief had never been conceded.

So much for the argument which appears designed, on the threshold of a discussion of Parliamentary Reform itself, to instil the reader with a wholesome preconception of the illiberality and injustice of popular institutions. Let us see what is the author's view of the practical working of the old House of Commons, and of the representation of classes which prevailed in it:—

"But the aristocracy, which had gained the ascendancy in England at the fall of Napoleon, was not entirely, or even principally, a territorial aristocracy. It was a mixed body, composed of merchants, manufacturers, bankers, colonial proprietors, shipowners, and shopkeepers (?), even more than landholders, in Great Britain or Ireland. The House of Commons was the representative, not of one species of property, but of every species of property; and although numbers were by no means unrepresented, yet the members elected by the popular constituencies were few in number compared to those who rested on the mercantile, landed, or colonial interests."—Vol. i., p. 311.

If we turn to vol. IV., p. 387, we shall find the same proposition asserted, consistently enough:—

"Thus, the House of Commons had come to be an assembly, not of the representatives of any one class or section of society, *but of all sections and classes* [the italics are the author's]; and though the influence of wealth, landed or commercial, was mainly influential in procuring the returns," etc. And the same statement is repeated.

But from this point the two statements broadly diverge, if they do not directly contradict each other. In the *former*, the author asserts that "the mercantile aristocracy pursued measures for their peculiar interests;" and that "it was to the *undue ascendancy* of the mercantile interest in this mixed aristocracy—springing out of the vast riches they had amassed, and the influence they had acquired during the war—that the remote cause of the whole subsequent difficulties of the British empire is to be found."—P. 311. This, if it be so, is a pretty plain evidence of the defective balance of classes in the old representation.

The *latter* statement—that from the fourth volume—is thus followed up:—

"That this was the true character of the House of Commons, and the secret of its long-continued influence and popularity, is decisively proved by its legislative acts. Every interest in society was protected by the laws or the fiscal regulations which it passed, and none in such a degree *as to beget the suspicion that any one interest had acquired a disproportioned sway in the legislature.*"—Vol. iv., p. 387.

Sir Archibald has asserted in volume I., that the "mercantile aristocracy" alone had gained, at this very time, such an "undue ascendancy" as to produce "the whole subsequent difficulties of the British Empire!" Where, then, was the action of this alleged equipoise of classes?

Sir A. Alison's *narrative* of the struggle regarding the Reform Bill appears to us both interesting and reliable. The popular excitement, the vacillation of the sovereign, are well told: there is none of the distressing magniloquence which pervades the discussion of other topics. Justice is usually done to the late Earl Grey and his friends, so far as their motives are concerned. It is when the author begins to reason upon this question, and to enter upon what he frequently terms "reflections on these events," that he loses himself so terribly. His criticisms of the Whig Ministers are reserved for intellectual, not moral characteristics: and although it is impossible to do otherwise than commend the gentlemanly feeling which dictates this distinction—and which has not always been borne in mind in the ranks of his own party—the almost invariable recoil of these criticisms upon the author himself, inevitably renders the whole commentary somewhat serio-comic. At p. 375, for example, the author has his fling at Lord Macaulay, in the shape of a criticism which he quotes, with great zest, from Mr Roebuck's History of the Whig Ministry. The question is that of the charge given by the King to the Duke of Wellington to form a new Ministry in May 1832, on the defeat of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords:—

"Among the rest, Mr Macaulay said—'The new ministry will go forth to the contest without arms, either offensive or defensive. If they have recourse to force, they will find it vain; if they attempt gagging bills, they will be divided; in short, in taking office, they will present a most miserable example of impotent ambition, and appear as if they wished to show to the world a melancholy example of *little men* [Sir A. Alison's italics] bringing a great empire to destruction.' A curious proof of excitement, as Mr Roebuck remarks, when we recollect that among those 'little men' the Duke of Wellington was numbered."—Vol. iv., p. 375.

It is singular that neither Mr Roebuck nor Sir A. Alison should have perceived that Lord Macaulay's criticism referred to a contingency not then come to pass. "Such," in other words, "would become the character of the Tory ministers, if they did take office." The issue implied that the Duke pretty closely agreed in Lord Macaulay's opinion. The author has just been lauding his Grace's "practical good sense:" it seemed to be the dictate of this "good sense" that the Tory leaders would put themselves in just such a position as the Whig orator had described; for the

Duke declared himself unable to govern the country. We should have expected something better of Mr Roebuck.

Here is the author's criticism on the Reform Bill, as it finally stood:

"Thus in the Imperial Legislature, as it now stands, there are 253 county members, and 405 for boroughs; an immense disproportion, when it is recollected that they are nearly in an inverse ratio of the population and wealth raised by these different classes of society, three-fifths of both of which are drawn from or dependent on the rural population."—Vol. iv., p. 382.

In vol. I., and at p. 311, the author has told us, that "the aristocracy [or wealthy classes] in ascendancy in England, was not, even principally, a territorial aristocracy," but that "it was a mixed body, composed of merchants, manufacturers, bankers, colonial proprietors, shipowners, and shopkeepers, even more than landholders." If the aggregate wealth *of* each class bear any relation to the "aristocratic" wealth *in* each class, how can the argument hold as to the relative wealth of town and country? With regard to population, the statement, *as a bare and abstract fact*, is no doubt perfectly true. But what is the inference to be deduced from the author's criticism? Clearly, that the Reform Act increased the borough and diminished the county representation. Now this is exactly what the Reform Act did *not* do. Thus, the author says again, vol. iv., p. 398:—

"To understand how this came about, it is only necessary to recollect that, by the Reform Bill, nearly *two-thirds* [author's italics] of the House of Commons was composed of members for boroughs."

It was the pre-eminent aim of the Reform Act, in sweeping away nomination boroughs, to do justice to the county constituencies. Sixty-five were added to 94 county members. Meanwhile, in place of the 141 nomination seats for boroughs that were abolished, not more than 64 borough seats were added. Before the reform of Parliament, the proportion of borough to county representation, in England and Wales, was 405 to 82: it is now 159 to 341. The borough representation of the United Kingdom now exactly equals the borough representation of England alone before the Reform Act.

Of course, if Sir A. Alison were arguing this question as one of the relation of noble to borough interest, it would remain perfectly true that the abolition of so many nomination boroughs more than counterbalanced the concessions to the counties. But he argues it as a question of justice, not to the territorial magnates, but to the "rural population," to quote his very words. And this is now becoming a more real distinction than ever. The great Tory noble adheres generally to his family traditions, while

his tenantry are notoriously liberalising. The Tory landholders, therefore, cannot be relied on as the exponents of the will of the farming and peasant class. It is clear, then, that the Reform Act did a great act of justice, not simply to the large towns— which the author, in vol. I., has indirectly acknowledged to represent the great proportion of the national wealth—but, even more largely, to the country population.[1]

We will now pass from the question of the Reform Act in its direct results. It is as well, however, to advert to Sir A. Alison's characterization of the old House of Commons, "that it had grown up like a code of consuetudinary law, with the wants and requirements of six centuries." This is the most remarkable misapprehension that we have yet encountered. Is not Sir A. Alison aware that no significant changes, if indeed any changes, were made in its borough representation during the whole period for which the House of Hanover had sat upon the throne, while changes were continually being made in that representation during previous ages, and that the importance of the great unrepresented towns dated from this very period of the Hanoverian dynasty?

One of the most startling deductions from the policy of Parliamentary Reform, is that which refers our emigration to this measure:—

"It must be obvious to every *partial* observer that this prodigious change, with all its incalculable effects on the world in general, and this country in particular, is mainly to be ascribed to the alteration in the dominant class in the British Islands by the effects of the Reform Bill."

The theory, so obvious, is thus illustrated:—

"When we recollect that the annual emigration from the British Islands, for the seven years prior to 1832, was from 20,000 to 40,000 a year, and that it is now not less, on an average of years, than 350,000, it is evident," etc.—Vol. iv., p. 385.

The author's argument is contradicted by his own figures. Those figures show that emigration, from 1826 to 1832, had risen from 20,000 to not less than 103,000 (p. 384). From 1832 to 1846 he gives no figures; but he states the emigration

[1] The constitution of this House of Commons is termed, at p. 379 of the same volume, a "*Poligarchy!*" The italics, as before, are the author's own. Sir Archibald appears to possess a precise and accurate notion of the etymology of our language where it is founded on the Greek. The expression seems to have been manufactured as a correlative of "oligarchy;" and the author must have been guided by a vague notion that the letter "p," like a single letter at an electric telegraph station, meant a great deal,—that this affix distinguished the "multitude" from the "few," and, in fact, spoke volumes. Perhaps, however, the Greek substantive in this compound is assumed to be, not ἀρχή, but γαρχή.

of 1846 to have been 129,000. We assume this, therefore, to have been the maximum up to that year; after which the Irish famine introduced an entirely different incentive to any that had existed before. We find, then, from Sir Archibald's own figures, adduced in support of his "obvious" theory, that, during the *seven years preceding* the Reform Act, emigration had increased by more than *four hundred per cent.;* while, during the *fourteen years succeeding* it, it had increased by only *twenty-five per cent.!*

If we turn to volume VI. we shall find another judgment—the dissolution of Lord Melbourne's Government in 1841, which was produced by—the Reform Act! It would be unjust, even to Sir A. Alison, to pass over that portion of his thirty-eighth chapter, which is entitled, "Reflections on the Fall of the Whigs," as it seems to be regarded as the retributive vindication of the wrongs of the old constitution.

"Thus fell the government of the Whigs, and fell never again to rise. The Liberal or movement party have been in power, indeed, for the greater part of the subsequent period, and to all appearance, they are destined for a long period to hold the reins. But the Liberal party is very different from the old Whig party—much more opposed to it than ever the Tory had been. . . . . . But the case is very different with the Liberals, who, since the fall of the Whigs, have succeeded them in the administration of affairs. The proof of this is decisive: it is to be found in *their* [whose?] legislative acts. *They* [Whigs or Liberals?] have been obliged to substitute favour to the Roman Catholics for the stern hostility of the Revolution; Free Trade, for the protective system, which for a century and a half had regulated their policy," etc.—Vol. vi., p. 447.

Assuming that the author here alludes to the Whigs, in spite of the obscurity of his grammar, are even the statements of fact, from which these opinions are drawn, historically accurate? The whole argument is, of course, based on the assumption, that the Whigs are a race of odious oligarchs, as obscure in intellect as they are rapacious in disposition. They are assumed to be incapable of originating, in fact even of inculcating, any political truths; and it appears to be set down as a proposition too obvious to be argued, that their concessions have been made invariably to pressure, and never consequently to justice. This might be a matter on which Sir Archibald would be entitled to his own opinion, did he not himself furnish us with the means for its decisive confutation. He fixes 1841 as the date of the definitive cessation of the Whig power. The return of the Whigs to power in 1846 he considers as virtually the installation of the Liberals.

Now, Sir A. Alison has taken for his examples the questions of the Roman Catholics and the Corn Laws. Any instance of favour to the Roman Catholics, and of disfavour towards the Corn

Laws, dating previously to 1841, therefore must be assumed to be the result, not of pressure, but of justice or foresight. Does not Sir Archibald remember that the Whigs retired from office in 1807, in one of the most critical junctures of the war, because they were unable to carry Catholic Emancipation? Does he not remember also that, in a far earlier period, Mr Burke lost his election for Bristol, through his advocacy of that very Free Trade with Ireland, which the author has elsewhere described as the chief instrument of the agricultural productiveness of that country before the famine of 1846?

The great discovery, however, that the fall of the Whigs was brought about by the Reform Bill, is attained by means of three classes of figures, each of which flatly contradicts the other. Let us compare, or rather contrast, in this 38th chapter, Sir A. Alison, sec. 57, with Sir A. Alison, sec. 60, and with Sir A. Alison, sec. 61. *First*:—

"The result of the contest was more favourable to the Conservatives than their most sanguine supporters had anticipated; for it showed a majority in the whole United Kingdom of 76 in favour of Sir R. Peel. In England, the Conservative majority was 104, which was reduced to 76 by a Liberal majority of 9 in Scotland, and 19 in Ireland. A striking proof how much greater and more lasting had been the change worked in the two latter countries by the Reform Bill than the former—[*Quære*, 'than *in* the former']."—*Sec.* 57.

Secondly,

"The result of the elections in 1841, when 220 borough members in the United Kingdom were on the Liberal side, and only 181 on the Conservative, while in the counties 181 were on the Conservative and only 72 on the Liberal, proves how completely he [Earl Grey] was mistaken," etc.—*Sec.* 60.

Thirdly,

"Even in the election of 1841, when the Conservatives for a period obtained the majority, it was by the aid of a majority of 53 in Ireland and Scotland that the Liberals were enabled to make head at all against the majority of 129 against them in England."—*Sec.* 61.

Now, what possible theory can Sir Archibald concoct out of such contradictions? In the *first* quotation, he tells us that the Conservative majority in England was 104, and the Liberal majority, in Scotland and Ireland together, was 28—the result being an aggregate majority for the Conservatives of 76. (How, then, did the first division of this House give a Conservative majority of 91? But that is less important.)—In the *third* quotation, he says that the Liberal majority in Scotland and Ireland was, not 28, but 53—or nearly double: and that the Conservative majority in England was, not 104, but 129. The

result, it is true, is in either case 76; but it is therefore, on that very account, in either case wrong; inasmuch as the division gave a majority of 91. If we recur to the *second* quotation, we find that the Conservative members mustered 220 added to 181, or 401; and that the Liberal members mustered 181 added to 72, or 253. On this computation, therefore, the Conservatives were in an aggregate majority of 148!

Now then for the "mistake" of the late Lord Grey:—

"The deficit in the revenue, which weighed so heavily upon them [the Whig Ministers], *and was the immediate cause of their fall,* arose indeed from the monetary system, for which they had been the first to contend, but which had been latterly cordially accepted by their opponents, and sanctioned by an unanimous vote of the House of Commons.—*The real cause of their overthrow* is to be found in the constitution of Parliament which they themselves had forced upon their Sovereign, and the *fatal mistake* committed by Earl Grey in supposing that the boroughs, returning three-fifths of the entire representation of the United Kingdom, would fall under the dominion of the territorial magnates in their vicinity, because the nomination boroughs had hitherto done so. "The result of the elections in 1841, when 220 borough members in the United Kingdom were on the Liberal side, and only 181 on the Conservative, while in the counties 181 were on the Conservative and only 72 on the Liberal, proves how completely he was mistaken in his anticipations, and how utterly erroneous was his opinion, *that the change was aristocratic in its tendency.* The result proves that the Whigs put themselves into Schedule A as completely by the Reform Bill, as they fondly flattered themselves they had put their opponents."—Vol. vi., pp. 448–49.

Sir A. Alison has not quite made up his mind what the cause of the dissolution of the Melbourne Ministry was; and it strikes us that this ambiguity is rather fatal to the whole hypothesis. We are told that "the immediate cause" was "the monetary system;" but that "the real cause" was "the constitution of Parliament." The only explanation of this apparent inconsistency is, that "the real cause" was the *indirect* cause, as distinguished from the "immediate," which was the monetary system. But even this charitable solution inverts the whole genealogy of our political disasters, as they are chronicled by Sir Archibald; for he tells us that the "monetary system" produced the "constitution of Parliament," and was, in fact, the basis of our whole edifice of perdition. The author would therefore, by this construction—which strikes us as the only alternative of nonsense—make children of fathers, and fathers of children.

But, with reference to the alleged "mistake" of the late Lord Grey, it happens that Lord Grey never said anything of the kind. It is perfectly monstrous to put such expressions into his

mouth; and, what is more, they are directly contradicted by Lord Grey's own words, *which Sir Archibald himself quotes in volume IV.* Let us compare the two statements:—

Late Earl Grey's speech, April 9, 1832 (Parl. Deb., vol. xii., p. 23):—

"How stands the argument with respect to the agricultural interest? I am prepared to contend that the 144 county members of England [Wales excluded] will belong to that interest, and that, of the 264 old borough members, there will be *as large a proportion as ever in favour of the landed proprietors.* [Sir A. Alison's italics.] There will remain, then, the 64 new members; and even should the whole of these fall to the lot of the manufacturing and commercial interests, it will be a share to which those interests will be justly entitled."—Vol. iv., p. 382.

Repeated quotation from the text:—

"Fatal mistake committed by Earl Grey, in supposing that the boroughs, returning three-fifths of the entire representation of the United Kingdom, *would fall under the dominion of the territorial magnates* in their vicinity, *because the nomination boroughs had hitherto done so.* The result proves . . . how utterly erroneous was his opinion, *that the change was aristocratic in its tendency.*"—Vol. vi., p. 449.

Our readers can now judge between the statesman and his critic, who builds up this tower of straws, and knocks it down so triumphantly. No man in his senses could suppose anything so absurd, as that the boroughs which were preserved *because* they were vitally distinct from those which were suppressed, and the boroughs which were created anew with a yet more vital distinction, would follow the same principle of election as the suppressed boroughs. The late Lord Grey expressly contemplated *the sixty-four new members falling to the lot of the manufacturing and commercial interests.* Neither does he even suppose for an instant, as Sir A. Alison represents him to do, that the 264 old borough seats will be under aristocratic influence. He predicts simply, that the relation of aristocratic to democratic influence, in the securing of those 264 seats, will not undergo change. This is an intelligible proposition; and certainly, if there be even any approximate truth in Sir Archibald's assertion, that, in 1841, not less than 181 borough members of the United Kingdom—Scotland and Ireland being, as he says, chiefly hostile to the Conservatives—were on the Conservative side, the prediction of the late Lord Grey may be presumed to have been strikingly verified. The assertion, that that statesman regarded "the change as aristocratic in its tendency," is such an abuse of terms as hardly to merit notice. Any one would suppose that the Reform Act had been the measure of Lords Eldon and Londonderry themselves. When the late Lord Grey said that that Act was an "aristocratic measure," he implied very truly, that it sanctioned a prominent provision for aristocratic interests. The

Conservatives themselves have so far come round to this opinion, as to follow the leadership of one of Lord Grey's Secretaries of State. But no sensible person, if he reflect for an instant, can possibly imagine of another, that he regarded the *tendency of the change* as aristocratic.

But, waiving all this—even if the author's figures were consistent, and his criticism on Lord Grey were just—how does he imagine that he proves that the fall of Lord Melbourne's Ministry was produced by Parliamentary Reform? He says that there were many more Liberal than Conservative members returned for boroughs in the general election of 1841; and (as far as we can understand him) that, because the Government had this borough majority, therefore they were defeated!

It is from this high point of logical superiority that Sir A. Alison looks down, with a dignified compassion, on "the ruin of the old world." This catastrophe is traced to the measures immediately following the peace of 1815, and originating, as we cannot forget, from the very statesmen who, up to that period, are lauded for their policy. For Sir Archibald, in the next paragraph, which is headed "Vicissitudes and ceaseless chain of events in human affairs," takes care to remind us, that the Treaty of Vienna did *not* bring creation to a stand-still; that we "*forget* that, in real life, events grow in a perpetual chain, and share in the undying succession of the human race;" and, in fact, that the generals and diplomatists of 1815 did not conclude the drama of the Revolution, like the characters in Othello. It must be peculiarly satisfactory to the Tory party to learn that, according to the dictum of their great champion, the authors of "the ruin of England" were, *not* the late Lord Grey and his friends, but that the authors of the ruin of England were, Lord Liverpool, Lord Castlereagh, Mr Vansittart, and Mr Peel!

We now turn to Continental affairs. In either of the two histories of Sir A. Alison, the French Revolution is the starting point of his foreign politics. The two last chapters of his earlier history (vol. xiv., c. 95 and c. 96) are especially devoted to a retrospective survey of the influence of this event on the drama of the whole subsequent period. This edition, be it observed, is dated 1850, and bears the mark of a large revision.

The author's view of the actual condition of society and land in France, although we cannot commend his essays upon other nations, appears to us a just one. His remarks on the evil of territorial subdivision are generally true; his view of the condition of the Gallican Church is, in most respects, as correct as it is lamentable; and his statement of the backwardness of agriculture we can corroborate from our own experience in several

distinct parts of the country. But when we ascend from these facts to their causes, or pass to the effects of great events, we must find fault with him again. Let us, for instance, take the following statement of the *international* effects of the Revolution:—

"It would require volumes to portray the whole effects of the French Revolution, and the wars arising out of it, on the moral, social, and political state of France and the adjoining nations. The time has not yet come when they can be *designated* with perfect certainty,—this *designation* of them being free from error. The *ultimate* effects of all great changes in human affairs do not appear *for a considerable time after they occur* (!); and it is from mistaking the first consequences for the last results, that not the least errors in the deductions from history have arisen. Some of the *effects* are evident on the mere surface of affairs. The power of Russia had been immensely increased *during* the struggle. A dangerous supremacy had been given to the northern nations in the arbitrement of the affairs of Europe. The Cossacks had learnt the road to Paris; the Germans had come again, as in the days of Cæsar, in multitudes to cross the Rhine; Poland had disappeared from among the nations; Prussia had risen from a second to a first-rate power, and contained within itself the elements of more rapid increase than any states in Europe."—Vol. xiv., c. 121.

We say nothing of the italicised truism; and we say nothing of the looseness of the logic which assumes that an event occurring "*during*" a struggle was the "*effect*" of that struggle. But does the assumption, in this instance, fall in with the fact? Was Russia greatly increased in power during this struggle? —and if so, was the increase caused by the struggle? The European encroachments of that empire had been made upon Sweden, Poland, and Turkey. The conquest of Finland had already been virtually made before the Peace of Abo, in 1743. The constitution of the Tauric provinces of Turkey into an independent state, had been the work of the Treaty of Kaïnardji in 1774. Their subsequent incorporation into the Russian empire was in 1783. All but the last partition of Poland preceded the war of the Revolution; and that last partition was not connected with it. The same may be said of the treaties of Sistova and Jassy. More than all, Austria and Russia had entered into an alliance, in 1787, for the partition of Turkey; and it was this very Revolution, more than the alliance of Great Britain and Prussia, that in all probability prevented its accomplishment. We have therefore, previously to 1814, little more to account for—if territory be the index of power, which with Russia it is usually assumed to be—than the Peace of Slobojæ in 1807, and the Peace of Bucharest in 1812. And whatever were the territorial concessions of Turkey to Russia in the latter treaty, it may be assumed that they would have been much

greater, had not the French invasion of Russia compelled the latter power to make peace with Turkey.

We have all these considerations to set against the acquisition of the Duchy of Warsaw. Thus far we have dealt with matters of opinion. But when we turn to vol. II., p. 114, we find Sir A. Alison broadly asserting, as a matter of fact, that Russia has "consolidated her power in Georgia and the Caucasus," and "incorporated Moldavia and Wallachia!"

Let us, however, glance at Sir A. Alison's view of the social results of the Revolution upon France itself. He ascribes to that Revolution the setting aside of the territorial aristocracy, in government as well as in landholding, and the subdivision of the soil. Hence he draws his great moral against "Poligarchies!" Now, if his political philosophy depend upon the accuracy of these two assumptions, we can only say that it is in a most unfortunate predicament; for either assumption happens to be equally erroneous. The errors, it is true, are not proportionate to the importance of the subjects to which they relate, for the subsequent work of M. de Tocqueville (although his discoveries have been enormously exaggerated in this country) has gone far to clear our knowledge of what was done by the Revolution, and of what was done by the last age of the Bourbon rule. Therefore we will merely say, that Sir Archibald has accepted loose notions, which have been floating in the brain of every superficially educated person in the country, without investigating, or even deeply thinking. But we cannot say this little of the following statement:—

"To such marvellous and unforeseen results has an overruling Providence conducted the *convulsions consequent on the scepticism of Voltaire*, and the *changes emanating from the dreams of Rousseau!*"—Vol. xiv., p. 297.

This is the longest exploded vulgarism of all that have attached to the French Revolution. It would be far more rational to say that Tom Moore and Lord Byron produced the Reform Act. If Sir Archibald had thought for one moment, before he incorporated such a wild theory into a "History of Europe," in what manner literature could so work upon the political and religious prepossessions of a whole people, he would, we imagine, have acknowledged that the effect could be produced only by complete organization through successive generations. It is clear that the mind of the people must have been prepared by the irreligious example of civil or sacerdotal superiors, and the increasing tendency to irreligion of more than one previous generation, on the one hand, and by the immorality and oppression of the laws, on the other, before the immediate influence of

individual writings could be appreciable on the mass of society. At any rate, the *fact* is clear, that this religious and political alienation had been long in progress,—that the territorial aristocracy were shorn of their rights, not by an insurrectionary people, but by the government of their legitimate sovereign,—that the *new* subdivision of the soil arose under the monarchy,—and that the grinding oppression of king and noble continually fanned the democratic flame, of which the subdivision of the soil was itself a reciprocal evidence.

We entirely acquiesce in Sir A. Alison's view of the Revolution itself: we readily concur that, as it was perhaps the greatest, so it was certainly the most hideous event of the modern age. But what we do say is, that it is in the last degree unphilosophical to throw the blame of the events which have transpired in France since 1789 to the principle of revolution (as distinguished from a full comprehension of the policy antecedent to the fact of revolt). It has been long as clear from external evidence, as it has always been apparent from internal probability, that that blame must fall on the antecedent principle of misgovernment, and that the people were demoralized, un-Christianized, and revolutionized, by the brutalizing sense of daily oppression, and example of crime. These "Histories of Europe" entirely overlook the truth, that a vicious despotism is liable to produce equal evils with a communistic Republic.

Elsewhere Sir A. Alison has his fling at the principle of liberty in another shape. "Mankind," he tells us, "do not escape government by revolution: they merely change their rulers." And he cites, in evidence of this assertion, the despotism erected by Robespierre in succession to that of the Bourbon kings; as though he deemed he could make an induction on such a premise. This reflection, indeed, appears to give infinite satisfaction to Sir Archibald. It is rather an inconsistency, however, that he has been continually asserting our Reform Act to have been a revolution, and has as regularly been bemoaning the overthrow of "rulers" in consequence. In fact, he tells us in his chapter on the Reform Bill, in significant italics, that with that measure "*the ruling power passed away from the realm of England;*" and he considers us to have been in a condition of qualified anarchy during the last twenty-five years.

Again, he moralises in these terms on the Revolutions of 1848:—

"What have been the effects of this great triumph of the revolutionary principle in the principal states of Continental Europe? . . . . . the Lombard rose up against the German; the Bohemian against the Austrian; the Magyar against both. The revolutionists of Prussia invaded Denmark; those of Piedmont, Austria; those of Ireland, England."—Vol. xiv., p. 218.

So far as our own country is concerned, these mighty "effects of this great triumph of the revolutionary principle" were comprehended in an assembly of Irish democrats on Kennington Common, and in a squabble in an Irish cabbage garden. With respect to the other nations, the author here commingles all constitutional relations, and ignores all distinctions in the originating principles of these several contests. There is no doubt that the policy of Piedmont was indefensible according to received public law; but inasmuch as the conduct of Prussia towards Denmark was, at all events, no better, he takes care to ascribe the whole movement in the latter case to revolutionists, while it is very well known that the king of Prussia was by no means indisposed to its success. The assertion, that the Magyar rose up against the Austrian, is a misstatement beyond all pardoning; since every one knows that the Magyar rose in defence of his hereditary rights against the usurpation of an alien, who had no more claim to the throne of Hungary, until he had received the suffrages of the people, than Sir Archibald Alison himself. The author compares this noble vindication of right against wrong—of law against force—with the assemblage of a mob dispersed by a shower of rain, and with a trumpery and seditious scuffle in an Irish cabbage garden!

"And what has resulted from this general triumph of democracy, and universal stirring up of the social passions? Consequences only the most disastrous to the interests of real freedom, and the ultimate happiness of mankind. Austria, well nigh torn to pieces in the struggle, has been saved only by the interposition of Russia: a hundred thousand Muscovites have combated in Hungary, and found there the road to Constantinople. The incapacity of Italy for free institutions has been rendered evident to all the world. Misery unheard of has been spread in Ireland."—P. 218.

Now, does Sir Archibald seriously think that any one—even accepting the whole of his refuted and untenable hypothesis of Irish misery and emigration having been occasioned by the repeal of the Corn Laws—can possibly swallow the anachronism which here refers this misery to the action of the democratic passions instilled from the Continent in 1848, as though with a view of swelling out the list of revolutionary evils? We need not recur to the evidence which implies that that misery was the result of the industrial dislocation involved in the Irish famine: for the two dates coincide: the repeal (though it did not come into immediate force) was carried in 1846, two years before these Continental revolutions had broken out. With regard to the incapacity of Italy for free institutions, his opinion was hardly warranted in 1850, and certainly will not be accepted in 1857. And as respects the Russians, who in 1849 are said to have "found the road to Constantinople through Hungary," as the re-

sult "of the triumph of democracy," he has already held up to indignation the alliance between France and England for their repulsion from that capital, as itself a glaring instance of democratic passions. The author did not see that these rival tirades went far to neutralize each other.

Sir A. Alison next affords us his explanation of this recurrence of revolutions:—

"It is the principle of HUMAN CORRUPTION. In referring to this principle, it is not meant to assert, as has sometimes been erroneously imagined by divines, that any inherent taint has descended to the human race, from the fall of our first parents, like a hereditary physical disease, independent of their own actings as free agents."—xiv., p. 219.

And the author thence passes into a dissertation upon original sin, which seems not very relevant to the point at issue.

Sir A. Alison must surely have written this as a school-boy and have introduced it into his history, with something of that egotism of early life which marked Samuel Rogers. No sane man of this generation could think twice over such an obvious proposition; and even if he did, what possible analysis of the evil itself is obtained? Does not "the principle of human corruption" apply to the British people as well as to the French, the German, and the Italian? And how then—if this analysis can go no further than the discovery of this common principle—is it to be explained that we have possessed freedom in the midst of tyranny, and law in the midst of revolution? If the author had shown how far the difference of our social history had been the result of our different polity, and how far of original national character, he would have done something for the philosophy of government. To be sure, he is precluded from this course by his own position, that national character is the result, not of institutions, but of race; forgetting, all the while, that there must have been originally some predisposing cause for the distinction in external life, and that this principle may operate in a civilized as well as in a barbarous state. There is no doubt that character thus originally formed, and maintained by the habits of life which the necessities of the soil or the situation may render durable, is rarely, if ever, destroyed by any change in government; but to assert the proposition broadly, that national character is the result, not of institutions but of race, throws back upon its author the necessity of recognising a species of "sliding scale" in "human corruption," which it would not be easy to institute, and still less to apply.

If we turn to the fifth volume of Sir A. Alison's new history, we shall find a pretty clear solution of this enigma furnished by himself. The twenty-seventh chapter, in that volume, is devoted to a sketch of the constitutional history of Germany, from the

Peace of 1814 to the Revolution of 1848. The author there adverts to the promises of constitutional rights continually held out by the Prussian Government to its subjects; to the public acts of the collective Governments, to a similar effect; and to the violation of the pledges thus given in nearly every instance. His statement on this point is marked by the greatest candour; and his quotations from the acts themselves are made with every fidelity. We most cheerfully make Sir Archibald this acknowledgment; and we do so with the more satisfaction, that it has hitherto been our misfortune to differ with him so frequently. The following passage is remarkable for its justice and moderation:—

"In nations, as individuals, it too often happens that promises made during a period of danger, or under the influence of extraordinary feelings of terror or gratitude, are forgotten when the peril is over, or the period of excitement is past. The selfishness of libertines has invented the infamous maxim, that lovers' vows are made only to be broken, although many a noble heart and heroic deed has (have?) proved the falsehood of the assertion; but there are, unfortunately, fewer instances of unswerving faith in governments, whether monarchical or democratic. The monarchs of Germany broke faith as completely with the people, who had won for them the victory, after it was gained, as the Tiers Etat of France did with the clergy, whose accession had gained them the majority over the privileged orders at the commencement of the Revolution. Ten days after the signature of this solemn act of the Confederation, which guaranteed Parliaments to all the States of Germany, the battle of Waterloo was fought, the independence of the country was secured, and, with the danger, all memory of the promises passed away. The 1st of September came, but no committee met to arrange and settle the organization of the provincial and national representation in Prussia; years elapsed, but nothing was done generally towards the formation of the estates of the realm in any countries of the Confederation."—*Hist.* 1815–52. Vol. v., pp. 17, 18.

These remarks are a virtual recantation of what has passed before. Surely all this official malversation is a very obvious cause of the German revolutions of 1848. No doubt there was a principle of "human corruption" at work; and Sir Archibald shows very clearly, that the scenes of its operation were the Cabinets of the German States. The zeal with which the people came to the succour of their sovereigns in 1813 (if we merely follow the author's narrative of that period in his former history) indicates that their pervading spirit was a loyal patriotism. How, then, does he account for this revulsion of popular feeling, but by throwing the blame on Government itself?

But our perusal of Sir A. Alison's works involves very much

what Burns has termed "drops of joy with draughts of ill between." A few pages further on, the author throws the blame upon the German people, for their insurrectionary demonstrations in 1819. It appears, from his own statement, that they waited patiently during four years for these promised political rights; and when Sir Archibald has before criticised the German Courts for not beginning to reform on the 1st of September 1815, he appears to preclude himself from a criticism of those who waited, not *three months* alone, but *four years*. His inconsistency is here very striking. He considers the strong measures of the Congress of Carlsbad (1819) to have been produced (and very truly so) by popular discontent—and he thence assumes that this popular discontent destroyed the hope of political liberty; while he has already shown that the question had been settled in the minds of the German rulers before the discontent arose.

This morbid desire to prove that every revolution has but injured the cause it was designed to befriend, draws the author into many inaccuracies of fact as well as of reasoning. He tells us the same story of the Revolutions of 1830. The following passage betrays a remarkable misconception of the politics of Northern Germany with reference to that event:—

> "It is probable, therefore, that the rapid growth of population, wealth, and prosperity in Prussia would have had its usual effect in inducing a struggle for political power much earlier than it actually occurred, were it not for another event which occurred ere long, and for a considerable period totally altered the ideas and prevailing passion of men. That event was the French Revolution of 1830.
>
> "*Calamitous in every quarter* to the interests of freedom, that great event was *in an especial manner fatal to Teutonic liberty*. It gave a new direction to men's minds, and in the end, *for a course of years substituted the terror of French conquest for the sturdy spirit of German independence*."—Vol. v., p. 43.

Is Sir A. Alison aware that every statesman—every merchant—in Germany at this day will concur in referring the "wealth and prosperity of Prussia" during the last quarter of a century, in great degree, to the Prussian Customs League; and that the Prussian Customs League (though shadowed forth indeed in the most vague manner, in a previous and temporary remission of duties) was incontestibly a result of the general movement of 1830? According, therefore, to his own just estimate of the influence of popular wealth on government, this movement must, *pro tanto* at least, have *accelerated Prussian liberty*. The very concession to commercial wishes (and in such this measure arose in a great degree), is in itself not simply an indication, but a

result, of a certain freedom, whether the act were that of a theoretically absolute sovereign, or of a representative Chamber. With regard to the next statement, that this Revolution was "in every quarter calamitous to freedom," and "in an especial manner fatal to Teutonic liberty," as Sir Archibald calls it, can he possibly be unaware that the movement of 1830 gave birth to Constitutional Government in several of the more considerable states of Germany; and that the commercial wealth of Saxony, for instance, was computed in 1848 to have nearly doubled its amount in 1830? It is true that much of this increase may be ascribed (if it can really be dissociated from the legislative action of the Chambers, which did much to secure the inclusion of Saxony into the Zollverein) to the Prussian Customs League—itself, however, according to Sir A. Alison, an indirect element of liberty. "The terror of French conquest," described as enduring for "a course of years," is an equal misstatement: M. de Metternich and M. de Hardenberg soon began to snap their fingers at Louis Philippe, though he was apparently secure upon the French throne within two years after his accession. But if this "terror of French conquest" had continued, nothing would have been more likely, as in 1813, to provoke "the sturdy spirit of German independence!"

When we meet with such misconceptions of the leading relations of German politics, it becomes hardly worth while to point out how little Sir A. Alison has availed himself of the authentic records before the public, which would have enabled him to follow the most important and interesting of the historic negotiations connected with his subject. Thus he devotes a great deal of applause to the Germanic Confederation of 1815. He terms it, rather quaintly, "a sage constitution;" and enumerates its provisions which "received the consent of all parties concerned." Now, in a measure so novel and so important, it would have been interesting to know something of its origin, and to learn how this "consent of all parties" was brought about. If the author had referred to the Castlereagh Correspondence, he would have seen that this "consent of all parties" was the ultimate result of a fierce contention; that the scheme was that of Prince Metternich, and of Prince Metternich alone; that it encountered very strong opposition even at the Austrian Court; and that that minister, after a contest which it is as amusing as it is instructive to read, carried his point against the strong opposition of the Emperor Francis, of Prince Schwarzenberg, and the heads of the Austrian bureaucracy, and finally against the other German Governments. We advert to this, because the fact was not generally known until the publication of one of the later volumes by the late Lord Londonderry; and because it is one of the few

facts connected with the German Confederation which had not been already told by successive historians.

We beg Sir Archibald to understand, that we in no greater degree sympathise with revolutions in the abstract than he does himself. We readily concur with him, that, as a historical fact, the results of many revolutions have done injury to the cause of freedom. We cheerfully acknowledge also, that the immediate tendency of many has been so strongly anti-social, that the recoil even of military despotism has been preferable beyond comparison to governments, often rather anarchies, which are founded upon them. But we refer that tendency, in nearly every instance, to the impolicy of the previous despotism. And the ill-success of just and intelligent reformers is, to us, matter not of satisfaction, but of sorrow. But the author's view of the uniform action of revolutions is as contracted, as his notion that a national religion and a national polity could be overthrown by the writings of two imaginative indeed, but superficial sceptics.

We will take another subject. What shall it be? We will take Turkey.

Sir A. Alison is by no means at home in Turkey. He is not *au fait* of dates; he enjoys a very limited knowledge of facts in general; he is apt to atone for the original unkindness of the gifts of memory and application by availing himself of that of the imagination; and his deductions occasionally run in an opposite direction to the facts upon which they are based. He tells us, both in the contents page, and in the text at page 491, of the fifth volume, that the date of the Treaty of Adrianople was 1828,—whereas every one knows that, in 1828, the Turkish and Russian power was nicely poised in battle, and that the Treaty of Adrianople was signed in 1829. As a set off against this repetition of a wrong date, he fires three shots at the date of the great Treaty of 1841, hoping, like an indifferent sportsman in chronology, to bring it down between them! At p. 566 of vol. V., he tells us that it was signed on the 13th of March; at p. 105 of vol. VI., that it was signed on the 13th of February; and at p. 107 of the latter volume, that it was signed on the 13th of July. This is not mere carelessness. In the first place, it happens that this treaty was a provision consequent on the *expiration* of the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi, which did not expire until the 5th of July; and, as Sir A. Alison declaims so strongly upon the question of this treaty, he might as well have ascertained when its provisions expired. He would then have seen that the Treaty of 1841 could not have been signed either in February or March, because they contravened the stipulations of Hunkiar Skelessi. In mitigation of this error, it must be remembered that Sir Archibald was by no means aware, as we shall see, that

the two treaties did run in opposition to each other; although he only saves his logic at the expense of his learning.* In the second place, it was a peculiarity of this treaty, that Lord Palmerston, who went out of office with the Melbourne Ministry, which resigned on the 30th or 31st of August, was fortunate enough to make an entire settlement of the Eastern Question, but just before his retirement.

Now, the neutralization of the Channel of Constantinople, which was the chief provision of the treaty of the 13th of July 1841, and that against which Sir A. Alison's blind invective is directed, has long been a cardinal point in our diplomatic faith. Without appealing, however, either to reason or to precedent, we have a shorter way of meeting Sir Archibald: we shall judge him, as we have judged him before, out of his own mouth.

It is necessary, first, to set the author right with respect to the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi, of 1833, where he alludes to our non-interference in that year:—

"Instead of this, what did England do? She *refused succour*, [italics of author, who has just before said that she had no succour to give]; threw the Ottomans into the arms of Russia, who extorted, as the price of her protection, the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi; which converted the Euxine into a Russian lake, and left the forts of the Bosporus *vis-à-vis* to the bastions of Sebastopol, with a few sail of the line, ill manned, to combat eighteen line-of-battle ships, the skill of whose gunners England so fatally experienced on the ramparts of the Malakoff and the Redan! Thus are nations led to destruction by the want of foresight in the national councils."—Vol. v., p. 568.

We suggest the reading, in lieu of the last sentence,—"Thus are authors brought to destruction for want of knowledge and reflection."—Is it possible that Sir A. Alison was not aware that this stipulation was merely temporary—having expired, as we have said, on the 5th of July 1841—that on the 13th of the same month, it was replaced by a permanent treaty between Turkey and all the Great Powers, recognising the *exact antithesis* to the principle involved in the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi,—and that from the 13th of July 1841, the Black Sea was no more a Russian lake than it had been prior to 1833, which is the date of all this lugubrious and egotistical foreboding of the fall of the East?

Turn, then, to the criticism on the Treaty of 1841 itself:—

"Unquestionably one set of dangers was obviated by its successful issue; for the authority of the Sultan over Egypt was re-established, and the imminent risk the Ottoman Empire ran after the battle of Konieh removed. But is that the greatest danger that Turkey really ran? Is it from the north or south that its independence is most seriously menaced? Has it nothing to fear from the Northern Colos-

sus, *to whom, by this treaty*, the Euxine became an inland, inaccessible lake? Undertaken to rescue Constantinople from the perilous exclusive guardianship of Russia, the war left the Sultan *tête-à-tête* with the Czar in the Black Sea; intended to secure British influence in the Isthmus of Suez, the high-road to India, it left the Pacha bound by strong ties of interest and gratitude to the French government! The terrible war of 1854, intended to open the Euxine to foreign vessels, and terminate the fatal supremacy of Russia in its waters, was the direct consequence of the Treaty of 1841, purchased by the victories of Beyrout and of Acre!"—Vol. v., p. 567.

We would not write with needless discourtesy; but we must tell Sir A. Alison plainly, *that he knows nothing of what he writes*. 1. The Treaty of 13th of July 1841, which is represented as "first recognising the vast concession of the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi," *did just the reverse: it repudiated the concession*. The obnoxious stipulation of Hunkiar Skelessi provided for the closing of the *Dardanelles* against all powers with whom *Russia* might be at war; while it recognised, in practice, the opening of the *Bosporus* to Russia (for Russian aid had already been demanded and obtained). It was, therefore, the effect of this treaty to lay open Constantinople to Russia on the one side, and to preclude, *in any danger*, the summoning by Turkey of the naval succour of any power whom Russia might choose to ostracise by a hostile declaration. It was the provision of the Treaty of 1841, on the other hand, *to close the Bosporus against Russia*, by reciprocally closing the Dardanelles against other powers, *so long as Turkey was at peace*. The one treaty *extended the authority of Russia to the Ægean*; the other *neutralized the whole Channel of Constantinople*. Russia (supposing her to be the apprehended or the open enemy) was excluded from the Bosporus, by the Treaty of 1841, *both in peace and in war*: the other Powers, excluded from the Dardanelles in peace, *were admissible in war by the free suffrage of Turkey*.

2. Sir A. Alison speaks of the "Northern Colossus, to whom, *by this treaty*, the Euxine became an inland, inaccessible lake" [Quotation, Vol. V.]; and of "the Treaty of 13th July 1841, which *first* recognised as part of the public law of Europe," etc. [Vol. VI., p. 107]. The Treaty of 1841, on the contrary, introduced no fresh principle. *It simply re-asserted the immemorial law of the Ottoman Empire*. It is certain that the writer can never have read the treaty which he thus criticises, or he would have seen it, at a glance, stated at the very outset, that this was its principle and its aim. If he had ever so little as looked at the Turkish Capitulations, he would have seen that this point had been always reserved. If he had ever read the *Treaty of the Dardanelles*, and known anything of its history, he

would have been aware that this was the treaty between Great Britain and Turkey which the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi had overruled—which the Treaty of 1841 called again into action, with the concurrence of the Great Continental Powers—and which was negotiated by Sir Robert Adair in 1809, at the instance of the much-belauded Administration, led by the Duke of Portland, and Mr Perceval, and Lord Castlereagh, and Mr Canning!

3. We are told that "the Sultan was left tête-à-tête with the Czar in the Black Sea;" and, again, we find the following intelligent criticism:—

"Lord Palmerston, having succeeded in bringing all Europe into his measures, thought he had secured the independence of the Ottoman Empire, *by adopting the Russian Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi*, closing the Bosporus [this is just what that treaty took care *not* to do] and Dardanelles against foreign vessels of war; forgetting that Russia, *with eighteen ships of the line, was already there;* and that the only result of his diplomatic triumph was to leave Constantinople, with (?) its fleet destroyed at Navarino, unsupported, vis-à-vis of Sebastopol, with its impregnable bastions and four thousand pieces of canon."—Vol. vi., p. 108.

It seems clear, from this passage, that Sir A. Alison supposes Sebastopol to be on the Bosporus, and, in all probability, mistakes it for Scutari! [" *Russia was there already*"—on the Dardanelles!] But we promised Sir Archibald to confute him out of his own mouth. The confutation is to be found in the *tenth*[1] volume of his former history, and at page 445. Unlucky paragraph!

"A broad inland sea, *enclosed within impregnable gates*, gives its navy [*i.e.*, the Turkish] *the extraordinary advantage of a safe place* for pacific exercise and preparation; narrow and winding straits, *on either side* of fifteen or twenty miles in length [they happen to be *sixteen* on one side, and *seventy* on the other], crowned by heights forming natural castles, *render this matchless metropolis impregnable to all but land forces!*"

Here we take leave of Sir A. Alison on Turkey, with the friendly advice, that, before he favours the world with his threatened history of the late war in the East of Europe, he should

[1] Edition of 14 vols., already quoted from. 1850. Chap. 69, on Turkey. Among other curiosities in contradiction, there are two distinct accounts of Constantinople, each opposite to the other, and both irreconcileable with the truth. These are to be found respectively in vol. x., p. 445 (*Old Hist.*), and vol. iii., p. 38 (*New Hist.*). The latter speaks of the "charming suburb of Galata," which we visited shortly before the late war broke out, and formed a widely different opinion of.

acquaint himself a little with the geography of that region; and that, if he were less absolutely ignorant of the leading historic relations of Turkey with the Great Powers, he would also be less flippant in his criticisms of the policy of the most accomplished statesman of Europe. It is certainly rather humiliating to find one's self the dupe of one's own inconceivable self-confidence, after assuming such a majestic superiority—not, indeed, over Lord Palmerston alone, but over such statesmen also as Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and Lord Clarendon (who, in 1841, were his colleagues in the administration)—over the astute M. Guizot, and the wary and anti-Russian M. de Metternich —and over statesmen, in the English Opposition, of the insight and sagacity of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen.

Let us turn to the chapters which treat of Spain. Sir A. Alison favours us with a long statement of the condition of that country. Now, if a historian design to describe the condition of a country at such length, he should do so with fidelity. We are speaking, not of its transient, but of its permanent characteristics, which must hold as true now as they did in 1820. And we say (if we may speak on personal authority), that much of this description of Spain is a grotesque caricature. But, as this is a defect of less moment on the part of a historian, we will pass to historical subjects.

Take the question, for instance, of the French invasion of Spain in 1823, and of the recognition of the South American Republics. Sir Archibald is fond of paradox, and the paradox is not always very defensible. That which is set up on this occasion is, that the French invasion of Spain *was* justifiable, and that our intervention in South America *was not*. The author's proposition is stated as follows:—

"No doubt can now remain that the French invasion of Spain, against which public feeling in this country was so strongly excited at the time, was not only a wise measure on the part of the Bourbon Government, but fully justifiable on the best principles of international law. The strength of this case is to be found, not in the absurdity and peril of the Spanish constitution, or even the imminent hazard to which it exposed the royal family in that country, and the entire liberties and property of the country, it is to be found in the violent inroads which the Spanish revolutionists, *and their allies to the north of the Pyrenees*, were making on France itself, and the extreme hazard to which its institutions were exposed in consequence of their machinations."—Hist., 1815–52, vol. ii., p. 738.

This, then, is the case on behalf of France; and it is a novelty to argue with Sir Archibald on international law. Now, the law of intervention, stated broadly, is pretty clear in theory, al-

though it is often a very nice question to demark right and wrong in its application. If the independence or the *vital interests* of one state are so threatened by another, as to render intervention an act of self-preservation, the right is clear. Let us take, first, the theory, and then the facts, on which this intervention proceeded. Sir A. Alison assumes it to have been the spontaneous act of the French Government in defence of its national interests. If he will refer to the records of the Congress of Verona, he will find that this intervention proceeded on the authority of the Holy Alliance, of which France made herself the instrument. This surely involves an important distinction in the right of intervention; and the act of the French Government was no more immediately based on the theory of special interest, than the Austrian intervention in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which proceeded on the authority of the Congresses of Laybach and Troppau (1820 and 1821), without even the fact of territorial proximity to support the plea of "self-preservation." The illegal assumptions of the Holy Alliance thus *indirectly subtracted from the legal privileges of each component State*, and went far to bar the plea of self-preservation, which would otherwise at any rate have been plausible. Waiving, however, this difficulty in the theory of intervention, what were its grounds? Sir A. Alison tells us that they were to be found, not simply in the conduct of the Spanish revolutionists, but in that of *the subjects of the King of France in his own territory*.

But the counterpart of the proposition—the justification of our interference in South America—remains:—

"What was the justification of this armed and powerful intervention? Was the freedom of England menaced by the re-establishment of Spanish authority in South America? Confessedly it was not: the hope of commercial advantages—the vision of a vast trade with the insurgent states, was the ruling motive. But commercial advantages will not constitute legal right, or vindicate acts of injustice, any more than the acquisition of provinces will justify an unprovoked invasion. It sounds well to say you will call a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old; but if that new world is to be carved out of the dominions of an allied and friendly power, it is better to leave it to itself."—Pp. 739, 740.

Now, the whole of this statement proceeds upon a false parallel between France and England. The author argues as though the French *Government* did one thing, and the English *Government* another. The decisive intervention of England was that of *individuals*, in opposition to the views of their Government. The author's sneer at Mr Canning, who is designated in

the passage with regard to "the new world," is answered by himself. Thus he says (p. 716):—

"But be the intervention of England in South America justifiable or unjustifiable, nothing is more certain than that neither its merit nor its demerit belongs to Mr Canning. The independence of Columbia was decided by a charge of British bayonets on the field of Carabobo, on the 14th of June 1821, more than a year before Mr Canning was called to the Foreign Office."

It is possible that Mr Canning's language may not have been justified by his share in the transaction. But it is clear from Sir A. Alison's own statement, that before the *recognition* of independence in South America, which *was* the work of Mr Canning, and the first direct act of the British Government, *individuals* had decided the whole question in fact. And with regard to the author's stricture on the repeal of the Foreign Enlistment Bill, he elsewhere himself quotes Lord Castlereagh's statement, that British officers engaging in the South American revolt would forfeit their commissions. Whatever leaning, therefore, the British Government may naturally have entertained towards the emancipation of South America from the worst rule that this century has seen, it is clear that Sir A. Alison's position involves, virtually as well as theoretically, a comparison between a government and a body of individuals, upon which no legal argument can be founded.

Let us see, too, how the author reasons out this proposition by analogy:—

"England saw very clearly the iniquity of this insidious mode of proceeding when it was applied to herself, when Louis XVI. allowed covert succours to the American insurgents to sail from the French harbours, and the Americans sent some thousand sympathisers to aid the Canadian revolt in 1837. She loudly denounced it when the Americans allowed an expedition to sail from New Orleans, in 1852, to revolutionize Cuba; *and she exclaimed against the Irish democrats who permitted the French Revolutionary Government, in* 1848, *to recognise a Hibernian Republic in the Emerald Isle. But what were the two last, but following her example?*"—P. 740.

When the author passes from a legal proposition to a moral grievance—and from looking upon a government and an individual as essentially the same, to dealing with the feelings and sentiments of an interested nation—he of course entirely changes his ground. There is no doubt that Spain, not alive probably to the extent of her colonial misrule, had a fair pretext to feel aggrieved that her misfortunes did not gain sympathy from the Government. But when we come to Sir A. Alison's

precedents, by which the extent of the grievance is to be tested, we find the obliquity of the author's reasoning such as could hardly escape a school-boy. As he speaks of the "*two last*" illustrations as his parallels, we imagine he designs to exempt the *two former* from the ordeal of analysis. We will content ourselves, therefore, with what is given us. With regard to Cuba, is he aware, either that the American expedition to that island was a spontaneous aggression, not proceeding from any antecedent fact of revolt upon the part of the Cuban subjects of Spain: or that the object of that expedition was avowedly one, not of delivering and making free, but of subjugating and incorporating into the state of the invading people? With regard to Ireland, does he imagine it to be the same thing (waiving all distinction between good and bad government) for the Spanish Crown to complain that subjects of the British Crown have aided the disaffection of its colonists, that it is for the British Crown to denounce the disloyalty of its own subjects?

Sir A. Alison's remarks upon the existing principle of succession to the Spanish Crown are still more inconsiderate and indiscriminative. We revert to his view of the results of the Anglo-French alliance of 1830, in reference to Spain. He tells us in the first volume:—

"The Orleans family continued firmly, and to all appearance permanently, settled upon the throne of France. Belgium was revolutionized, torn from the monarchy of the Netherlands, and the Cobourg family seated on its throne; *the monarchies of Spain and Portugal were overturned, and a revolutionary dynasty of Queens placed upon their thrones, in direct violation of the Treaty of Utrecht;* while in the east of Europe the last remains of Polish nationality were extinguished on the banks of the Vistula. *Durable interests were overlooked,* ancient alliances broken, long-established rivalries forgotten, in the fleeting passions of the moment."—P. 8.

We have no concern with any but the Spanish Question; and shall turn from the other instances with the remark, that so far as they bear upon Sir Archibald's theory of the aggregate loss of freedom resulting from a revolution, the author presents us in this picture (independently of Spain and Portugal) with *two* monarchical states which gained constitutional government under the revolutions of 1830, as a set-off against *one* which lost it, and whose population barely reached one-sixth of the combined population of France and Belgium. Perhaps, moreover, the constitutional history of the latter state may now be allowed to form some evidence of the foundation of its government in a "durability of interest."

But, with regard to the Spanish succession, the tender care

with which Sir A. Alison handles the work of Mr Harley and Lord Bolingbroke, in the altered relations of the State, is somewhat amusing. That the champion of kingly freedom and conservative tradition should characterize in such glowing terms that stipulation of the Treaty of Utrecht which introduced a direct innovation into the constitutional law of Spain, and offered a slight to the national independence, was hardly to have been anticipated. Yet such is the fact. It is far from our design to criticise the policy of the provision in this treaty which excluded from the throne the female descendants of Philip V. When Sunderland and Godolphin had withdrawn, and St John and Harley had resolved to compromise the question of the succession in Spain, such an exclusion was necessary to prevent a repetition of the expedient under which Louis XIV. had gained the virtual dominion of the Peninsula. This provision, dictated by expediency, was, therefore, a violation of the most cherished traditions of Spain, and a slur upon its independence.

Why, then, Sir Archibald should have expected such a revolutionary provision long to survive the exigency that could alone have given it birth, we can no more imagine than why he should cherish the memory of a constitutional innovation and a national slight, which, had he but lived a century ago, would surely have been the theme of his most vehement invective. If he would refer to our own constitutional records three centuries ago, he would see that it was made high treason to declare that the Queen and Parliament could not alter the succession to the throne of England. So far as the conduct of the Spanish court itself is concerned, it may be presumed that we should ourselves have resented, on the death of William IV., any provision, previously enforced upon us by a congress of belligerents, which excluded from the throne the female descendants of the Princess Sophia of Hanover. And, so far as the Anglo-French alliance of 1830 is concerned, when the last exercise of kingly power in Spain repudiated the stipulation of the Congress of Utrecht, under a manifest difference in the circumstances of the succession (whatever were the intrigue by which the change was immediately brought about), it is hard to suppose that any moral obligation for the maintenance of the stipulation of 1713 remained in force, on the part of the two great Powers which had been most directly interested in the settlement of that year, when there was a clear presumption that this change in the succession consulted the national benefit. And although the hopes entertained of Spain, on the cessation of the civil war, have unfortunately not been realised, perhaps even Sir A. Alison himself, who glosses over the mediæval atrocities of the reign of Ferdinand VII., will not have the hardihood to affirm that the subse-

quent sufferings of Spain are to be compared with the military and sacerdotal tyranny which Don Carlos was ready to uphold. He will acknowledge, too, that of those subsequent sufferings, since the civil war was ended, nearly all have been experienced, not from the legitimate Queenites, but under the shadow of the Carlist power, and in the specious title of a Moderado policy. He will acknowledge also that that ecclesiastical spoliation, which he may justly deplore, was introduced, *not* by the Progresista party, but by the Moderado or semi-Carlist chiefs, during the existence of the Estatuto Real.

It has already been observed, that Sir A. Alison's narrative of the Revolutionary War, in his previous work, is by much to be preferred to his politics of the Peace in the subsequent history. There is in the former, very happily, less room for political reflections. "So many conquerors' cars were daily driven," that the narrative, either of negotiation or of military events, kept the writer's pen pretty well occupied in sublunary subjects. His histories of the German and Peninsular campaigns have been nearly as much criticised as his narrative of the campaign of 1815. It would hardly serve any purpose to revert to these questions at length; and public opinion is nearly agreed that Sir Archibald's history of the *German* campaigns of Napoleon is, upon the whole, tolerably accurate, especially as it advances. The author has had access to German documents of authority. This incident of advantage over some other writers, is, however, qualified by the apprehension that an author, who in his new work quotes statistics in the slap-dash sort of way that we have evinced—and quotes them, too, with a truly laudable impartiality, in the face of his own directly opposite theories—may nevertheless not be precluded from falling into grave error. In proportion as the drama of Napoleon's wars advances, the contemporary records appear to increase in authenticity as well as in number. The public are therefore more critical and more exacting as the period proceeds. With reference to the German campaign of 1813, the most reliable statement, so far as the Allies are concerned, is the history of that campaign by the late Marquess of Londonderry, then Sir Charles Stuart. Lord Londonderry was alternately at the camp and at the court; and he had better opportunities, not simply than any other writer, but than any other general or diplomatist in Germany, of knowing what happened at all points. His narrative, too, is written with a succinctness, and an absence of theorising, which Sir A. Alison would have done well to imitate. Between it and Sir Archibald's there are, however, important discrepancies, especially in the worthy baronet's favourite domain of figures. We will not go so far as to say that he sees double on these points; but

he frequently over-rates the forces engaged on either side. This observation holds true, not only as against Lord Londonderry's history, but as against several other authorities. To speak generally, however, it may be assumed that where Sir A. Alison quotes the German authorities on the German side of the questions at issue, or quotes such English authorities as Sir Robert Adair for 1806, or Lord Londonderry for 1813, he may be relied on, if exact accuracy be not required.

But it is singular that where he deals with our own share in the military annals of this period, so much cannot be said. For the Peninsular War, Sir William Napier's history is, and we suspect always will be, our standard, even if a future generation of Frenchmen do not accept his testimony as implicitly as ourselves. That much of Sir A. Alison's account of the Peninsular War not only contradicts that by Sir W. Napier, but that it contradicts even the Wellington dispatches, which Colonel Gurwood had published at all events before Sir Archibald had arrived at the era of the Peninsular War, is too well known to require any illustration. That his narrative of 1815, though patched up and ingeniously defended in each successive edition, remains an essential fiction, is equally notorious. We shall not attempt to drag our readers through a detailed criticism of Sir A. Alison's narrative of the campaigns of Vimiera, Oporto, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo. The mistakes which pervade the detail of each campaign are the result sometimes of carelessness, and sometimes of entire misconception. Occasionally they are absolutely absurd; and that an annalist of the Peninsular War should gravely assert, as Sir Archibald does in the very title of chap. 68, vol. x., that the British campaign of Salamanca, in 1812, was the Duke of Wellington's *first campaign in Spain*, will hardly be believed by any one who does not refer to his work for a corroboration of our statement. The edition of his history of the French Revolutionary War from which we have quoted, dates from 1850; and it is, we believe, the latest. Even in this edition but a small proportion of the errors which had been before the public during ten or fifteen years have been retrieved; and we are almost forced to suppose that one who is so indifferent to accuracy, is also indifferent to reputation. In this respect, Sir A. Alison reminds us of a saying quoted by Blackstone, "that a man may keep poisons in his closet, but that he may not publicly vend them as cordials." This, however, is a restriction which Sir Archibald has the hardihood to break through. His adherence to the most manifest errors, in fact, is as tenacious and as dogged, as is his assertion of disproved and exploded opinions in his new history.

But there are some matters of political philosophy discussed in the author's former history, and especially in the fourteenth volume, which bear a closer relation to his new work. These, we take it, are his most finished and erudite thoughts; for they are to be found in chapters ninety-five and ninety-six, which bear the mark of a wide revision that is not condoned to chapters involving the lustre of our military arms.

Sir Archibald has a theory, which is propounded at great length in Vol. XIV., "of the final cause of war," and which is asserted to be "the purification of mankind." It is an idiosyncrasy in the philosophy of the author, that all his theories are, as it were, *self-existent* in his own mind: that is to say, he does not draw theories from facts; but he asserts facts on the basis of theories. He makes the most unfounded and extravagant misstatements in general history, which are not to be submitted to question, because they conform to the GREAT DOGMA with which his argument has set out. Thus he asserts that war is only increased by democratic ascendancy; and thenceforth he sweeps down the cardinal facts of European history into conformity with his proposition. Let us take a few examples. Of the affairs of 1848 we read,—

"And the first effect of the French Revolution of 1848 was to light up the flames of war— . . . to arm the *Muscovite against the Magyar*, and drench Europe in blood, *to be stayed only by the triumph of the aristocratic principle*, at least in the first stage of the contest."—P. 265.

As we have no right to question the sincerity of any man, we can but say that this is one of many passages which stamp Sir Archibald Alison as the most ill-informed person of the events of which he writes that we ever met with. Can it, however, be possible that he is ignorant that the Magyar cause was the aristocratic cause at issue in the Hungarian war?—that nearly the whole titled nobility, and the whole untitled nobility, were ranged upon its side?—that the judicial murders of the Austrian Government were the murders, not of democrats, but of ancient magnates?—that its constitution was the purest aristocracy which this century has seen?—that the "Muscovite" differed from the "Magyar," as a modern despotism differs from an ancient oligarchy?—that, so far as the difference of "democratic" and "aristocratic triumph" was concerned, the triumph (a negative one, to be sure) was that of the Sclavonian democratic peasantry?

But more. In the third volume of the later history, the author tells us (p. 238) that "it is a markworthy circumstance, that all the serious wars in Europe, between 1815 and 1830, have been wars between the Christians and the Mohammedans." In order to make out this proposition, he is under the unfortunate neces-

sity of raking up all our wars in India during this period, which he has himself, with a rare infelicity, determined prior by two years to "the popular revolution!" The recounting of all these wars in India, in his sixth volume, is nearly interminable. Finally, it is a somewhat novel theory to class the pacific colonization of territories—such as Australia, which *we already possessed*—among the instances of "*aggressive propensities*," p. 264. It seems scarcely discriminative to institute this close comparison between this colonization—which, by the way, is elsewhere described as a "*Divine*" means of the diffusion of civilization—and the irruptions of the French revolutionary armies!

It occurred to us, as we were reading these luminous reasonings, that the perpetual warfare of the oligarchical Italian republics would be hard of subordination to the above theory; and we began to wonder how this difficulty would be surmounted. Our curiosity was soon satisfied. A few pages further on we read, that "in modern times the marvels of this expansive (democratic) power have not been less conspicuous. From the Republics of Genoa and *Venice* the democratic spirit again penetrated," etc. The oligarchical constitution of the Venetian Commonwealth presumed to stand in opposition to the GREAT DOGMA: accordingly, the Venetian Republic was transformed into a "*Poligarchy!*"

We pass to the general relations of Europe with Asia; and in the *later history*, vol. IV., p. 608, we find the following astonishing assertion:—

"*Unity renders Asia formidable:* diversity constitutes the strength of Europe."

In vol. XIV. of the *former history*, p. 262, we find the following commentary upon this axiom:—

"In Asia, the vigour of the chief who seizes the diadem rarely descends to his successor who inherits it; and even the hardihood of a new race of northern conquerors is found, after a few generations, to be irrecoverably merged in the effeminacy of their subjects. *Hence the extraordinary facility with which they are overturned, and the perpetual alternation of external conquest and internal corruption which marks every age of Asiatic history.*" (!)

With reference to "Europe and Asia," we are told that Asiatic sovereigns are more despotic than Europeans. The remark is just, though hardly original; but we have immersed ourselves into a portion of Sir A. Alison's works, in which we treasure up any just observation, be it ever so trite. But when Sir Archibald proceeds, on the strength of this assertion, to his favourite topic of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, we are obliged to differ with him again. Assuming that these patriarchs respectively peopled Asia, Africa, and Europe, he illustrates the milder

sovereignty of the Japetic race (iv., 608) from Homer's description of Agamemnon. Does he not know that the earliest accounts of Greece that we possess, and which are quite as reliable as the exploits of Agamemnon, distinctly refer the foundation of Greek Commonwealths to Egyptian and Asiatic emigrators?

Our allotted space is already exceeded; but it would be unjust to overlook Sir A. Alison's gallery of political portraits. If this have not the merit of discrimination, it has that, at least, of generosity. There is no grudging of merit in any of these characterizations. Sir Archibald will speak as well of his political opponents as of the leaders of his own party. This is certainly a very fine trait in a writer gifted with such ineradicable prepossessions. It is, no doubt, an inconsistency; for the author has already described the shortsightedness of his opponents, in a manner which renders the praise somewhat inexplicable. But he has forgotten all that, as he has forgotten a good many other things that he has written in the course of his bulky volumes; and, when he begins to describe the characters of public men of his day, he acts on the principle of *de mortuis*, etc.,—makes his portraits all very attractive, though singularly like each other. It is true that he says of Lord Brougham, in respect of his speeches, that he has "an overwhelming deluge of words," and that "his verbose habit is much to be regretted."—(Vol. IV., p. 287.) Lord Brougham might perhaps think that the critic had put himself out of court, and was disqualified, by his own example, from pronouncing the censure. But Sir A. Alison has a high opinion of "his merits as an equity lawyer,"—a judgment, at all events, from which he was not precluded by any *positive* demerits of his own. Sir Archibald pays a handsome tribute to the late Lord Grey (notwithstanding the "fatal mistake," to which he again alludes), and says, that "he was, beyond all doubt, a most remarkable man."—P. 280. The observation will not probably be gainsaid. He falls, however, into two singular mistakes. He has the hardihood to assert that "Lord Palmerston has been a member of every Administration, with the single exception of the short one of Lord Derby in 1852, for the last fifty years" (p. 288); whereas every one else is aware that, during both the Administrations of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston was one of the leading members of the opposition; and that, "fifty years" before this volume was written, Lord Palmerston had not entered political life. He speaks of Lord John Russell's "conduct as the leader of the House of Commons in 1831;" whereas every one else is no less aware, that it was a peculiarity in Lord John Russell's political position, during the whole struggle of the Reform Bill, that he had taken the office of Paymaster-General without a seat in the Cabinet. Why

Sir James Graham should be applauded, and Mr Gladstone (the master-mind of his party) should not be noticed, is not apparent. Neither is Lord Althorp mentioned; and we are reduced to the solution, that Sir A. Alison was not aware that he had been Leader of the House of Commons during the four most stormy sessions of its existence. But, as we have said, there is no disposition to injustice; and we are told of each of the prominent statesmen of our day, he has "administrative abilities of a very high order." This is at least gratifying, if it be not discriminative.

Any detailed criticism on the subject of *style* would be superfluous. It is certain, however, that any three of Sir A. Alison's volumes might be very advantageously compressed into one. The author's aversion to monosyllables is fatal to the force of his diction; and we have roughly calculated that the omission of useless adjectives would alone reduce the work by some twenty or thirty pages a volume. Nearly all his substantives end in "ation;" a peculiarity which ensures them, on an average, an inordinate length. His affection towards the word "superadd," not seldom costs the simple sense of his passage; and his perpetual introduction of the epithet "human"—*ex. gr.*, "human affairs," "human emancipation," etc.,—with studied distinctiveness, suggests the notion that he had been writing a political history (if such there could be) of zoology in general. But the wearisome iteration of trite ideas, exploded theories, and false reasoning, is what chiefly swells his second history to its present dimensions.[1]

We cannot help noticing also the appalling epithets which are coupled with the expression of almost every idea in the analyses of chapters, that stand at the beginning of each volume. We are perpetually referred to sections entitled "astonishing success," "prodigious enthusiasm," "universal transports," etc. We had a vague notion, on first reading the latter expression, that "universal transports" were transport ships on a vast scale, somewhat after the fashion of the "Great Eastern;" but we were mistaken. Similar expressions are stored up for our sorrows, to those which indicate our joys. Thus, we continually read of "unbounded alarm," and "appalling distress." But our national temperament—and that, indeed, of all the races of

[1] Sir Archibald favours us with numerous Latin quotations—some of which he goes out of his way to translate; and does it in a manner which eliminates the whole epigrammatic collocation of the original. These quotations are commonly of a very hackneyed kind: we find such as "Cœlum non animum mutant," etc.; "didicisse fideliter artes," etc.—(the verb in the last instance being mis-spelt, and the qualifying adjective forgotten)—and many others which, through the dim vista of some ten long years, we remember, in our old Harrow days, to have perused in a little book called "Wordsworth's Latin Grammar!"

"Japhet"—is so happily elastic, that these sentiments quickly pass away; and, a few lines further on, we are sure to recur to a condition of "prodigious enthusiasm" and "universal transports."

We may fairly presume that an author who places himself in deliberate opposition to every statesman, and to every other political writer, is nearly indifferent to any criticism of his work. To depict Sir A. Alison's character as a reasoner or as a writer of fact, is what no one can do so well as himself; and he has described it—in a delineation of Napoleon, which seems as though it had been designed for autobiography—with a fidelity which exhausts our own powers. It shall be transcribed:—

"*Unconquerable adherence to error*, in point of fact, *in the face of the clearest evidence*, is, in like manner, *often so characteristic of his writings, where any of his marked prepossessions is concerned*, that one is apt to imagine that the account of the peculiarity given by his panegyrists is the true one, *that his imagination was so ardent that his wishes were, literally speaking, father to his thoughts, and that what he desired, he really believed to be true.*"[1]

[1] Sir A. Alison's Character of Napoleon, vol. iii., p. 628.

ART. II.—1. *The Genesis of the Earth and of Man.* Edited by REGINALD STUART POOLE, M.R.S.L., etc. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1856.

2. *The Testimony of the Rocks, or Geology in its bearings on the two Theologies, Natural and Revealed.* By HUGH MILLER, Author of "The Old Red Sandstone," etc. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1857.

3. *Creation and the Fall: A Defence and Exposition of the first three Chapters of Genesis.* By Rev. DONALD MACDONALD, M.A. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1856.

4. *The Mosaic Record in Harmony with the Geological.* By JAMES SIME, M.A. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1854.

5. *Twelve Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion.* Delivered in Rome by CARDINAL WISEMAN. 5th edition. Two volumes. London: Charles Dolman. 1853.

6. *Things New and Old in Religion, Literature, and Science.* London: Nisbet & Co. 1857.

7. *Geological Facts.* By the Rev. W. G. BARRETT. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co. 1855.

8. *Geology and Genesis; or the Two Teachings Contrasted.* By "C." London: Whittaker & Co. 1857.

9. *On Parthenogenesis.* By PROF. OWEN. London: Van Voorst.

10. *Scripture and Geology.* By the Rev. PYE SMITH, D.D. London: H. G. BOHN.

11. *Religion of Geology and its Connected Sciences.* By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D., LL.D. Glasgow: William Collins (American Reprint).

12. *Noah and his Times.* By the Rev. J. M. OLMSTEAD, M.A. Glasgow: William Collins (American Reprint).

MILTON'S remarks on the vitality of books, and on what should be the attitude of the State to them, are well known. "I deny not," he says, "but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that evil was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they

are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men." This characteristically shrewd estimate has much force, when applied to the rapidly increasing literature of present physical science. Certain phases of this, especially those which are alleged to have theological bearings, claim the earnest attention of all thoughtful Christian men. Modern discovery has scattered the dragon's teeth broadcast over the land, and the natural result is a mailed host, more formidable than the fabled one which rose threateningly before the eye of Cadmus. Numerous books, all held by their authors to be equally well-fitted for the defence of the truth, and for chasing out of the world those antiquated religious beliefs which obstruct civilization in her onward march, meet us in every bookshop, lie invitingly, in their covers of crimson and gold, on drawing-room tables, and demand double space on our library shelves, from which they seem to smile contempt on the unpretending volumes of our older literature, whose weighty utterances were wont to quicken our intellects and solace our hearts! How is this great army to be met? Must Swift's "Battle of the Books" be fought over again? If so, some of the names of the combatants of his time might be retained. An addition of another legion to the army of the moderns, is all that is necessary to fit the satire to our day. The change of the battle-field could also be made. Swift found his "on a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of Parnassus." But we would require to go down to the foundations of the world, and to pass through the great strata, which tell the wondrous tale of the bygone ages of nature. The contest *there* would concern the question, whether the All-wise One who formed the world has written legends on the rocks which contradict the utterances of His own Wisdom in the Bible?

We know, indeed, that the progeny of the dragon's teeth were not all useless. Cadmus found many of the warriors helpful in doing him good service in his chosen Bæotia. We may find the modern offspring useful too. The fruits of civilization and enlightenment—the revelations of philosophy and the triumphs of science, may all be welcomed by Christianity, and used in the service of The King. The chief thing will be, to get quit of the dangerous members of the mailed host. This must continue to be the constant effort of all who know the truth and love it. Circumstances will determine whether this shall be by finding joints in the harness, through which the arrows of truth may find their way to the heart of error, or, as in the old fable, by turning every man's hand against his fellow,—

"Suoque
Marte cadunt subiti per mutua vulnera fratres."

We have no wish even to *seem* to treat with levity a confessedly great and momentous subject, but there are aspects in the modern controversy of book with book, in which science sets up as theologian, and theology claims control over all science, which must provoke a smile.

The list of Works, which stands at the head of this article, will indicate the somewhat formidable character of our proposed discussions. In conducting them we have need of much charity, and our readers have need of much patience. Some recent contributions to the literature of so-called physico-theology, make it needful that those who love the old paths, and are not ashamed to be found standing in them, should be willing to give valid reasons for their conservatism. They must at least look such works as are quoted above full in the face, and ascertain whether they can *all* be regarded as speaking the truth with forthright earnestness, keeping nothing back, and hesitating not in their speech. We are, however, well aware that the determination to look honestly at much of the current literature of physical science, and to tell plainly what we think of it, are hazardous undertakings. In addressing ourselves to the task we have undertaken, certain preliminary remarks fall to be made, in the light of which we wish to look at the subjects under review.

Our first remark has reference to the very narrow limits within which the observations of physical science are, as yet, contained. Only a few remote corners, which, because of their isolated character, must be imperfectly understood, have been visited and examined, in that great field of observation which surrounds man. We make this statement in the full knowledge of the ground which geology, for example, has gone over, and of the grouping of its discoveries under general divisions, corresponding to the present state of human knowledge. Still, we have been working in, comparatively, mere corners of the great field; and, certainly, the philosophical attitude of the students of this science should be that of men who are content to work on in the line of discovery—to gather up facts, and to classify phenomena, in the spirit of those who love the work for its own sake, and not for any grand theological generalizations they may hope to build on it. But, carried away by over-confidence in their own powers, many leave the attitude of true wisdom, and rashly generalize, without having patiently gathered up sufficient material for this. The results will always be hostile to the advancement of knowledge. "The sole cause and root," says Lord Bacon, "of almost every defect in the sciences is this, that while we falsely admire and extol the powers of the human mind, we do not search for its real helps."[1] This, as we shall see, has

[1] Novum Organum. Lib. i., Aph. ix.

often led to such neglect of the "real helps," as to make the foundations for a theory of trifling moment, and the might in the mind which has formed it everything. We can have no objection to the geologist coming to any conclusion he may think fit, if his observations fairly warrant it; but his conclusion should be held with the acknowledgment that all the elements needed, in order to make it absolutely true, may not have been taken into account. This would render the boldest speculations comparatively innocuous, because all men would regard them in the light of the acknowledgment. But what seems to us remote from the spirit of a sound philosophy is, that many of our most accomplished discoverers, in the various departments of physical science, seem to have constantly in their thoughts, the presence of *another* book than that one whose leaves they are trying to turn, and whose wondrous rock-written legends they are seeking to decipher. If the student happen to be a man whose heart has yielded to, and whose mind has been pervaded with that higher truth revealed in and by Jesus Christ, his tendency is to labour to gather facts from the field in which he toils, to corroborate the initial historical statements of that book in which he has found the new life, and its fruits, joy and peace. If he be not a man of this mind, but, on the contrary, an idolater of natural law, and a sceptic as to the lawgiver revealed in the Scriptures, we may expect that he will begin by hinting a doubt on one point, and hesitating dislike on another. The Bible will soon come to be denounced by him as a book of false science; and this, he will believe, warrants him to reject its moral and spiritual teaching also. His scientific researches will be regarded successful in the measure in which they help to build him up in his prejudice against it. We must ever protest against this mode of following knowledge. We have, indeed, nothing to fear from men who, prosecuting science with minds under the influence of the highest truth of God, are yet wise enough not to attempt to make the bible responsible for what it is no part of its divine mission to teach, and whose thoughts shall not constantly act as if the Scriptures needed the help of the natural sciences, either on the matter of their authenticity or on that of their influential teaching. Yet this vicious tendency (to drag the discoveries of geology into questions which bear upon the subject-matter of revelation) is not confined to the school of prejudice now referred to. It is found in men from whom the Church might have looked for better things. It is done too, in such a way, that you become persuaded they believe that the field of observation has already been so thoroughly searched—the discoveries made so conclusively abundant—and the classification of phenomena so complete, that we are constrained either to acknowledge direct and

unmistakeable antagonism between the Word and the World—between the positive teaching of the strata and the no less positive statements of the opening chapters of Genesis, or that we are necessarily put on the defence, and must now, for the truth's sake, learn to read Genesis in a way which had never before entered into the imagination of the most devout, most intelligent and most learned students of the Word of God. We admit that times may come in the future, as they have more than once done in the past, when, from some apparent contradictions between Scripture and Science, we may be forced to question long-accepted interpretations of Bible narratives, and to seek in new ones some ground of harmony. But in such rare cases the new readings will have nothing *outré* about them, and they will find ready belief from their manifest simplicity, and their likeness to the modes of interpreting other portions of the sacred book. We should like to see much more caution in regard to this, and far less readiness, either, on the one hand, to believe that isolated phenomena demand immediate explanation, or, on the other, that there can be any safe ground for coming to sweeping general conclusions on solitary facts.[1] This is so well put in Mr Miller's "Old Red Sandstone"—a work which, we are persuaded, will continue to be estimated more highly than any other he has written—that we would direct the attention of our readers to the whole of the seventh chapter, which opens with some remarkable statements on this point. He shows how cautious the geologist should be in concluding, from the juxta-position of fossils, that they must have been contemporary. "The convulsions and revolutions," he says, "of the geological world, like those of the political, are sad confounders of place and station, and bring into close fellowship the high and the low; nor is it safe in either world—such have been the effects of the disturbing agencies—to judge of ancient relations by existing neighbourhoods, or of original situations by present places of occupancy." Forgetfulness of this, we shall have occasion to show, has led to many errors.

It will always be a leading feature of the men who are under the influence of the true spirit of the inductive philosophy, that they will regard with suspicion, conclusions which have been arrived at by observations confessed to be partial and limited. And when such conclusions shall seem to enter the domain of historic or of dogmatic theology, and claim to be regarded as either ques-

[1] Dugald Stewart reckons among the causes of the slow progress of human knowledge, "a disposition to grasp at general principles, without submitting to the previous study of particular facts."—(Outlines of Moral Philosophy. Sect. iii. Edinburgh, 1793.) This, not less than the tendency now referred to, is not only obstructive to knowledge, it is very unsafe also.

tioning or corroborating the positive statements of the Word of God—as, for example, the Mosaic record of creation—the utterances of other Scriptures, on the connection between sin and death, and the presence of death before the introduction of sin, they will regard them with still greater distrust. Such a state of mind would be sure to keep men far away from rash theories, and would lead them to seek a position, in regard to Scripture and geology, like that which is so admirably maintained and illustrated by Bishop Butler. The author of "The Analogy" made use of nature as the ground on which to vindicate religion. But we would now reverse the process; and, we think, there are multitudes of intelligent men who would attain to rest amidst the wild surging billows of unbelief around them, if the Scriptures, in which they believe, it may be only with a traditional faith, were more used to illustrate God's ways in nature. This would lead us to reason,—if we find such modes of procedure in connection with the Church, why should we esteem them arbitrary, and as such, to be rejected when seen in creation, and in the building up of the world?

Again, the whole question as to the place and the amount of miracle to be expected in God's ways, with the outward world, would need to be well weighed before we attempt to form any grand general scheme, which shall be held as fully illustrative of the harmony between Genesis and Science. And not only would we need to acknowledge miraculous power as to the creative act, by which, that which had not been became; but also, we should be willing to find it in all the giant ages, from the time when the foundations of the earth were laid, upward and onward to this present epoch, when man walks amidst those works in which God delights, and in which all who delight in God, take pleasure. Such a state of mind, on the part of the student of science, would lead him to look at this "miracle-question" in a light both more accordant with a sound philosophy, and more consistent with the belief in the omnipotence of Jehovah, than we find it generally regarded in the present day. Besides, an almost bewildering confusion exists in the minds of men on this subject. We could occupy all our allotted space with quotations illustrative of this. Even in the books at the head of this article, we might find many passages about "the unphilosophical character of tendencies to fall back on miracle—the great waste of miraculous power—the likelihood that there was only the one miracle of creation (though some of our authors grudge even that), and that it is inconsistent with what we know of God's general procedure, to allege that He would interfere by miracle, or that the result would not harmonize with the miraculous power put forth in order to it." Men seem strangely to forget, that the character of the agent is

the refutation of all such remarks. How could there be waste of power in connection with any work of an Almighty One? But, apart from this, is it not strictly philosophical to argue, that whatever is associated with miracle at its origin, should be regarded as within the influence of miraculous keeping unto the end; consequently, we should not deem it inconsistent with this, but the opposite, if we find one point and another at which we are shut up to the acknowledgment of miraculous interference. It was by true miracle—the passing of the non-create into the created—that the grand system of the universe was realized. And when we meet with the same form of power in any department of the universe, or side by side with our commonest phenomena, why should the spirit of man be ushered into scepticism on that account? The settlement of the question, as to harmony between the power employed and the results, is beyond the scope of our faculties. We might, indeed, be held competent to form a pretty correct estimate of the first result, because that might frequently be small, and fairly within the range of our powers, but no such forth-putting of might as we now refer to, ever terminates in the one, first, and outstanding effect. Yea, it is capable of proof that the *immediate* result is often the smallest, and that a series of links in the great chain of circumstances, of which the observed and clearly seen one has the first, are continued indefinitely, ever enlarging as they proceed. Or, it is like the effect of the pebble, cast by a well exercised arm, into the centre of some lake, as it reposes in its own beauty under the eye of God, and reflects every cloud which hangs softly in the deep blue above it. The first result is, the stirring of the placid surface, and the manifestation of this is the circlet not larger than the water displaced by the stone. But the circle widens, and ultimately the whole bosom of the lake acknowledges its influence; not the surface only, but the whole body of the waters, down to the lowest depths through which the stone has passed. We would like that our friends would admit, not the possibility only, but the likelihood of results, thus connected with some first forth-putting of miraculous might, which eagle-eyed as some of them may be, pass far beyond the range of their vision, and reach into other fields than they have ever travelled, even in the most gorgeous of their great imaginings. Then the questions might arise whether, with all their philosophy, and with all their attainments in exact science, they could believe themselves able to trace the connection between some first miraculous act and its sequences, and whether it might not be an evidence of truest and highest wisdom, to entertain the probability that many phenomena, which they seek to explain by referring them to simple natural causes, may find their true explanation only by

associating them with miracle. We would be very far, indeed, from countenancing taking refuge in the thought of miracles whenever we find wonders which for the time, are past finding out. Neither would we give any weight to them, when they directly contradict or outrage man's common sense, or do not fit into the analogy of God's ways and works in other departments of the moral or physical world. The subjection of the Christian understanding to that which does violence either to its own direct utterances, or to its knowledge of God through the written Word, is superstition. But what we plead for, as believing that it would prevent many hasty and dangerous generalizations, is, that students in the sciences, whose revelations have a constant tendency to run into theology, should not be so chary of the very thought of the probability of the presence of the effects of direct miracle, in many of the deeper spheres of investigation into which they rightly love to penetrate, even when they see none of the connecting links. In a word, and more precisely, it ought to be kept in mind, that the primary act does not always carry its chief characteristics into those ever varying states, into which it often passes. Plato's doctrine of the ἕν καὶ πολλά—the one grand primal type, keeping some of its distinctive features in all the transformations it may undergo, however beautiful and true as associated with morphology in the natural sciences, ceases to be of much value when we enter the domain in which moral and spiritual elements come to be mixed up with natural laws. A third influence comes into power there, and its variable character is only limited by the kind of disposition, training, habits of thought, education, and the like, which can be postulated of its possessor. We allude to the Christian or the anti-Christian individualism of the student. Most men cast the shadows of individual bias over the bright image of truth. If all this were taken into account, we would neither be very hasty in forming opinions on very difficult physico-theological subjects, nor would we easily become strongly wedded to any of the alleged explanations of physical phenomena, which necessitate the discussion of the authenticity of Scripture history, or the special bearing of purely theological dogmas.

We lay much stress on these views. They appear to us more in harmony with a sound philosophy than the attitude of those who summarily dismiss the possibility of the presence of miraculous power in whatever seems to them unworthy of it. Mr Macdonald's book is not free from this; it is broadly stated in the "Testimony of the Rocks," and you meet with it in the "Harmony of the Mosaic and Geological Records." But it is forgotten that very many of the miracles of the Old Testament would not stand this test. Take, for example, the miracles of Elisha, and among these, look at that recorded in 2 Kings vi. 1-7.

By the laws recognised by all science, and accepted by common sense, the axe-head had sunk to the bottom, and, in virtue of a law equally received, its nature was to lie there. But, by an exercise of His will, God acted on the will of another, and made that the instrument by which the iron was caused to swim. The axe-head hastened to meet the bit of wood which also, in obedience to law, continued to float on the surface. Who, looking only at the restoration of the borrowed axe, would say that here was an occasion for the direct interference of the Almighty? Yet here was a true wonder (τέρας), and a true sign (σημεῖον) of the greatness of Elisha's Lord. The isolated object might seem unworthy of His glorious character, but our views change when we try to estimate the moral and spiritual fruits to the prophet and to his followers—fruits, however, which others, not directly concerned, would come to feel the influence of, while they continued wholly ignorant of their origin. But it is well to remember that, when we represent absolute Will as interfering with established laws, we do not hold that there is anything arbitrary in this, or even that there was the application of any other power of God than what had ever been working in him. There was only the manifestation of that at a special point in the personal and spiritual history of the prophet. "The unresting activity of God, which at other times hides and conceals itself behind the veil of what we term natural laws, does, in the miracle, unveil itself; it steps out from its concealment, and the hand which works is laid bare. Beside and beyond the ordinary operations of nature, higher powers—(higher, not as coming from an higher source, but as bearing upon higher ends)—intrude and make themselves felt even at the very springs and sources of her power."

We wish it were possible to destroy this distrust of the simple acknowledgment of the probable presence of miracle in the different stages of the building up of the world, which obtains, so largely in our day. It would keep us from the unsafe tendency into which many theologians have recently fallen, of trying to commend the works and ways of God, by robbing them as much as possible of what is miraculous.* But truth suffers. There may be great rejoicings in the Camp of Compromise, when some work or fact, hitherto associated with a miracle, is put on the basis of natural law, and even Biblical scholars may find that particular portions of Scripture history may be made very plain and palatable to many, by tracing them to natural causes; but, it were well to remember, that those receiving the new principle of interpretation will not halt at the partial application of it.

"They struggle vainly to preserve a part,
Who have not courage to contend for all."

Applying these remarks to discussions relative to the past history of the earth's crust, and to the deluge, the recognition will follow, that there may have been miraculous interferences where we do not acknowledge the need of them, and that we are not in circumstances to conclude that even well understood phenomena must have taken place according to laws with which we are acquainted. If we can account for them by tracing them to well-known laws, we will attain to the rest of simple belief; but, if they shall *seem* antagonistic to these, we are not entitled to hold either that they are so, or that they may not be under other laws, of the nature of which we are yet ignorant. Is it not likely that they may never have been designed to square with our notions as to the operation of God's laws? Nor, in taking up this ground of humility and acknowledged ignorance, do we frown upon free speculation being set alongside of painstaking investigation and observation. All that we desire is, to send the student to the study of the physical sciences, in a state of mind furthest removed from scepticism, on the one hand, and everything like religious bias on the other; in short, under that discipline of humility, which has taught him the lesson of his own imperfect knowledge, and, especially, the lesson that God's ways are not as man's ways, and God's thoughts not as man's thoughts. In this spirit let him question the manifold works of God vigorously as he may. Let him break up the rocks, and, led by reason into regions whither imagination fears to follow, let him listen to the story of the giant ages, as he has ears to hear it; let him search into those new worlds of polype and insect life, opened up but yesterday, by the labours of Owen, and Steenstrup, and Von Siebold, and cry mystery on mystery, if he will; let him deal as strictly as he can with ethnology in its linguistic, historical, and physiological aspects, and try the science of those who would unbrother one great family of the human race, and make of them "chattels personal;" let him climb the azure heights of heaven, and see wonders under the guidance of sober science, before which Dante's imagination would have paled; yea, let him search and seek, and question, and speculate, according to the ability given to him by his Maker, but let all this be as conscious of the imperfection of his faculties—as one who has been led into the secret place of the Most High—as one on whose affections He who made all these things has found a throne.

These considerations, moreover, will have a direct bearing on the conflicting hypotheses relative to the deluge—on the doctrines of autocthones and centres of creation—and on the discussion as to the reproduction of previously existing forms of life. The alleged waste of miraculous power, if the claim be for a universal deluge, would have no weight. The objection is urged as if to

exercise His power cost the Almighty labour. Again, to hold it as implying the same thing if the Creator be represented as re-creating that which formerly existed, bears witness to very low views of Divine power, as well as ignorance of what, in the bringing in of many *new* species into the world, He has been doing. This would be no more unphilosophical than to hold the now generally admitted *partial* realization of this in the structure of the lower animals, which Owen has so fully and beautifully illustrated as exemplar types of some part in the structure of the great antetype--Man—the Son of Man. The whole history of science goes to enforce these views. Her march, which has ever been onward and upward, has yet been slow. Her votaries of one generation, have brought to light facts which, in their causes, afford ground for the theories of the next, while yet a third or fourth may pass before the solution of universally acknowledged difficulties begins to be suggested to leading minds. But it is not prudent—it is not discreet—either to attempt to thrust the solution on the general mind of the age, which, in the knowledge of such matters, is always a generation behind; or to assert positively, that the solution offered, especially if there are theological points involved, must be the true one, because it harmonizes with the advancement of science. All that can be claimed for it is, the acknowledgment that it serves for all present purposes of discussion. We will have read the history of chemical science to very little purpose, if we have continued ignorant, that many phenomena, in the explanation of which all for a season found rest, have turned out to demand a wholly different one. Forces, undreamt of previously, have been brought to light. Electricity, for example, in connection with which hitherto supposed general laws have been modified, and effects have been traced to causes, very widely unlike those with which they had before been associated. Young science —noble, enthusiastic, somewhat over self-reliant, will gain much by thinking on these things, and by eschewing the very appearance of hasty generalization.

Though reluctant to detain our readers so long on the threshold of our subject, there is another general consideration which should have some weight with the Christian apologist. He is entitled, as he wanders amidst the multiform objections to the Scripture account of the Genesis of the earth and of man, to demand that the objectors shall agree among themselves before he can be fairly called to deal either with their objections or with their explanations of the Divine record. He may justly allege, that their want of agreement on any one cardinal point—their diversity of opinion as to particular phenomena, or classes of phenomena—is a sufficient reason why he should not take action against them. It is, however, notorious, that very few men who have left the

true platform of science—observation, in order to the classification of facts—for the field of physico-theological controversy, agree as to the nature of the facts themselves, which are held by some to contradict Scripture, and fewer still as to the mode of meeting these allegations. The battle sooner or later must be fought; and so, while we make this remark on the tactics of the apologist, we cannot urge too strongly on the individual sections of the Christian church, the necessity of seeing that they use all endeavours for the thorough training of those who must be the chief combatants. They must furnish them with weapons, and they must teach them to use them—they must provide the armour, and see that it be proved in order to the day of battle. Often, however, the highest form of effort will be found in warding off the blow; because, as the fight is often in the dark, the supposed combatant may turn out to be a brother, and the blow dealt at what we regard the fair bright form of truth, may come from the strong hands of her own most loving children, who recognise not their mother under the veil, or through the bias which devotion to some favourite theory has spread over their own souls. The safety of this neutral, yet avowedly defensive, attitude has many illustrations in the history of geological discovery. It is well known, that great prominence was given to the statements of Scripture, alleged to be for or against the respective combatants in the keen word-wars waged between the Neptunists and the Plutonists of the past generation. Neptunism pointed in triumph to the references in Genesis i. to water. Indeed, they carried their aqueous views so far, that Thales might have claimed their belief in his theory—"That water was the true ἀρχή, or beginning of all things."[1] And Plutonism was not less confident that abounding references to igneous action, in connection with the past and future history of the globe, conclusively acknowledged its claims. A Neptunist sceptic would find easy refuge from the revelations of the burning world of the lost, in showing that all these were contradicted by the analogy of past physical history; and a like-minded Plutonist might gravely shake his head over the water-influences in Genesis i., as not fitting into present well known laws. Yea, we know that this was actually the case. The Church was startled

[1] It is curious to mark the ancient forms of thoughts which most hold to be limited to modern mind:—"Thales would all the more readily adopt this notion from its harmonizing with ancient opinions; such, for instance, as those expressed in Hesiod's Theogony, wherein Oceanus and Thetis are regarded as the parents of all such deities as had any relation to Nature. He would thus have performed for the popular religion that which modern science has performed for the book of Genesis: explaining what before was enigmatical."—*Biographical History of Philosophy.* By G. H. Lewis, p. 5. London: Parker and Son. 1857.

by the boldness with which both sides claimed the positive teaching of the Bible for their support; while the uninitiated sceptical mind, looking on, did not fail to triumph amidst the charges of alleged contradictions. It is a testimony to the strong hold which the Bible, as a revelation directly from God, has upon the mind of Britain, that, sooner or later, it comes to be accepted as an unerring standard of appeal by men who may have but little love for the covenant God set forth in it, even on questions touching which it is not within its scope to give a positive utterance. The warfare was not modified when Fuchs propounded his theory of "The Gelatinous condition of Rocks." Neptunism was indignant, and A. Von Humboldt, Elie de Beaumont, and other disciples of Hutton, would not listen to anything which went to break up the entierty of their theories. Had there, at that time, been in the churches but half of the spiritual life and the learning in philosophy and science, which obtain in our day, the likelihood is, that we would have had the Church pledged to one or other of the favourite theories. Her indifference and incapacity were overruled for her safety. The so-called conflicting theories have found their harmony, while no one dreams that even the shadow of a doubt has been cast on the Scriptures, which, at that time, it was held, must have been against one of them. Now, we believe, it would have been a right thing for the Christian apologist to have said to the followers of Werner, or Hutton, or Fuchs,—"You appeal to the Bible in support of your theories, and in the appeal you seem to set one portion of Scripture against another, and to bring the world into antagonism with the Word; but you are not agreed, even among yourselves, as to the nature of the phenomena you make so much use of. When you shall agree on this, and aver that you pledge yourselves to make good even the evidence of direct antagonism, then we will deal with this, show cause for arrest of judgment, or for the summary dismissal of the case." This is confessedly not very high ground to take, but it is ground which is tenable, and may be used for good purposes. If all the crude theories of antagonisms could be brought to stand on the same platform, united on the points which constitute these, there might really be some pleasure, and not a little profit in looking them full in the face. As it is, there is no agreement among those who form these theories, as to what is the safest basis to rest them on. When we enter the field, our work is hindered by the very confusion in the foes we expected to meet united.

It is not our intention to enter into a full discussion of the questions treated of in the volumes quoted above. It may, however, help to clear the way, and may not be without interest to our readers, if we take a rapid survey of the leading sciences,

whose discoveries have come to be held by many as more or less opposed to Scripture history. We shall begin with ethnology, both because it is naturally suggested first in point of order, and because several pursuits which, in recent times, have been assigned a place among the sciences, and to which we may have occasion to refer, are greatly influenced by the ethnological views of their votaries.

Ethnological discussions, in connection with Scripture history, have generally assumed two forms—one having reference to physical characteristics, and another to language—to grammar. These have been variously treated. Many are found boldly averring that the application of historic criticism to the teaching of Genesis, on the questions of race and language, has shown it to be wholly a myth. The Word represents all men as descended from a single pair; but we are now told that there are many races whose varieties are so broadly marked, that physiology is constrained to reckon them generic—that there are linguistic peculiarities which point certainly to more than one primeval language, and, consequently, that there must have been more than one original pair of parents for the human race. This is now a favourite assertion of many American and British ethnologists.[1] These assume to themselves much importance, as the original promulgators of the doctrine of a "Plurality of Races." Yet they shine in borrowed plumage, as the very mode of stating the question illustrates. It has been well discussed both in Britain and on the Continent in former days.[2] Some modern French physiologists have taken Voltaire's prejudice point of view as their starting point, and have carried their speculations much further, while they have drawn their illustrations from details of a peculiarly disgusting and blasphemous kind. They have found apt scholars in Britain and in America. We think it capable of something very like proof, that the boasted exact science of Agazzis on this question, has taken its tone and hue from the prejudice point of view referred to, just as the foregone conclusions of the American ethnologists, on the subject of slavery, have influenced all their researches.

The danger to be dreaded from these views is, that professing Christian men—men with at least a traditional respect for the

[1] The alleged number of independent families of the human race varies from three to twenty. Most, however, receive Blumerbach's classification (*De Generis Humani Varietate Nativa*), which is based upon the form of the skull, and on the colour of the skin, the iris of the eye, and the hair. This classification gives three leading types, and two subordinate ones,—I. The Caucasian; 1st, *The Malayan.* II. The Mongul; 2d, *The American Indian.* III. The Negro. Agazzis pleads for eight distinct origins!

[2] "Men before Adam." London: 1656. It was one of Voltaire's favourite theories. See the opening chapter of "Histoire de L'Empire de Russie, sous Pierre-le-Grand," and the remarks in the "Preface Historique et Critique."

Bible—may be gained over to them, and the invariable result will be, that by far-fetched analogies—novel modes of interpretation—and modifications of the doctrine of plenary verbal inspiration—they will seek to harmonise them with the statements of Scripture. The work, which stands first on the list at the head of this article, is devoted to the exposition and enforcement of views whose leading features are—the acknowledgment of the Bible as the Word of God—the reception of the theories now referred to as fully warranted by facts—and, as a corollary, the assertion that the doctrine of a plurality of races is taught in the Bible.' Such attempts must be judged of by their tendencies. If we once give up the firmly established position of the unity of the human race and its origin in one pair, no amount of scholarship, talent, and ingenuity will be able to stand by the broadly stated New Testament views of sin and atonement. The revelation of God will be held as having an eye to only one favoured family, and the vicarious work of Christ will have reference simply to one great tribe.

Our readers will remember that when the enemies of the Saviour found it impossible, from their own point of view, to find a joint in that armour of truth in which He was clad, they thought to wound His testimony, by assuming that as He loved the truth so did they. "They watched Him, and sent forth spies which should feign themselves just men, that they might take hold of His words." We would not take up the ground of uncharity, and aver that the authors of works like the "Genesis of the Earth and Man," are merely feigned friends of the Scriptures, but only that, looking at the way in which the text of the Sacred Record is dealt with by many who say they receive it as the Word of God, their whole attitude looks very like that of the spies sent to Jesus. The Editor's Preface opens with the sentence—"I desire most prominently to put before the reader the facts that it propounds no new *religious* doctrine—that it manifests a profound respect for the Scriptures—and that it even favours a belief in verbal inspiration. On this point I may quote a passage from a recent work by Professor Baden Powell." (!) The author likewise claims for his efforts "the constant method of comparing Scripture with Scripture as to words and also as to topics," and he submits his work to "readers of superior knowledge, who will concede that the Bible is not rightly understood when it is made to be at variance with facts and science."—(P. xxi.)

It is worthy of notice, as showing how much modern speculation runs in the same channel, that this volume opens with a statement of "The Vision Theory" of revelation to the mind of Moses. This is given with much clearness and ability, while it reveals to us the sources from which certain geologists have

drawn, at second hand, material for their theories. "There is a close analogy between natural days and the great geological periods: each of the latter was a period of life followed by a period of death, or at least of death on a very extraordinary scale: and the period of human *life* is called in Scripture 'day,' and that of *death*, '*night*,' as in St John's Gospel, ix. 4. For this reason, therefore, more particularly, the passage in Exodus xx. 9–11 may mean, 'Six of thy days (natural days) shalt thou labour, but the seventh of these days is the Sabbath; for in six of His days (figurative days) the Lord made heaven and earth, and rested the seventh of these days.'"—(P. 9.) It is not of very much moment *how* God revealed the order of creation to the mind of Moses, but when the mode of revelation is used to open the door to far-fetched notions on the nature of that which is revealed, the sooner we offer to prove that a verbal revelation, as opposed to a pictured one, is adequate, the better. This rendering of the passage from Exodus, apart altogether from the exegetical absurdity involved in it, proceeds on the assumption that the Bible was not given to *man*, but only to highly instructed men. They alone could be expected equal to such a reading of it. But "to the poor the Gospel is preached," and "not many wise men after the flesh are called."

We may now notice some of the strong points in this book. Adam (or as our author loves to call him, "the Adām") is regarded as the first of a *new* race. Having quoted Genesis ii. 18—"It is not good that the man be alone," he shirks the difficulty in it—he feels it more than a match for him—and then proceeds, as if he had made it fit into his views, to tell us that Genesis iii. 20—"Adam called his wife Eve; because she was the mother of all living"—means only "that Eve was the mother of many children."—(P. 13.) He has reached this reading, which, however, is not new, after much study, by the easy way of cheating himself into the belief that "all" must only mean many, or a variety. The simple answer to this is, that whenever it does so, this is clearly indicated in the context. But this passage must be read in the light of Gen. ii. 8, 18. He is even less happy in comparing Matt. xix. 4, 5 with Mark x. 6, in which our Lord tells us, "God made man male and female." "This does not necessarily imply the non-existence of pre-Adamites: it only means that God has ever proportioned the females to the males." Acts xvii. 26—"Made of one blood all nations"—"mainly conveys a figurative meaning," as is suggested by the construction which we must put on 1 Cor. xv. 39. "The one flesh of beasts cannot mean that beasts, whatever be their genera and species, originated from a single pair."—(P. 15.) But, if our author had looked at the context in both cases, he

might have been set right. The term "one blood" is used in Acts to cover the equality of the human race *as to the offer of the Gospel.* This is all that is implied in it. And in 1 Cor. the term "flesh" is used first in a general sense, and then to indicate that all who believe the Gospel shall be distinguished from those who do not believe, as one kind of flesh is from another. *All* were in the first Adam (ver. 45), while *some* only have attained to eternal life in Him who, as the "second Adam, is made a quickening spirit"—life and resurrection.

The specimens already given of our author's exegetical skill, will not lead us to expect much when he tries to grapple with passages like Rom. v. 12 and 1 Cor. xv. 21, 22, in which the universal prevalence of death has been held to be associated with Adam's sin. These passages, we are told, teach nothing more than the fact that the descendants of Adam inherited death from him. They say nothing on the question of its universality because of his sin. "This fact is by no means inconsistent with the existence of multitudes of other men of whom every one died for his own transgression against the law written in his heart"—"he did not (like Adam) sin against a divine revelation."—(P. 18, 19.) The logical result then is, and it is hinted at more than once in this book, that as Christ died for those only who had sinned against a "divine revelation" given to the head of *one*, in the midst of *many* existing families of the human race, His death was not for mankind. The offer of grace to all can have no meaning, and the divine command of grace—"preach the Gospel to every creature"—is a mockery. He tries to strengthen this position by making a distinction between sin against a revealed law and sin against natural law. But he forgets that the whole drift of the apostle's teaching on this question in Romans, is to show that the natural law is as much a "divine revelation" in and to the heart of man, as the written or spoken law itself can be, and that, because of this, Jew and Gentile are all alike guilty before God.—(Rom. ii.) This part of the work demands more notice because of the use which he makes of geological facts in illustrating his views of sin and death. Geology reveals death before Adam's sin; it may then have existed among a race outside of Eden before Adam's introduction as the head of a new one. The conclusion suggested evidently is, that as the views prevalent till recently, of the connection between sin and death, have had to be modified, so we should modify prevalent ones on the question of races—acknowledge generic differences, and give up the plain teaching of the Bible. Our readers must have observed how much use scepticism is beginning to make of the fact now referred to. The statements of Scripture are held to be pledged to teaching that no death existed

before the sin of our first parents, and the facts of geology are pointed to as in direct antagonism to this. We accept the testimony of geology, but we find no necessity to admit the contradiction. The geological facts are thus graphically stated by Mr Miller:—"This early exhibition of tooth, and spine, and sting—of weapons constructed alike to cut and to pierce—to unite two of the most indispensable requirements of the modern armourer—a keen edge to a strong back—nay, stranger still, the examples furnished in this primeval time, of weapons formed not only to kill, but also to torture—must be altogether at variance with the preconceived opinions of those who hold that, until man appeared in creation, and darkened its sympathetic face with the stain of moral guilt, the reign of violence and outrage did not begin, and that there was no death among the inferior creatures, and no suffering." Theories of the most arbitrary kind have been formed to make the facts of geology fit into the statements of the Scriptures. Some have tried to find a retrospective bearing in man's sin, and have reasoned that, in the sovereignty of God, the lower animals were made subject to death, because man was to sin;—a view of the Divine procedure directly opposed to all that we know of it, and one which gives a peculiarly harsh bearing to absolute sovereignty. Others have fancifully found the existence of death traceable to the sins of the angels. But such fancies can never satisfy even the demands of common sense. Mr Macdonald's book is not satisfactory on this point. "Death," he says, "is a universal law, from the operation of which, in the present constitution of things, no organized being is exempt."—(P. 386.) Then we are told that the Bible "references will be proved to be exclusively to death as related to the human race." But the difficulty lies deeper down, and must be looked at in connection with matters not embraced in the "present constitution of things." The Bible plainly states that all death to man is the result of man's sin. The Materialist says there is no need of such a declaration, because naturally, and apart from so called moral or spiritual characteristics, death is a law of the human as of every other organism. But if you admit, as Mr Macdonald virtually does, that from the beginning the human organism was under the same law of death as the lower animals had been, what ground have you to stand upon as to the Bible-statement that *all* death to man is the result of man's sin? Such a mode of dealing with this as is followed in "Creation and the Fall" (p. 386–393) can never meet the difficulties of the case. Some, of greater power and larger view, have sought for the solution in the allegation that the death associated with sin is wholly spiritual. That it has no reference to the body at all, but only to the soul. The danger of this view will at once ap-

pear, when we remember that the atonement of Christ was made in the body, which had never suffered pollution from sin, but now suffered as the body of Him who died to rescue body and soul ultimately from the power of sin. This is in part realized in our coming under the power of an higher life; and the resurrection of the just shall be the full triumph of it, while the resurrection of the unjust will be the separation of the raised body to the eternal consequences of sin. To limit the effects of sin to what is purely spiritual is, we repeat, perilous in the extreme. This might be largely illustrated, but we cannot now turn aside. Is there, then, a ground of harmony which will both grant all that the Scripture demands, and turn aside every weapon formed against it. We think so. There may have been a law of change of some kind associated with the unfallen man. We are not told what it was; but the strong statements of Scripture, on the accursed character of all death to man, leads us to believe that it could not have been that of the death which the lower animals died. But the Spirit of God recognizes death as a law under which the lower animals were. "They are the beasts that perish." We find man made in the image of God—man knowing not death as the beasts did—man with a body set aside to a higher destiny—degraded to the level of the beasts that perish, because of his sin. Here we have the degradation of the body of man because of man's sin, and this, we are confident, is all that is required in order to turn away the shafts of unbelief from the Bible narrative.

The acknowledgment of a separate race existing before Adam is believed necessary for the vindication of the sacred record. The author of the "Genesis of the Earth" makes much of this. It is held to be new ground, and he seems to think, in his simplicity, that if his theory were received, there would be an end to controversy about the authenticity of the Scriptures.

The most formidable antagonists to the Bible narrative are found in the Egyptian archæologists. The received chronology, they say, must be false, because we find on Egyptian monuments of the 13th and 14th century B.C., representations of numerous types of men, differing very widely in physical characteristics. Two questions may suggest a possible solution of this difficulty—Have we any correct and infallible system of Egyptian chronology?[1]

[1] Egyptian chronology constantly reminds us of the fabulous dates of Chinese annalists. *Manetho's* chronology, preserved by Syncellas, gives the first, or Thinite dynasty, as beginning B.C. 5867. Champollion believes that the astronomical tables found in the tombs of the kings at Thebes, clearly demonstrate that the Egyptians kept a correct national calendar in 3285 B.C., that is 837 years before the date usually assigned to the period of the flood.

and if we have (accepting the Scripture account of the dispersion of Babel), Are not climatal influences sufficient to account for the diversities? The latter query is met by our author alleging, "that peculiar physical conformation is not needed in order to live in peculiar regions." But the question is as to the modifying influences of climate on the colour of the skin and on certain physical features, time being given to permit these to take effect. Again, it is urged, that Egyptian archæology has made us acquainted with Art in a state of advancement, to which it could not have reached in the time usually allotted to it. But were not the sons of Noah in the highest sense representative men, and would not the antediluvian knowledge of art be preserved by them in the ark? See how soon a colony, in modern times, rises up to compete with the mother country in all the products of a high state of civilization.[1]

Much stress is evidently laid on the "Philological Observations;" but they may safely be dismissed with the single remark, that however much scope there may be in the diversities of language for the exercise of critical acumen, and even for historic research, up to a certain period in the world's history, they must be held useless when alleged to establish the theory of a pre-Adamic people.

Philologists have claimed for their favourite pursuit a place among the sciences, that, lifted into this position, men might bow down before it as a kind of infallible guide in the mazes of historical researches, and as an unfailing test of historical accuracy. In the hands of Christian men it has been made to do good service to the truth. But, in the hands of very many, it has been used with more or less success against the integrity of the Bible as a revelation from God. It has been made the channel through which the alleged unerring "intuitions" of the soul have found expression. We all know what havoc it has, as thus used, done among the thoughtful youth on the continent, in America, and in Britain. Through it the "higher criticism" has accomplished most of its work, in throwing discredit on Scripture history, and in questioning Scripture doctrine. Many of its most accomplished masters have gone to their work, in dealing with Genesis,

[1] This demand for a lengthened period for the development of Art, has been strongly urged in Germany for natural development in Religion. Vatke cannot give "Moses credit for the prohibition of image-worship." This must have been the offspring of a later age—an age in which the thought of the abstract ideality of God was a living one." The command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," could not be given till centuries after Moses. For "the moral sentiments of man must have passed through many stages before that great commandment could be expressed in this simple universality."—*Hengstenberg's Introduction to Vol. II., "Contributions for the Introduction to the Old Testament."*

wholly under the power of Diderot's well-known utterance, "*Le premier pas vers la philosophie c'est l'incredulié.*" And the results are debates and discussions innumerable on the historic or semi-historic, the mythical or semi-mythical character of Genesis; on the Elohim and Jehovahistic documents of the Pentateuch; on naturalism and spiritualism; and on inspiration, plenary-verbal—plenary, but not verbal—doctrinal, but not historical. But, if any of our readers wish to know more of what has been urged for and against, we can refer them to Mr Macdonald's book for the *resumé*. We cannot promise them anything new, for if Bacon could speak in his day of "the exhaustion of all that can be invented or said" on such topics, it is specially true of our time. "The doctrines, opinions, heresies," now revived "by heat and warmth, and passed off on the crowd," are old ones, which have once and again been exposed and set aside in the history of religious controversy. This, we shall see, is also true of some of the physical theories of the present day.

In this review of the state of the question touching the points of alleged antagonism between Genesis and Science, the natural sciences, especially Geology, and, though less so, Zoology, claim a place of special prominence. The well-known "development theory," that, as "we see in nature an existing gradation of organised beings, there must have been a successive development, whereby animals of one class might rise into another," may be summarily dismissed. The mode in which Brewster, and Lyell, and Miller, have dealt with it, makes it little likely that we will hear much of it for a long time. Meanwhile, we may leave "The Vestiges," doing the only work for which it seems specially fitted,—attempting to unsoul man, and cast him into the heart of sensuousness; and we may safely warn its readers, that to admire it must now be held a mark of wilful and deliberate ignorance. But, as one old phase of error is disposed of, another, as if it had been waiting for the occasion, in the progress of science, walks forth into the light. We were laughing at the notions of the old physicists on the matter of "spontaneous generation," when we found that it was no subject to be laughed at after all; for, have not the researches of modern naturalists, among the lower forms of life, brought to light modes of reproduction, which give occasion for the revival of the old notions? Some continental savants have got hold of it, and we may count upon its getting a footing ere long on this side of the channel. The researches on which it is based are beginning to get much attention devoted to them. Prominence will be given to any subject on which have been united the strong common

sense of Steenstrup,[1] the massive intellect of Owen,[2] and the descriptive power of Von Siebold.[3] The British naturalist has, perhaps unintentionally, given it a direct reference to Genesis. He says, "the brief record of the creation in the sacred volume, leaves us to infer that certain plastic and spermatic qualities of common matter were operative in the production of the first organised beings of this planet. 'The earth brought forth grass,' etc. 'The waters brought forth abundantly,' etc. But of our own species it is written, 'God created man." But what is true of man, is equally so of the living things on the earth and in the water. The Professor forgets the creative act in the other verses, "Let the earth bring forth;" "Let the waters bring forth." Reference in this way is to be regretted, both because there seems to be no occasion for it in the subject matter of his discussions, and because the rest of the book is written in a spirit very far removed from that which some might think is indicated in the quotation. The investigations now referred to, prove that there are classes of animals which produce a brood unlike the parent, but which itself brings forth a progeny that returns after two, three, or four generations, to the resemblance of the parent. Thus a medusa produces a hydra-tuba; this, again, a strobila; and the progeny of strobila is a medusa. "A trematode entozoon necessarily assumes the form of a gregarina, a radia, and a dietoma." But the most remarkable phenomena refer to the reproduction of certain insects, without sexual connection. This, for example, is the case with the aphis, or plant-louse. In spring, a wingless six-footed larva is developed from the impregnated egg, which will produce a succession of broods without any connection with the male, and if the virgin progeny be kept apart, the succession will go on to even the eleventh generation. The answer to any sceptical theories of the origin of the lower forms of life based on these discoveries, is simple. There is nothing fortuitous in the result. It does not spring up at random, as was once supposed, but it occupies a well defined place in nature. On the continent, the explanation has been found in another way—"by the individualisation of a previously organised tissue," (par individualisation d'un tissue précédemment organisé).[4] "This phrase," as Owen ably remarks, "does little more than express the old fact in a new way. No one has ever seen a portion of mucous membrane detached and transform itself into an entozoon; such a process is as gratuitously assumed, and as little in accordance

[1] The Alternation of Generations. By Joh. Jap. Sm. Steenstrup, Lecturer in the Academy of Soro. Ray Society, 1845.

[2] On Parthenogenesis. By Prof. Owen, London. Van Voorst. 1849.

[3] On True Parthenogenesis in Moths and Bees. By Carl T. Ernst Von Siebold. Von Voorst. 1857.

[4] Prof. Morren, quoted by Owen.

with observed phenomena, as spontaneous generation in the abstract"—(P. 31). Should, then, the hypothesis of spontaneous generation obtain any notoriety by being brought out under a new terminology, we believe it would soon be forced back again into darkness, by that light of true science, which continues to increase in brightness year after year.

It is more than time, however, that we should look at the very stronghold of the alleged discrepancies between the Word and the World—Geology, the most recent of the sciences, but second to none in the grandeur of its revelations—in the testimony it affords to the manifold wisdom of God, and even in its usefulness in matters of national industry and enterprise. One class of men read its facts as antagonistic to the Bible History; another read them as highly corroborative, if the Bible narrative be rightly understood. The literature of geology should thus assume three forms: it should deal with the classification of phenomena and facts, it should point out the relation between genera of present forms of life and those of pre-Adamic epochs, and it should illustrate any theological bearings which the science may be held to have. This last department should be left to those who have devoted as much attention to the written word as the accomplished geologist is believed to have bestowed upon his favourite science. Were these divisions recognised, and did men work on in their respective departments, the grand triumphal march of science would not be so often interrupted, as it now is, by many turning aside to the discussion of questions foreign to their pursuits. But this has been forgotten. Much of the present literature of geology presents a confused mass of speculations on the origin of the world—of theological opinions and prejudices—of credulity believing all things, and of Atheism, believing nothing but itself. One mind essays to place you, in imagination, side by side by the great Creator, and to show you the first effects of His creative power; another boldly affirms that man's thoughts on physical phenomena must be true, because God has constituted him the interpreter of nature. One discourses eloquently on the divine march of being up from the mollusc to the man, as if the mollusc made itself, and then hastened on to make the man; another discovers that all the legends on the rocks tell only a tale of *simulacra*, which point to realities, when men shall be able to read them. The *whole* world, says one, speaks of no antiquity more remote than 6000 years; from the same data, another makes a claim on you to acknowledge that its age must at least be 20,000,000 of years. One makes the six days work of Genesis account for everything; and another believes it a myth, which accounts for nothing. Every day in Genesis is simply a day, say some, but others, more deeply taught, say no, every day is a vast period—

an age.[1] We have often heard plain men say "they were bewildered." No wonder; for in the very heart of a geological treatise you may be startled to find a few profound pages on intuitive morals—disquisitions on Archbishop Cullen and the Pope of Rome—and paragraphs on Galileo and the isochronism of the pendulum—Shakspeare and the Sabbath question—yea, you begin to look for the "musical glasses" too. Yet with all this, we are told by many that geology is united in the condemnation of Genesis, and that it has shown that Moses is no more to be trusted than Hesiod. We must, in short, discard Moses, and take a ready-made Genesis, which shall exactly fit into the views of a generation of philosophic giants, who have now nothing to learn. But *cui bono?* Were we willing to give up the plain literal account of the Mosaic record, what guarantee have we that any ten makers of world-plans will agree among themselves on any one plan? Would we not be left with

> "Rumour and Chance,
> And Tumult and Confusion, all embroiled,
> And Discord with a thousand various mouths."

These differences touch not only the meaning of isolated phenomena, but the character of the general bent of geological discovery. They are not such differences as in Protestant Churches obtain among different denominations, but such as separate between the Protestant and the Papist, or between the believer in the eternal sonship of Christ and the Socinian. And what all have a right to complain of is, the attempt to settle purely theological questions by geology. The geologist is justly indignant, when the theologian, thoroughly equipped in all the learning of his science, enters the field of controversy and attempts to determine geological questions by the canons of his favourite study.[2]

It seems scarcely necessary, in looking at the attitude of geology to Genesis, to state, that all who have received the Scriptures as the Word of God—a plenary inspired and infallible record—on evidence in harmony with their intellectual and moral constitution, but which is not within the sphere of geology, hold that there neither is nor can be antagonism between the two records. When difficulties, apparently irreconcilable, turn up as the physical sciences advance, theology is not called to deal with them in

[1] "Some of the moderns have indulged this folly with such consummate inconsiderateness, that they have endeavoured to build a system of natural philosophy on the first chapter of Genesis, the book of Job, and other parts of Scripture—*seeking thus the dead among the living.* And this folly is the more to be prevented and restrained, because not only fanatical philosophy but heretical religion, spring from the absurd mixture of matters human and divine. It is, therefore, most wise soberly to render unto faith the things that are faith's."—*Novum Organum.* Lib. i. Aph. lxv.

[2] "First Impressions of England," p. 312.

any other way than by warding off the blows which an unscrupulous infidelity may aim at the Inspired Word. Nor is the Church called upon to be continually suspicious of the raising of questions of difficulty. Founded on the eternal Rock of Ages, she can afford to look on in quiet confidence; and, if she must speak, let her words be words of encouragement to the students of natural science—let her bid them God-speed, and urge them to go forward. The more complete our knowledge of the outward world, the nearer will we be to the full, bright, manifested harmony between the words of the Creator and His works.

We have no intention, in this review, of pledging ourselves to any one of the several theories, at present propounded, of reconciliation between Genesis and Geology. One of these has been long before the mind of this age, which we think is still fitted for all purposes of defence to which the Christian apologist may be called. But in our remarks on some of the geological works quoted above, we shall not pledge ourselves to it. All we desire to do is to show cause that we are not yet called upon to leave it by any irresistible arguments having been used against it. The theory to which we refer is that associated with the name of Dr Chalmers.

"So early as 1804 he had arrived at the conviction that 'the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe. If they fix anything at all it is only the antiquity of the species.' In the article on Christianity, this general assertion appears in a more distinct and intelligible form, when it is asked, 'Does Moses ever say that there was not an interval of many ages betwixt the first act of creation, described in the first verse of the book of Genesis, and said to have been performed at the beginning, and those more detailed operations, the account of which commences at the second verse? . . . . . . Or does he ever make us to understand that the genealogies of man went any further than to fix the antiquity of the species, and of consequence, that they left the antiquity of the globe a free subject for the speculations of philosophers?' About the time at which this article first appeared, Professor Jameson published his translation of Cuvier's 'Essay on the Theory of the Earth.' In a review of this Essay, inserted in the 'Christian Instructor' for April 1814, Mr Chalmers remarks,—'Should the phenomena compel us to assign a greater antiquity to the globe than to that work of days detailed in the book of Genesis, there is still one way of saving the credit of the literal history. The first creation of the earth and heavens may have formed no part of that work. This took place at the *beginning*, and is described in the first verse of Genesis. It is not said when the *beginning* was. We know the general impression to be that it was on the earlier part of the first day, and that the first act of creation formed part of the same day's work with the formation of light. We ask our readers to turn to that chapter, and to read the first five verses

of it. Is there any forcing in the supposition that the first verse describes the primary act of creation, and leave us at liberty to place it as far back as we may; that the first half of the second verse describes the state of the earth (which may already have existed for ages, and been the theatre of geological revolutions) at the point of time anterior to the detailed operations of this chapter; and that the motion of the Spirit of God, described in the second clause of the second verse, was the commencement of these operations? In this case, the creation of light may have been the great and leading event of the first day, and Moses may be supposed to give us, not a history of the first formation of things, but of the formation of the present system."[1]

This soon became the acknowledged satisfactory scheme of reconciliation between the two Records. Geologists accepted it. Infidelity found it a shield on which all its arrows broke. Until recently it was permitted to hold the high place assigned to it by Chalmers. But varied as the lights were in which the mind of Dr Chalmers put it, it was reserved for Hugh Miller to shew the many-sidedness of it as an apologetic hypothesis. It finds a prominent place in his earliest writings. But we need to turn to his "First Impressions of England and its People," for the fullest and ablest statement of it to be found in his works. We shall quote from the edition of 1853:—

"But did God reveal the earth's *age*, either directly or otherwise? Let us examine the narrative. 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, let there be light, and there was light.' Now, let it be admitted, for the argument's sake, that the earth existed in the dark and void state described here only six days, of *twenty-four hours each* before the creation of man; and that the going forth of the Spirit and the breaking out of the light, on this occasion, were events immediately introductory to the creation to which we ourselves belong. And what then? It is evident, from the continuity of the narrative in the passage, say the anti-geologists, that there could have been no creations on this earth prior to the present one. Nay, not so; for ought that appears in the narrative, there might have been many. Between the creation of the matter of which the earth is composed, as enunciated in the first verse, and the earth's void and chaotic state, as described in the second, a *thousand* creations might have intervened. As may be demonstrated from even the writings of Moses himself, the continuity of a narrative furnishes no evidence whatever that the facts which it records were continuous.

"Take for instance, the following passage:—'There went out a man

[1] "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D." Vol. i., pp. 386, 387.

of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi. And the woman conceived and bare a son; and when she saw that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months. And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink.' The narrative here is quite as continuous as in the first three verses of Genesis. In the order of the relation, the marriage of the parents is as directly followed in the one case by the birth of a son, as the creation of matter is followed in the other by the first beginnings of the existing state of things. The reader has as slight grounds to infer in the one case, that between the marriage of the parents and the birth of the child, the births of several other children of the family had taken place, as to infer in the other, that between the creation of matter and the subsisting creation there had taken place several other creations. And if the continuity of the narrative would not justify the inference in the one case, just as little can it justify it in the other. We know, however, from succeeding portions of Scripture, that the father and mother of this child *had* several other children born to them in the period that intervened between their marriage and his birth. They had a son named Aaron, who had been born at least two years previous; and a daughter Miriam, who was old enough at the time to keep sedulous watch over the little ark of bulrushes, and to suggest to Pharaoh's daughter that it might be well for her to go and call one of the Hebrew women to be nurse to the child. It was essential, in the course of Scripture narrative, that we should be introduced to personages so famous as Aaron and Miriam, and who were destined to enact parts so important in the history of the Church; and so we *have* been introduced to them. And had it been as necessary for the purpose of revelation, that reference should have been made to the intervening creations in the one case, as to the intervening births in the other, we would doubtless have heard of them too. But, as has been already said, it was not so necessary; it was not necessary at all. The ferns and lepidodendra of the coal measures are as little connected with the truths which influence our spiritual state, as the vegetable productions of mercury or of pallas; the birds and reptiles of the oolite, as the unknown animals that inhabit the plains or disport in the rivers of Saturun or Uranus. And so revelation is as silent on the geological phenomena as on the cotemporary creations,—on the periods and order of systems and formations, as on the relative positions of the earth and sun, or the places and magnitude of the planets."[1]

Mr Miller left this ground. He had been working for a few years amongst some of the later fossilferous strata, and believed he had found phenomena which the scheme of Chalmers did not meet. "The Testimony of the Rocks" deals with these, and

[1] "First Impressions of England and its People." Third Edition, 1853. Pp. 321, 323.

propounds a solution of the difficulties. All that he found necessary, he says, "at the time (of his old studies among the Palæozoic), was some scheme that would permit me to assign to the earth a high antiquity, and to regard it as the scene of many successive creations. During the last nine years, however, I have spent a few weeks every autumn in exploring the later formations, and acquainting myself with their peculiar organisms." And he adds—"The conclusion at which I have been compelled to arrive is, that for many long ages ere man was ushered into being, not a few of his humbler contemporaries of the fields and of the woods enjoyed life in their present haunts, and that for thousands of years anterior to even *their* appearance, many of the existing molluscs lived in our seas. The *day* during which the present creation came into being, and in which God when He made 'the beast of the earth after his kind, and the cattle after their kind,' at length terminated the work by moulding a creature in His own image, to whom He gave dominion over them all, was not a brief period of a few hours duration, but extended over, mayhap, millenniums of centuries." Thus "The Age Theory," which, though held before by several eminent naturalists,[1] will now be mainly associated with Mr Miller's name, because he has linked it with facts which before did not seem to have any bearing on it, and because he has surrounded it with a poetic beauty which will make it attractive, apart altogether from the question of its truthfulness.

The publication of "The Testimony" had been looked forward to with some anxiety by many, who had intelligently loved to associate Mr Miller's great name with the defence of the accepted scheme of reconciliation. This feeling had been deepened by the publication of some of the lectures in a separate form, which were to be incorporated in the new volume. In perusing these, earnestly and lovingly, they had yielded to the giant intellect of the author, they had willingly given themselves up to the fascination of style and illustration, nevertheless they laid them aside, under a sense of want of comfort, the cause of which they were not very willing to define. Was it not with the author as it had been before? There were still the heart of love and the weapons of faith; but were there not armour which he had not proved, and weapons which might become weapons of weakness, even in the might of his practised hand? We know we express the feelings of many who have sat at his feet, looked lovingly into the manly grandeur of that truly Scottish countenance, and listened with joy to the words of wisdom from his

[1] Cuvier, Parkinson, Jameson, in whose writings difficulties like those stated by Mr Miller must have been before him while he held by the scheme of 1804.

lips, when we say, that there was a wish that some of the views brought out in the published lectures might not have greater prominence given to them by being made part of a book. They forgot that this could not be. He gave permanency to every thought the moment he committed it to the press, and it became the possession of his age and of posterity. It was, moreover, likely that the proud position, to which the richly and grandly gifted author had so nobly climbed, would lead many to accept his physico-theological views, simply because they are his. Many, too, who might not see their way to this, would be tempted to remain silent, as they remembered the battles he had fought in the cause of liberty, in the Church, and in the State, and the great work he had accomplished in demolishing huge fabrics of dreamy scientific speculation, and in adding so much to the strength and the adorning of that grand temple which science, under the power of the thought of God, is hastening to build up to the praise of the great Creator. That the attitude which many are assuming to the views propounded in "The Testimony," and the manifest attempts which are now being made to drive young, thoughtful minds into a cold, dark, surging sea of doubt, on these questions, make it needful that an effort should be made to show that it has not yet come to this. There is no concealing that this volume has been hailed with a welcome by some men, who are labouring with great ability, but with much expressed malice, to sap the foundations of men's confidence in the Bible. We have a case in point in "C," whose work on "Geology and Genesis," we shall have occasion to characterize. "It is a great satsfaction," says "C," when referring to the scope of his own work, "to receive this confirmation from so deeply lamented and able a geologist," p. vi.

"The Testimony of the Rocks," is too well known to require any lengthened analysis. It contents may be classed under five divisions—1st, The Palæontological History of Plants and Animals; 2d, The Mosaic and Geological Records, and the *mode* in which the matter of the former was revealed to the mind of Moses; 3d, The Noachian Deluge; 4th, A Statement of the Distinctive Provinces of Natural and Revealed Theology, with an exhibition of the "Geology of the Anti-Geologists;" 5th, Two Lectures on the "Less known Fossil Floras of Scotland." This bald outline will suggest to our readers some idea of the wide range and the great importance of the subject discussed. We shall not wait to characterize these in order, as we may have occasion to glance at them in looking at the distinctive features of the volume—the alleged demand for a new scheme of reconciliation, and the proposal of the "Age Theory," as the only satisfactory one.

It seems to us that any scheme, whose leading feature is parallelism between the great characteristics of the Mosaic days and the palæontological remains of geological epochs, can never satisfy inquiring minds as absolutely true, if it be open to the charge that all the elements have not been taken into account, yea cannot be taken, which are needful in order to a safe judgment. For example, let us look at any great series of strata—as the Silurian, formed in deep sea. The positive statement has been, that higher forms of vegetation have not been found during long protracted periods of their formation; or, as "C" puts it, when showing that the parallelism does not hold, "thousands upon thousands of years (passed) before a single evidence of the seed bearing plants of the first day's creation existed."—(P. 23.) But has not Murchison found anthracite in the oldest greywacke, and does not Prof. Nichol believe that he has discovered, under the miscroscope, fibrous structure in the ashes of the Peeblesshire lower Silurian greywacke anthracite?[1] Do we know, then, absolutely, that neither land plants nor animals existed during the great silurian ages? Do not the hints now referred to, point in a different direction? Nay, is not the very silence of the oldest fossiliferous strata suggestive on this point, when we take into account what is at present going on in our deep seas? Were they to be now dredged, the likelihood is, that a hundred men might toil for a life time, without finding bone of bird, or animal, or bit of tree. These leave their traces in the hollows among the hills, in inland caverns, in quiet lakes, and in the deltas of great rivers. May not the researches of science yet show us deposits in which a terrestrial flora and fauna existed contemporaneously with the forms of life, to the existence of which the palæontology of the Silurian bears testimony? Most of the generalizations on this subject, are built on the assumption, that nature has preserved the likeness of all the forms of life which have at any time existed, and that it is impossible there can have been any more than what we know. Those working in the dark corner, are persuaded that there is nought else, out in the wide fields, than what they see; those sailing in the little creek, believe that there can be no wonders far out on the great ocean, other than what, as presently sailing, they know so well. Forthwith the theorist takes up a position; great in the midst of controversies, he forms generalizations, as if there could never be found aught in the wide world to conflict with them. This is put with much force by Col. Greenwood, in his recent, able, but somewhat eccentric and dashing volume—"Rain and Rivers." "In the Permian, footmarks of birds have been found. Imagine the chances against these footmarks being preserved! Imagine the chances

[1] "Siluria," pp. 38, 61, 492.

against their being afterwards discovered! . . . Will any one conclude that birds became extinct and did not exist on earth between the permian and cretaceous periods, on the negative evidence, that no traces of them are found. Why, then, in this negative evidence, conclude that birds did not exist *before* the permian period, even in the silurian?"—(P. 166.) Yes, imagine! How many apparently fortuitous concurrent circumstances must have met before those footprints were to leave their traces on the sands of time? They turn up now, at the stroke of the field geologist's hammer, with a lesson of caution for all hasty theorizers.

Mr Miller discards the theory that the present creation was ever abruptly broken off from the preceding one, and says:—"Any scheme which would separate between the recent and extinct existences, by a chaotic gulf of death and darkness, no longer meets the necessities of the case."—(P. 122.) He then asks, "What are the facts, scientifically determined, which now demand a new scheme of reconciliation?"—(P. 123.) Let us rapidly review some of the alleged facts.

The Old Coast line supplies the most important. Mr Miller found that it consists of a subsoil of stratified sand and gravel, arranged as in the neighbouring beach, and interspersed in the same manner with sea shells. The escarpment behind is either a sloping grass-covered bank, or surf-worn rocks. This escarpment was once the coast line; and the terrace beneath, on which some of our principal sea-port towns are built, was once the beach over which the sea rolled. It is known that, B.C. 150, the coast line was as it is now. If the present has stood 2600 years, the old must have existed 3900, because its caverns are deeper in the proportion of three to five. "And both periods united more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology." This mode of putting the difficulty would be satisfactory, were we sure that the caverns of the old coast line were subject to no other action than those of the present one, and that, when the sea receded, they have not gone on enlarging. But we have evidence, even within the historical period, of the elevation of certain beaches at a rate far more rapid than would suit this theory, and we have special phenomena, which fairly warrant us to conclude that, what led to elevation or depression in particular spots, might at some period have obtained over it all.[1]

The next outstanding point is connected with the discovery of boreal shells above the old coast line—shells which, though no

[1] We refer our readers to the facts given by Mr M. at p. 298, for another purpose, and to a graphic illustration of the danger of large calculations, by Cardinal Wiseman in Vol. i., p. 275 of "Science and Revealed Religion."

longer British, yet live still in high northern latitudes. But the whole question of the likelihood of the reproduction of forms of life in one epoch which were characteristic of a previous one, would require to be settled before we could acknowledge the difficulty believed to be involved in this fact. To take action in the difficulty without discussing this, would be begging the whole question. The great feature of the demand for a new scheme of harmony, is the allegation that types of life have been carried forward from one epoch to another, without any break. That period dove-tails into period, and epoch overlaps epoch in the grand march of life up to the present without break, hiatus, or cataclysm. It seems strange, however, that with evidences of violent change in contorted strata, and the like, and with periods at which there must have been the destruction of many varieties of species, it should be held that these suggest no probability of a time like that brooding-darkness so plainly taught in Genesis i. If Murchison and Sedgwick can speak of some of the phenomena of the Arran geology, as the result of "the upheaval of the granite," and tell us that the upheaving forces must have been in force at a time *after* the deposition of the new red sandstone, why should we exclude the possibility of the general operation of like agencies, at the introduction of the present epoch? There has been a grand march of life, but, we do not think, an uninterrupted one. Forms of life have passed away, and by a great creative act, new ones have been put in their place, fitted for a scene wholly different from that which preceded it. It is, moreover, consistent with Scriptural views of God's method of government to reason that, if it be acknowledged that forms of life not previously existing were introduced among existing ones, nothing forbids the conclusion that after a period of cataclysm all the living things for the new epoch were created, and that among these were some characteristic of a previous one. The talk about waste of power is sheer, downright nonsense. In view of this strong point, then, we still believe that the old scheme contains an hypothesis which even yet resolves the greatest number of difficulties.

It seems scarcely worth while to refer to the renowned Kirkdale Cave Remains, now that even Lyell[1] has come to tell us that the nature of these is still a "vexed question," and that "the remains found may not always belong to strictly cotemporaneous quadrupeds." But as to the cave animals, this is the strong point in "The Testimony." If, however, we keep in mind the analogy to which we have referred, in connection with the boreal shells, it seems of little moment whether we associate

[1] "Supplement to the 5th Edition of the Elements." London. 1857.

those remains with the period of the Norwich Crag, with the glacial, or the post-glacial epochs. Their existence can create a difficulty only in two ways—either that it can be shown we have no material for this analogy, or that we know to a certainty how they were collected.

It will be seen that we do not acknowledge the urgency of the demand for a new scheme, and we are even less inclined to give any weight to the proposed one. We fear that the longer it is sifted, the darker will be the shadow it will throw over a great name. Then there is a great drawback in even attempting to look it in the face. Its gifted author liveth not to vindicate his positions with that majesty of thought, copiousness of illustration, and, withal, that withering sarcasm, which made his opponents think twice before they entered the lists with him. But the theory must be looked at, because many are rejoicing in it as a rebuke to the "narrow Bible views" of Scottish theology, and as a rebuke, too, to the Church which looked up to him as one of her noblest sons. That, however, would be a daring hand which would attempt to pluck one leaf from the laurel wreath wherewith Science has crowned him; yet a friendly one may not err, or even seem over bold, in seeking to remove what is not native to the mark of victory.

"The geologist," says Mr Miller, "in his attempt to collate the Divine with the geologic record, has only three of the six periods of creation to account for—the period of plants, the period of great sea monsters and creeping things, and the period of cattle and beasts of the earth. He is called on to question his systems and formations regarding the remains of these three great periods, and of these only. And the question once fairly stated, what, I ask, is the reply? All geologists agree in holding that the vast geological scale naturally divides into *three* great parts."—(P. 135.) Mr Miller believed that the Palæozoic, or oldest fossiliferous division of strata, represents the creative work of the fourth day. Now, it must be borne in mind that Genesis i. records a series of acts which took place in the order of time, and that the fourth day is assigned to the bringing out of lights in the firmament. Mr Miller transposes the work of the third day from its place in the chronological narrative, and puts it in the place occupied by the fourth. This arbitrary liberty taken with the sacred text is sufficient to vitiate the whole theory. But the geological objection is even more formidable. For the sake of his theory, he is forced virtually to overlook his own and Dr Fleming's labours in the Old Red, and those of Murchison in the Lower and Upper Silurian. He says, indeed, that in the Palæozoic, "we find corals, crustaceans, molluscs, fishes, and, in its later formations, a few reptiles;" but none of these organisms give the

leading character to the Palæozoic. Now, with the discoveries of Fleming, Murchison, and Mr Miller himself, before us, we cannot admit that the increasingly numerous brachiopoda, gasteropoda, and cephalopoda of the Lower and Upper Silurian, do not rank as leading features of these great formations. And, looking more closely at Genesis, we find that the creation of fishes was limited to the work of the fifth day; but how are we to reconcile the order of their occurrence in the fossiliferous strata with the Age theory, even if we accept the arbitrary transposition of the third day? We meet with *Dipterus*, *Pterichthys*, *Coccosteus*, *Asterolepis*, etc., at a time when it is alleged there were no leading forms of life to give distinct character to the scene! More, Mr Miller admits the existence of reptiles in formations older than the carboniferous, there is, for example, a small air-breathing reptile—*Telerpeton Elginense*—in strata regarded by Sedgwick and Murchison among upper divisions of the Old Red; but Genesis i. 15 unequivocally confines the creation of creeping things to the work of the sixth day. We conclude, then, that "the Footprints of the Creator" contains the full refutation of the "Testimony of the Rocks." The old views had much power over him, and have led to some confusion in "the Testimony." Thus he gives, in the magnificent suggestions for the possible poem, great prominence to the living things which Genesis associates with the fifth and sixth days' work, as existing at a period which could never fit into his theory. He says:—"With what wild thoughts must that restless and unhappy spirit (Satan) have wandered amid the tangled mazes of the old carboniferous forests! With what bitter mockeries must he have watched the fierce wars which raged in their sluggish waters, among ravenous creatures horrid with trenchant teeth, barbed sting, and sharp spine, and enveloped in glittering armour of plate and scale!"

The division of the great strata at p. 184, with the view of accounting for the six days, or times, or ages, is not more satisfactory, even on the theory of "the Mosaic Vision," in which the periods may have passed before *the eye* of the prophet, as so many "representative scenes." On this plan, the Azoic period is to count one—the earlier or middle Palæozoic, one—the Carboniferous, one—the Permian or Triassic, one—the Oolite or Cretaceous, one—and the Tertiary, one. But if there be anything in this, might we not, with equal propriety, so subdivide the series of strata as to make twelve, or more, instead of six periods? Manifestly, the "Age Theory" is a present failure. It will not give us the ground of harmony. Genesis, at every point, tells the story of a widely different order in the manifestation of being than the earth's crust does. In the chapter on the Palæontological History of Plants, a corroboration of the theory is sought in

the alleged "resemblance, almost amounting to identity," between the classification of modern botanists and that discovered in the various fossiliferous strata. The statement is both striking and beautiful, but we are persuaded it will not bear examination. There was once a time when it would have seemed more strikingly true than it ever can do now, and advancing science will go to widen the difference. "The single point of difference" vitiates the presumed correspondence. This seems to have been felt. In the note on p. 9, we are told that "the chance discovery of some fossil in a sufficiently good state of keeping would *establish* the correspondence"—would put the monocotyledons in the place in the geologic scale which they hold in that of Lindley. We might reason, then, that the chance discovery of a true dicotyledon among the monocotyledons, or a gymnogen among the thallogens, would still further *vitiate* it. But no; for we are told in the text (p. 9), that even if it were established that a true endogen had been found among the thallogens, this would not vitiate the resemblance: it would "merely be a solitary exception to the general rule." Even less satisfactory is the statement of the necessity (p. 12) for two series, by which one class runs through another. It is an "untoward arrangement for the Lamarkian;" but it is not less so for this presumed resemblance. Moreover, of what use can the resemblance in the arrangement be, when we meet with such a confession as this?—"Here let me remark, that the facts of palæontological science compel us to blend, in some degree, with the classification of our modern botanists, that of the botanists of an earlier time."—(P. 11.) The highly artificial and arbitrary character of this scheme of harmony wholly unfit it for the purpose for which it is propounded. If it be needful that we should hold as true any one scheme of reconciliation, in order that our souls may get rest, as they turn over the pages of that Old World history written on the rocks, we shall look for one in its simplicity more like the Divine record which it is intended to vindicate.

A similar line of remark might be applied to the mode in which the "Noachian Deluge" is treated. It is not dealt with in the way we might have expected from the author of "The Old Red Sandstone." The chief illustrations—as the red grouse, and the two species of elephants—fall far short of the mark to which they are directed, and might be used in another way. Notwithstanding the strong statements about "supposititious miracles," we must, in looking at the Deluge, take, *even on the partial theory*, miracles into account. The illustration from the shores of the Caspian will not shut out this.[1] Besides, recent investigations,

[1] The corroborative evidence from Lyell on Ætna has been set aside in "Rain and Rivers," ch. vi., with much point.

carried on under the direction of the Russian government, go right in the face of the remarks in "The Testimony." But we would be very far from pleading for the universal Deluge. Neither would we take positive ground on the other side. This can safely be left an open question; and we would not like to see the Church pledge herself either to the one theory or the other. The tendency seems towards the partial theory; but with strong expressions before us, like those of 2 Pet. iii. 5, 6, christian men should feel that they can wait. No great danger can come to truth by leaving the question open. Such of our readers as have neither time nor taste for the study of the scientific evidence on this question, but who have heard the clash of the weapons of the combatants, will find a useful *résumé* of the arguments on both sides in "Noah and his Times."

One other remark, and we shall pass from "The Testimony." —Eight or ten pages in the chapter on "The Discoverable and the Revealed," are devoted to the exposure of the ignorance of Turretine. But Turretine did *not* hold the views of creation here attributed to him. Students of this divine, remembering the large prudence, the profound sagacity, and the great common sense which belonged to him, might have anticipated much caution in treating of Creation.[1] And so it is. The topic under discussion is handled in the spirit of a man who was not in the habit of making Scripture responsible for scientific teaching, and the questions—"*An Adamus primus mortalium fuerit?*" and "*An primus homo ante lapsum immortalitatem habuerit?*"—are dealt with in a way from which such men as the author of "The Genesis of the Earth" might learn much. Mr Miller's quotations are taken from the "Compendium," which was not drawn up by Turretine, but by Rijssenius, a man of a very different calibre, who embodied in his abridgment of Turretine a jejune work of his own.[2]

[1] "Institutio Theologicæ." De Creatione, Quest. viii., xii.

[2] "Summa Theologicæ Elencticæ." Auctore LEONARDO RIJSSENIUS. Daventriensi, 1677. If the reader compare the quotation in "The Testimony" with the following extract from Rijssenius, he will find how innocent Turretine is of the sentiments ascribed to him.—

1. Sol dicitur in cælo moveri, oriri, et occidere.—*Psal.* xix. 6, 7, and civ. 19, 22; *Eccl.* i. 5.

2. Dicitur miraculo quievisse in habitatione sua.—*Jos.* xx. 12, 13, 14; *Hab.* iii. 11; *Job.* ix. 7. Et retrocessisse.— xxxviii. 8.

3. Terra dicitur immota stare.—*Psal.* xciii. 1, and xcvi. 1, civ. 5, cxix. 90.

4. Nec aves, quæ per horam sæpe in gyrum volitant, ad nidos suos redire possent. Interea enim mota esset terra 450 milliaria nostra.

5. Quidquid volitat, et pendet in ære, ab occasu ad orientem moveri videretur; quod falsum esse cognoscitur ex avibus, emissis sagittis, atomis splendente sole, et pappis in ære volitantibus.

EXCEPTIONES.

1. *Scriptura loquitur secundum apparentiam, i.e. ut videtur esse.* Resp. Et ut videtur, ut revera est.—*Matt.* v. 18.

The other works named at the head of this article may be regarded—(1.) As neutral; (2.) As in the main accepting the "Age Theory;" (3.) As holding by the scheme of 1804; and (4.) As directly and avowedly pledged to irreconcileable antagonism between Genesis and Geology.

"Creation and the Fall" must be reckoned among the first, or neutral class. This is a pervading defect of a book which bears marks of much earnest industry on the part of its author. Thus, referring to the scheme of Dr Chalmers, he says—"Giving due consideration to this great principle ('that life, once begun on earth, has been maintained without interruption') of science, it must be felt that any scheme of reconciliation which, like the above, proposes to break the continuity of the chain of life by the intervention of an absolute blank, is one that cannot satisfy the requirements of the case."—(P. 88.) This looks as if the old scheme were not satisfactory. Is it held that there is any one satisfactory scheme? The "Age Theory" seems to be most so; and having stated that, once propounded by Cuvier, etc., it was now "very much abandoned," it is held as "worthy of re-examination, as having much to recommend it." But at p. 244, Dr Chalmers' reading of "in the beginning" is received; and, p. 245, when the relation of the first verse to the narrative is discussed, the different views are given, and in the style of Matthew Henry the remark is made—"It is not easy to determine which of these alternatives is to be chosen. Much may be said on both sides of the question." The same hesitancy pervades all the pages devoted to this subject. We took up this book, expecting to meet with the grasp of a mind like that which met us some years ago in "The Method of the Divine Government;" but, if we have been disappointed as to this, we have, nevertheless, found an able statement of the literature of controversy on the topics referred to.

We can do no more than touch lightly on "The Harmony between the Mosaic and Geological Records." The author receives substantially the views of Mr Miller (p. 96), though there are several points of difference brought out by him. Mr Miller and others define the periods as ages; the author of "The Harmony" refuses to admit the element of time, and makes the morning simply the commencement of the special Mosaic vision, and the evening its termination.—(P. 42.) The descriptions in Genesis were "pictures painted on the fancy" of Moses. Thus (Genesis

2. *Aves, aer, et omnia cum terra moventur.* Resp. Figmenta sunt, Aer est corpus fluidum. 2. Qua vi tunc aves ab oriente ad occidentem moveri possent?
§ XIII. Homo consistit corpore terreno, et anima spirituali.—*Gen.* ii. 7.
Object. 1 *Thess.* v. 23. *Additur spiritus.* Resp. Spiritus mentem, seu intellectum significat, anima voluntatem.—Pp. 94-96.

i. 21), "He saw the monstrous reptiles, whose bones are imbedded in the secondary rocks." It was, then, one vast charnel-house into which the man Moses was led, when under the visions of the Almighty! It was not that grand vision of life, and living, moving, healthful things, which we used to think was set before us in verses 20, 21! The chief objection which our author alleges against the scheme of 1804, is in connection with the use of "And" in Gen. i. 2. Is it not copulative? Mr Miller has answered this in the extract given above from "First Impressions of England." While Mr Sime pleads for a partial deluge, he makes two noticeable admissions. On the limited theory, he admits God might have removed Noah beyond the reach of it, as he did Lot from Sodom; and also, that the deluge may have reached beyond the bounds of the inhabited earth. Another objection to the old scheme is found in the alleged parallelism between Gen. i. 1 and Exod. xx. 11. The words, "in six days," are held to be equivalent to "in the beginning." But if we associate Exod. with Gen. ii. the difficulty is solved:—

"Thus	the heavens and the earth	were finished."—Gen. ii. 1.
"In six days	heaven and earth	the Lord made."—Exod. xx. 11.

We place "Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures"—"The Geological Facts," and "Things New and Old"—in the third class referred to above; because in them the scheme of Dr Chalmers is received and illustrated from the point of view of modern discovery. The Cardinal's volumes are in good keeping with the name he has obtained for learning, for breadth of view rarely met with among Romanists, and for the power of commending "mother Church" to educated minds. It will not do, however, to magnify the Papacy as ever a true patron of progress in literature and in science. Even in the Cardinal's readable and pleasant volumes, there are unmistakeable evidences that he loves Rome more than the subjects under discussion, which would be all fair, did he not love to get a back-thrust here and there at Protestant combatants. Then, have we not the experience of Galileo—have we not the History of the Inquisition,—and, under our very eyes, the Index Expurgatorius, to read us the lesson of Rome's attitude to progress?

We rank "Geology and Genesis," by "C.," under the fourth class. Genesis, this author holds, may be a myth—a Jewish fable—a work of imagination by several authors—a narrative written by a man called Moses, but it cannot be a book of God—a divinely inspired volume. Geology says, No; Professor Baden Powell says, No; and so does "C."; therefore there can be no doubt about the matter. It is all settled. Is not "the Hebrew Testament clothed in garments that outrage our senses

by their inappropriateness?" Is it not "the work of a somewhat unscrupulous Jewish leader?" Does it not sound the praises "of a people whose progress was deluged with blood, stamped with rapine," and whose only motive was "ungoverned self-satisfying impulse?"—(P. 4.) Yet there is a certain kind of ability about the book, which will assuredly lift it up into a leading place among publications of a stamp which are always acceptable to a large half-instructed class, whose morals are not in the best possible condition. Every time we have taken up "C.," we have remembered what *Franz Carvel's* mother[1] said of the German philosophers—"They believed everything except the Bible: they believed, with this exception, everything which they could not—and disbelieved everything which they could." Thus, equally great in credulity and in unbelief, "C." begins his work by an ominous want of sincerity. He tries to fix upon the Church the folly of holding "that what is true in science, may, in its religious aspects, be unsound, or dangerous to promulgate." And with a ludicrous air of self-importance, he tells us he has found the true key to "the historic account of the life of Moses, the assumed writer of Genesis." What is it? Hush! Political cunning in adapting his delineations "to the idiosyncrasy of the Hebrew character!" The account of the creation was fabricated for this purpose. Yet this author believes himself equal to deal with "Geology and Genesis." It is this kind of spirit which makes works of this class piquant. If their authors would keep to their task, and deal with their subject dispassionately, they would find no readers. The exhibition of this *animus* against the Scriptures should vitiate the whole book. Or, if he were desirous to be great on these points, he should have shown that the literature of apologetical Christianity has signally failed on the question of the canon of Genesis. Had he been able to detach Genesis from other books of Scripture, his Geology might have been used to illustrate his historical and exegetical skill. But it is wholly beside the point to try a book by what it does not profess to teach, and by what none who receive it as inspired say that it teaches. There is no claim made for it "as if Moses had a prescience of the discoveries of science."

"C.'s" dread of miracles amounts to something like monomania. The mere reference to analogy creeps like a dark shadow over his temper, and leads him to speak unadvised words. Nevertheless we would again darken his dreams by asking—Does not the whole connection of God with the earth represent it as a scene for the forth-putting of miraculous power at certain great stages in its history? Do we not find the analogy to this in the work of Redemption? Do we not see it in the birth of

[1] "*The Metaphysicians.*" Longmans. 1857.

Christ—in His life, at His death, in His resurrection? Buds it not out everywhere in the conversion of souls to God; and shall the world not witness its triumph in the dread future, when the quick and dead shall be raised up? Why not expect this same power leaving its footprints at each great epoch in the history of the earth's crust?

"C.'s" strong point is found in holding that the *present* aspect of nature has existed for great ages, which it could not have done if the Hebrew chronology be true. He repeats all the old points about deltas. The mud deposit of the delta of the Ganges would require 10,000 years for its accumulation. Of course, there can be nothing, either in the consideration that at one time there may have been an amount of *detritus* brought within the action of the water greater than we have ever seen during the historical period, or that at the mouth there may have been retarding processes not now at work. The *debacle*, or outburst of lakes, has been little taken into account in these calculations.[1] To notice other features in this book, in which Sciolism looks smartly forth from behind the Mask of Science, would be to repeat matters already passed under review. We leave it, with the expression of the hope that before the next time "C." shall seek to hold parley with the general public, he may have learnt that humility befitteth man who knoweth not all things, and that it is not very becoming, even for great men, to be "wise in their own eyes."

Our design has been to put in a word in favour of the reconciliation scheme, now generally associated with the great name of Chalmers. We have attempted to show cause why we should not drift away from this, until the objections to it assume a more formidable attitude than they have yet done. The scheme of Dr Pye Smith has not been dealt with, mainly because it did not displace that of 1804, but merely laid alongside of it a thought, which its advocates could entertain without giving less weight to it than they had done. We would not, however, be reckoned as pledged to this one. All that we urge is, that for all present purposes it is liable to fewest objections. Every scheme of reconciliation will continue to be questioned and sifted, as Science, in her onward march, spreads out before us facts and phenomena unthought of before. Scepticism, from its dark standing place, will continue to watch what is passing in the sunlight, and it will not fail in the future, as it has not failed in the past, to step forth into broad day, when it sees anything in the progress of the physical sciences which will serve it as a weapon against God's truth revealed in the Bible. It has ere

[1] If "C." would make a study of "Rain and Rivers," he might learn something at pp. 5, 14, 75, 95, 114, 116.

this achieved something. It has met young minds at that awful point at which their fresh thoughts either look humbly up to God, or proudly abroad on man; and it has given to many a bias towards the idolatry of their race, and ultimately a persuasion that their calling is to wage war with old beliefs. The position is a perilous one; and many who have begun the battle for truth, according to man's standard, have, at last, fallen fighting against God. The wonder is, that scepticism has not been able to do more. It occupies vantage ground of no ordinary kind. It has for weapons all the difficult points which both Christians and infidels have ever met with, and stated, in connection with the outward world, and it uses those of the former without the solutions which may have been given. Voltaire used to study Calmet's "Commentary," in which the Christian author notices difficulties in order to solve them; but the Frenchman gave no heed to the solution. He picked out the difficulties to use for his own purposes. This is a characteristic of the class, as all are aware who know anything of much of the literature which is current in cities. We have more than once been startled to find objections to the Bible, which have again and again been refuted, stated as if they were unanswerable. Scepticism has another advantage. What Bacon calls "the Harmony of the Sciences,"—a harmony which not only reveals each science as one great part having its distinctive place in a system, but which lifts theology up to the platform on which the physical sciences stand, and recognises it as in brotherhood with all the rest,[1]—is not dreamt of by it. The sceptic finds his strength in singling out one from the midst of the many, and, shutting his eyes to all the rest, in torturing the phenomena of his favourite pursuit, until he wring from them utterances corresponding to his own habits of thought—his individual tastes and prejudices, and often his dislike of the Bible. Each science, ignorantly or wilfully misunderstood, furnishes many points of this kind. The attention of the Christian apologist becomes distracted, and the very imperfection of man's faculties comes to lend strength to the enemies of the truth, while the defence of it is weakened by the energies of the defenders being of necessity divided.

[1] "We come, lastly, to that science which the two former periods of time were not blessed with, viz., sacred and inspired theology: the Sabbath of all our labours and peregrinations."—*Advancement of Learning.*

ART. III.—1. *Diary of Narcissus Luttrell.* Oxford: University Press. 1857.
2. *The Poetical Works of Matthew Prior.* 2 vols. Pickering.

WE feel much more interest in some ages than in others. Two periods may be exactly contiguous, and yet one appear within the verge of ancient, the other of modern history. Even in those times which must be called by a common name, modern, one epoch impresses upon us a feeling of the closest affinity and analogy; we can understand the passions and point of view of its chief characters, and intuitively penetrate to the springs of their conduct; while, when surveying the annals of events occurring, it may be, but a single reign before, we wander in a comparatively strange land. We hear party names and party cries, and we know that the objects for which these factions were striving, are the same with those which roused the desires and regrets of our own fathers. But the people which assumed these appellations, and which strove so angrily for those privileges and rights, is to us as strange and foreign as the modern Norwegian, with his Saxon constitution and liberties. One great line of demarkation, indeed, there does exist between the different ages of our world. In a broad sense, all on that side Constantine is ancient; all on this modern history. In many prominent and strongly defined features, even the borderlands of this line differ from each other; in one mighty common characteristic, all the constituent units of the two several aggregates agree. But we feel that the differences in the aggregate are greater, or, at least, more various and numerous than the similarities which bind them together.

Then, waiving other and more distant boundaries, pass in our own history from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of his father, and what a strange feeling of isolation in a strange land and people comes over us! Bosworth field, and Queen Margaret, and princes smothered in the Tower,—what "Dark Ages" tales are these overshadowing the traditions of the Reformers, and of the bold Hugh Latimer haranguing from St Paul's cross. Here, then, we discover another subdivision of history, even of that history which we call modern. The tie of a common special belief unites us lineally to those times. As long as the Protestant and the Roman Catholic Churches stand in Europe side by side, we cannot help recognizing and sympathizing with the countrymen of our Reformers as compatriots, almost cotemporaries of our own. The feudal system, with its barons and its villains, its strict and strange cumbrous forms and ceremonies, and its re-

ciprocal bond between lord and vassal, Magna Charta itself, with illegal scutages and reliefs, wards defrauded of their inheritances, and heiresses legally sold to needy profligate adventurers, have vanished from the neighbourhood of actual associations. The thrill which these old names call up, is of the fancy, not the feelings, and scarce warmer or more homelike in most men's hearts, than the tale of Thermopylæ. But the old faith and the new are still struggling on the battle-field of Europe, and we, the inheritors of the strife, perforce feel with those who in far distant times inaugurated it.

The commencement of the Modern History of England is popularly fixed in the reign of Henry VIII., because one of the most prominent actual aspects of modern society then first developed itself. So as we pass on through the rule of Edward, and Mary, and Elizabeth, into the epoch of the Stuarts, we start to find the scene again changed, and the same actors, the Bacons, Cecils, and Raleighs, the Shakespeares and the Ben Jonsons, on an entirely different stage. We have arrived at a new landing-place; and, when we compare the appearance of things with that which they displayed immediately before, the one era seems to us an archaistic period, the other modern history. As the former great subdivision is owing to the common manifestation now as then of certain religious characteristics, so the latter arose from the analogy in the constitutional phases displayed to us and our ancestors. That, in fact, we term "modern," which in some important particulars resembles the existing state of things. Christianity now still, as formerly, separates us from the days of the Cæsars and Augustuses,—the Reformation distinguishes Europe under one ecclesiastical government from Europe broken up into two great religious camps; and the separation of king and ministers, with the consequent innocence of the old maxim, that the sovereign can do no wrong, connects actual citizens of our English commonwealth with the Cokes, and Pyms, and Vanes. Yet has the division been even now carried far enough? Does not the age of the Star Chamber, and "*ex officio*" oaths, of monopolies of soap, and compulsory knighthoods, scandalum magnatum, and sales of peerages, cropped ears, and Harrington's Oceana, appear to us unnatural and alien? We know that the men of that age fought for the liberty which we now enjoy, and we recognize, at a general election, some of the arguments which Pym and Hampden first made watchwords. But the private life and manners of these heroes of our political reformation are black-letter to us. They seem as ideal as the descriptions of men and women in historical novels. We cannot imagine a Falkland or a Strafford walking the streets of London, or an Aston and a Wilmot revelling in the Guards' club-

house. Between the dinner parties of the West End, and the fierce riotings of the Royalists, or the genuine business-like debates of the Long Parliament, and the harangues of our modern House of Commons, yawns the same impassable gulf as between the dark countenances frowning from the masterhand of Vandyke, or Lely's beauties,—and a miniature by Ross, or even the portraits of Laurence.

It was reserved for another reign and generation to roll back the heavy folds of the curtain stretched between us and our ancestors. The Revolution of 1669 did not reform the working of our constitution alone, it changed our manners. It was not achieved by the energy of one class exerted against another class, as that consummated by the men of 1642. Nor yet again, were its objects in the high atmosphere of politics which the majority of a nation scarcely breathe. They were attained, equally, by the dexterity of statesmen, and by the passive resistance to oppression, of the ranks which had cowered beneath the horrors of the "bloody assizes." Freedom of opinion was the Nonconformists' reward for having detected behind the mask of an occasional lenity the persecutions of the High Commission Court, and the Corporation and Conventicle Acts. The great nobles had been at the head of the movement, but the masses, which followed and approved, or suggested, gave the moral weight and momentum which ensured success. Feudal lords were no more; it was influence, rather than power, which belonged to the order. Never had public opinion, in the wide sense of the term, been appealed to more consistently or fully. Even when the object had been attained, and a new dynasty placed on the throne, as a guarantee that the policy most antagonistic to the old would be carried out, the battle still raged, and every inch of ground had to be defended by the strength of half the confirmed partizans in the kingdom against the attacks of the other half.

No period is so favourable to the amalgamation of ranks, and the annihilation of classes, as constituting an original and perpetual distinction between individuals, as one in which known and recognised chiefs have led a movement, but by the choice and election of the people. Every feature, whether mental or even physical, every little peculiarity in manner or conduct discovered in the leaders, whether Whig or Tory, was of importance. The eccentricities of caste, which only do prevail when the class is so separated and bound up in itself, that each member is sure of his position, and can, in the very wantonness of impunity, transgress all established rules—that audacious trampling upon decency which the annals of Charles II.'s reign so lavishly display—disappeared under the inquisitorial censorship of public opinion under William and Anne, and the biting sarcasms of the pen. Wharton

was, at last, decent, though as complete a profligate as ever, and the notorious Buckhurst, of the crew of Sedley and Wilmot of Rochester, became, in the later scenes of his life, a legitimate subject for panegyric and ode, under the name of the Earl of Dorset, the Mecenas of literature. In some measure, it was that the licence of the days succeeding the Restoration had borne its fruits. In its ripeness and maturity it had spread from rank to rank, till at length there seemed danger lest that which had been a scandal to the nation, should become one to the world. The moral leprosy had so crept throughout the body of the people that, as with the physical, its strength and banefulness, politically speaking, were gone. The courtier could no longer pride himself on vices of which he once had the monopoly, nor other classes feel that their superiors breathed an atmosphere of which they had had no experience. But now the position of the aristocracy, as candidates for the popular leadership, and forced by dread of antagonists ever in the field, and ready to seize on some occasion for decrying them, to submit themselves to the general rules of society, had led to the breaking down of the partition between court and people. They were still the constitution's rightful champions, but subject to the nomination of the nation, and, consequently, with a tendency to adopt the fashions and ways of thinking with which their constituents could most readily sympathize. A community of ends and aims led to the approximation of classes. In part, the higher assimilated themselves to the lower, their clients and electors; in part, these imitated the refinement and habits of their representatives. Villiers of Buckingham might have still, in this generation, been the hope and chosen leader of the Puritans, but he must have assumed their demeanour to qualify himself. A reign earlier, Harley would not have deemed it necessary in the head of the Tories, to wear the guise of a High Churchman, nor St. John to pretend to be a Christian.

Subject to the circumstances of the time, political and ecclesiastical, this result had been effected by the efforts and vigour of the writers whom the Revolution brought forth armed in all the panoply of satyr and invective. From the Caroline era they had caught the ease and polish of society, as opposite to the elaboration and art of the Elizabethan epoch of literature, as was the stately feudalism of Gloriana's court, and her solemn progresses to the younger monarch's saunter in St James' Park, and the banter of the galleries at Whitehall. From the same source, they had learned the manners of the great, whose sworn defendants they were, and to depict these, and these alone, in their works, since, as courtiers were the only patrons of letters, no representations, or even mimicry, of manners other than theirs, would have been understood by the only audience they were likely to

have.' The fate of the Stuarts changed the aim and the form of their efforts,—while it was the means of elevating their profession, did not alter their character. The general phases of society were no longer displayed in comedy for the amusement of society itself, or burlesqued in the serious rant of tragedies with plots laid in Asia;—keen satire, whether in prose or verse, was levelled by one side against the peculiarities of some prominent champion on the other. They did not attack vaguely and uncertainly whole classes, for the dart would often have flown wide, and hit a friend. The Revolution had initiated no class-war. Its reproach, on the contrary, is, that its contests were mere battles of factions, each with leaders of the same condition and rank—each with a regular subordination of followers. Especial individual defects in the opposite leaders were the subjects and topics of these authors; to know the vulnerable points they were obliged to live in the same circles, and affect the same fashions. No mere hirelings—inditing savage *à priori* libels, not designed to convince those of the same class with their victims, but only to rouse a vulgar storm of odium against them among those who knew no standard by which to guage their superior's iniquities—these did not write in taverns for the half eleemosynary guinea of a noble. They wrote as partizans—as themselves personally interested in the events of the struggle—they drew the outline, and polished the style, nor left it to their employers to embellish it with point and personality. It was not a fee for which they looked as their pay and reward. Every student of Swift remembers the bitterness with which he repudiated a gift from Harley. They claimed a share in the division of the booty when embassies and departments were to be filled up.

If such were the duties and expectations of writers in this age, it might naturally be anticipated that, the more furious and doubtful the contention, the greater would be the importence, and the more magnificent the recompense to these, the chief agents and instruments in the strife. More peculiar claims would the men have to such compensation, who rose to gratify the ever ready demand, when the issue of the struggle of parties was as yet uncertain, and when the new system was still too recent to supply fully its own requirements. This palmy condition of authors is, indeed, the prominent feature in this strangely exceptional epoch of time. Under Charles II. literature flourished. A whole nation of poets lived on the taste for dramatic exhibitions and the nauseous fulsomeness of ridiculous dedications, wherewith the most eminent personages of the day were fed. There was a "wits' coffee-house" then, as later: and courtiers, and men of fashion, loved to throng the winter table, or summer balcony, where sat enthroned the king of the wits, John Dryden. They dined at the tavern with authors: they gossiped with them

at the coffee-house; and, on occasion, adjourned in their company, from the long-protracted debauch, to break windows and worry watchmen, or play at the "Mohocks" of the time. But this familiarity was all on one side. Writers, who in public were boon companions, found too often the great man's doors rigidly closed against the suitor for the customary gratuity, after an adulatory inscription on the frontispiece of the last new poem. Even in those half legendary, halcyon days of letters—the age of Queen Elizabeth—the position of poets, though with a little less familiarity, and a little more of independence, was still that of hangers on, and expectants of bounty. The Sydneys and Southamptons were too few to rescue a genius from the situation of a supernumerary in the real business of life—a creature born only to amuse, and not for use—a self-adopted descendant of the kept fools and jesters of a feudal prince's court. Suddenly, and to the manifest surprise of some among them, they found themselves elevated, by the novel relations of the Revolution, and the generally factious and personal type of parties in that period, into wielders of the most tremendous political engine, and the real deciders of the strife. Scions of noble families, who would, under the old state of things, have begun with being courtiers and companions of royal follies, now inaugurated their career with a dash at literary fame. The great Earl of Halifax, as Charles Montague, grandson of Lord Manchester, had no mean title to promotion at the court of a liberal and revolutionary monarch. He challenged and proved his claim to favour there, and in Parliament, by achieving the glories of a successful satyrist. Prior, the son of a joiner and nephew of a butcher, would have been, under different circumstances, as much, if not, perhaps, something more of a wit; his name had, most undoubtedly, never been connected with a peace, which is one of the landmarks of politics, and with the two statesmen, whose real character is yet so completely a problem, unless for the exigencies of the events of 1689.

Prior is, indeed, the most perfect representative of this phase and order of things that it is possible to find. Not, apparently, designed, by his nature or tastes, for a genuine and professional statesman, like Montague; not a writer, who has by his genius, as Addison, compelled the world, and rightly, to accept, as truths of human nature, the oddities and humours of a special period; yet, by tempering literature with politics, and politics with literature—neither, by itself, in his hands, very powerful—he made a high reputation among his cotemporaries, and won lofty official rank. Yet more—by the mere weight of the frequent repetition of his name, in one relation or another, in the records of the period when he flourished, his fame, as a distinguished diplomatist and true

poet, has descended to an age which recollects little of the circumstances of his negotiations, and not much more, in reality, of his muse. Yet, the single fact of the creation of a great reputation, is never without an interest of its own. No effect can be without a cause. Men may praise something which contains not a germ or spark of what is really praiseworthy; but men never praise by accident. Either in the object of their laudations, or in themselves and their circumstances, is to be found the explanation of the halo which surrounds some names: It is often necessary to recollect this in contemplating the life of Prior. At first, the humble attendant and client of wits, and the patrons of wits; then the college cotemporary of a man destined to be the most powerful of agents in carrying out the spirit of the Revolution—distinguished, and raised to fame and consideration by a work which carried the coffee-houses triumphantly over to the liberal side; an active and favoured co-operator in every great scene of William's foreign policy, while not less influential in furthering it, as a co-founder and luminary of the great Whig committee of wit, the Kitcat Club; then, a revolter from the standard he had so long followed, but not altogether, even now, alienated from his old companions, nor ever visited by them with revilings and hatred as an apostate; quietly, among his new friends, assuming the same position as among his former connections—always associated with, but never leading any prime movement of their policy; though assisting antagonists to its spirit, still negotiating on the principles of the Revolution, and not of the previous period; a chosen companion and intimate of the great minds of his new side; neither one of those the mere acquaintances for the hours of relaxation and pleasure—if employed in affairs, employed only for a pretext to burden the public, rather than their friends, with their support—nor yet the secret, unrecognised counsellor of incompetent or indolent ministers; even in the time of his disgrace, and the fall of his chiefs, not condemned to the ignoble punishment of a subordinate, neglect and obscurity, but thrown up, by the tide of circumstances, to observation—exposed to examinations before secret committees, and imprisonment by the Commons; lastly, when at length released, though excluded from the rôle of a politician, as a poet, the idol of society, he affords, in his history, a most complete epitome of his times. Though, in his tastes and conduct, a good representative of the old, he is, in his fortunes, a better illustration of the new spirit of the age—with its dissolution of caste distinctions and prejudices, as barriers of society, but not of the personal gossiping tone of a community, once so insolently exclusive and careless of public opinion,—with its appeals to the nation at large, by arguments drawn from the scandal of the drawing-

room, and with, consequently, the elevation of the recognised interpreters of those arguments, the authors,—than either Montague, with his high talents for finance, in an age when finance was government, and his historic name; or Addison, with personal influence and literature, which must have, in any age, distinguished their possessor from the masses; or Swift, with his keen political perceptions, and constitutional exuberance of party virulence, in an epoch of personal and party rivalry.

This deficiency of Prior's in any one strongly marked faculty, in default of Montague's high birth, the amiability of Addison, and the irresistible despotism of Swift's mind, may have even aided his advancement. He had no family claims to excite the envy of those great old Whig houses, which had effectuated the expulsion of the Stuarts, and claimed the benefit of that event, nor sufficiently manifest ambitious propensities to rouse their jealousy. But, besides this negative qualification of disability, the business-like tastes he does seem to have possessed, certainly contributed, and most essentially, to his advancement. They were just enough to hinder him from being a mere clog on serious hours, and proved a most important accession to the utility of a boon companion in days when affairs of State were discussed over tokay, and intimacy with royal waiting-women, and a capacity for a lengthy tea-table debauch, were essential gifts in a Chancellor or Lord Treasurer. Business and the pleasures of life were in that short but brilliantly artificial portion of our history, curiously intermingled. The combination in Prior's disposition of an inclination for pleasure with a good deal of what is called "bureaucracy," made him a most efficient agent throughout it. The aristocracy which had expelled the old dynasty, naturally asserted a supreme prerogative in developing the new system. The sovereign no longer was the head and source of all political action. William and Anne had been parties to the conspiracy. On its success they shared in its results. But they had been parties only, not the designers, champions rather than patrons. As the relative power of the two great factions in the State rose and fell, the monarch gave in his or her adhesion. William had been naturally a member of the great Whig junto; his sister-in-law, through life, manifested a timid but regular bias to the side of the Tory and Church of England confederacy; yet, with all the feelings and tastes of their several natures interested and bound up with one party or the other, we find each, in turn, compelled to have recourse to that whose superiority had been decided on for the time in the dubious struggle. And that struggle was not fought out in a duel between the two parties, and the victory won by defections from the opposite ranks. The nation in whose cause it had begun,

asserted its right to nominate managers to carry it to its completion. They did not claim to appoint demagogues from their own body as defenders of a popular standard; but selected their defenders from the limited aristocratic caste. The administration of affairs continued to be a monopoly vested in a court, not one dependent, however, on the sovereign, and all government to be an incongruous medley of politics and pleasure.

In such a period was cast the poet's lot; a period enveloped in a bright haze of personal love and hatred, intrigue at home and abroad, great alliances cemented by reciprocal presents of strong liquors and champagne, liable to be dissolved and interrupted by a fire in an ambassador's house, or the abduction by the Popish Countess of Jersey of her Protestant son. In reading the records of the time, we might imagine ourselves engaged with the Court of Charles II. or the Orleans Regency, till the casual mention of the "Crisis," or some appeal to the people against the efforts of an opposition hourly gaining ground, drives home to our recollection the fact that we are still in the purlieus, still dragging on the skirts, as it were, of that mighty prodigy, the popular Revolution of 1689. Never was there a man whose powers were more completely drawn out, and turned to account by the predisposing influences of the reigns of William and Anne, than Prior's. His wit and poetry were utilized in a state of society, when "vers de societé" were an important part of the machinery of statesmanship, when ministers of state went wildly about to find a bard to celebrate a battle, and a lord treasurer could win popularity by parading the pageantry of his white staff through a crowd of admiring courtiers, to flatter and caress no greater a versifier than the amiable and ingenious Parnell. As a diplomatist, he was criticized by Walpole, perhaps rather harshly; for Walpole had a great dislike for "litterateurs" taking upon themselves the style of politicians. It was certainly fortunate for him that he emerged in circumstances requiring not so much a master-mind, as an obedient and industrious secretary and mouthpiece, the popular name and manners of a poet, rather than an inventive politician. English diplomacy was almost the creation of this age, and in diplomacy he found the freest scope for his abilities. The deeper and more subtle mysteries of negotiation were indeed beyond him, but he was never without chiefs to whom the conduct of these fell, who, in fact would hardly have suffered him to exert his capacity in that direction, even had he possessed any. William—it was a matter of notoriety—was his own foreign minister. The mind alone which had formed and designed it could hold the threads and clues of a complicated net-work of plans embracing the whole of Europe. The peace of Utrecht again, was far too delicate a matter to be entrusted to

the casual intuitions of some self-reliant envoy; nor was the pride or the vanity of Bolingbroke likely to brook any intermeddlings with the mazes of his comprehensive scheme. It was the *indifference* of intellectual capacity in Prior's character, rather than its many-sidedness, which explains, not the continuity of his employments only, but also his peculiar happiness in being the point of contact for all the great men and coteries of his day. All projects of ambition and pleasure were then much more concentrated than at present, and drawn, as it were, into a far smaller and more contracted space; but there was a facility and coolness of temperament in him peculiarly, which connected him at different times with combinations the most dissimilar or even mutually repulsive.

For so prominent and active a personage, remarkably little is to be learnt of what is personal to himself. The details of his life are but his relations with the great events of his time and its most illustrious characters. All men have a sort of morbid curiosity respecting the minutiæ of the origin or growth of genius; the point where it put off the slough of ordinary humanity, and began to prepare the world for the coming splendour. The demand for anecdotes of a celebrated man's boyhood often produces the supply, whether genuine or not. But the school days of Prior are chiefly remarkable for having been cotemporaneous with those of one (Montague) with whom his name was hereafter to be connected, whose powers, though with the same component elements of a taste for poetry and for politics, were yet weak and strong in exactly the converse manner. It does not appear that the grandson of a peer and the nephew of the butcher and vintner, at first proved very intimate friends. Probably the acquaintance between the two became closer at Cambridge, through the medium of Stepney, called by courtesy a poet, and made into one of those classics who are never read, by the introduction of his name into Johnson's famous biographies. The future bond of connection was the like dependence of all three, though in very different degrees, upon themselves, for promotion in the world, and tender reminiscences of the noble old school, near which two of them were destined to repose in death. Prior was fortunate in his master, the Dr Busby, whose pupils have procured for him a sort of honorary place in any history of English poetry. We are told that he there distinguished himself highly; and indeed he must have quickly accumulated a competent store of learning, for we find him prematurely withdrawn from school to be apprenticed to his uncle at Charing Cross. So near a chance did diplomacy run of losing one of its chief ornaments—and publishers of a prescriptive right to add one more volume to every

orthodox edition of English poets. Not to have passed through the college at Westminster, was in those days a serious disadvantage to an ambitious youth; for the "Challenges," especially those at the conclusion of the course, a competition in which each candidate turns examiner of his rivals in his turn, were then one of the most fashionable spectacles of the metropolis. According to the politics of the head-master for the time being, or the accident of political or natural relationships with the families of the competitors, party leaders, influential peers, and prelates, thronged the antique school-house. There might have been seen St John, in the plenitude of power and place, encouraging a friend's cousin, and watching spitefully, with the old rancour of the bygone Christ Church and Bentley feud, the manœuvres of the tyrannic master of Trinity inflexibly resolved, "pro solitâ humanitate suâ," writes the indignant minister, "and with all the good-breeding of a pedant," on choosing the best scholars for his own college. At a later period, we have the "great Commoner," Pulteney, writing to his nephew Colman, with fervour and enthusiasm, on the same subject, and expressing his desire to be present at the contest. Many boys had an entrance into public life secured them by the acuteness and quickness they manifested on these occasions. Prior, who had scrambled into the school with difficulty, had not the opportunity of signalising himself in this manner. Traditions vary as to his plans and hopes on leaving. There is a tale that he even actually served the office of tapster at his uncle's house. But his talents were too useful to be lost at the epoch of our history; and his ingenuity and wit appear to have been exactly suited for pushing his powers into notice in the only way then possible.

Patronage was now in the very pride and full blossom of its existence. Partly from the natural revulsion after the ascetic severity, which was a blight even upon the fine arts, of the Puritans of the Commonwealth; partly, it may be, from the instinct of gilding over the gross Sybaritism of court life with the superficial gloss of literary taste and refinement, every aspirant after fame, or licensed indolence, betook himself, as of right, to composing verses, often of the very smallest and most pointless character. But too many, of feeble powers, and a great repugnance to turn these to account in any rational fashion, used literature, not after the honest Grub Street fashion of their compeers, so mercilessly, nay malignantly, assaulted in the Dunciad, the writers of Queen Anne's time—men who meant to live, and did live, by hard real work, done for small, but well earned pay,—but made it an apparent excuse for begging, just as mendicants, to avoid the legal penalties, offer matches for sale.

There were some even then of the later, and certainly, spite of all the ridicule cast upon them, the far more honourable type. Dryden laboured in literature as zealously as any man could work in the more regular and avowed professions. But the majority were of a different disposition. The luxury of the age, and the love of superfluous attendants had demoralized letters, as a court, or a nobleman's residence often does a neighbourhood. Authors did not rely on themselves, but on the chance of cajoling some great man into guaranteeing their powers. Nor did the wealthy courtiers disdain the office imposed upon them. Needy writers were taken into their service, as an additional ten lacqueys might be, with the risk, of course, of being turned off, to make room for a dwarf or a bravo; for

> "Constat leviori bellua sumtu
> Nimirum, et capiunt plus intestina poetæ."

On the easy terms of rendering his regular quota of judicious praise to the poetry of his host and dedicatee—for generally "ipse facit versus," he held his pension. In fact, the demand for writers worthy of patronage had now at last exceeded the supply. But a state of opinion when a brace or so of bards is an essential element in a splendid household, not because the master appreciates their compositions, but because he thinks such a suite a badge of taste and letters, is not favourable to the growth or the vigour of genius. The condition of taste can be best indicated by the fact, that Horace was the standard of poetry, and the cotemporary French bards the received interpreters of classical feeling. Not only at this time, but later, when literature seemed regenerated, morals, taste, wit and sentiment were all discovered in their highest perfection in the great original and type of all poets of society, the domestic laureate of Augustus, Mecenas, and all the most refined givers of dinners at Rome. It would be quite inexplicable why Horace, Horace, Horace is the perpetually recurring authority of the Caroline period, and of the distinguished men, the flower of whose youth falls within the same epoch, did we not recollect the analogy in the spirit of both ages, and how complete a reflection that poet is of the tone of his own times, and of what was then considered the tone of good society.

The Earl of Dorset and Horace furnished very appropriately Prior's introduction to society and fame. The celebrated Lord Dorset represents the court, of which he was the brightest ornament, in its lights and its shades. We may at once reject his protégé's judgment of him as a writer. Without going so far as to allow the song

> "To all you ladies now at land,"

the highest merit, or ranking its author with Alexander or William III., because he could touch it up the night before a bloody sea-fight, we may fairly give it credit for great neatness and spirit. But that "the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled," that "every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, such as wrought or beaten thinner would shine through a whole book of any other author," is adulation only excusable from the extravagant courtesy of the age, the laudable grief of a friend writing to a son of his old patron, or, lastly, the same prejudice in favour of profligate wits, which leads him to excuse his panegyric of one noble poet, by allusion to the forgotten lucubrations of another, Wilmot Earl of Rochester, as "the other prodigies of the age." As a friend, a gentleman, and a courtier, he probably deserved the praises lavished upon his generosity and universal affability, though frequent gusts of passion, however short and speedily atoned for, and an uncontrollable taste for satirizing, not vice, but social faults, such as "tedious recitals of private affairs," "extreme ignorance and impertinence," or even "an ill-judged civility," must have made his temper rather trying, to say the least, to his associates. But to gloss over the nauseous debaucheries and mad follies of many years, to glance at scenes which have done most to taint the memories of Charles II.'s reign, as "the little violences and mistakes of a night too gaily spent," is a terrible evidence of the radical corruptness of society, which could pardon everything, and forget everything, when the perpetrator was a Lord Buckhurst. As a patron, however, he seems to have possessed that instinctive apprehension of the neighbourhood of true genius, which so often beguiles men into the belief, that he who can so skilfully estimate power in others, must surely be himself endued with the same species of capacity. Intimate relations with Waller, and Dryden, Butler, Wycherley, and Prior, with all but the first, the relations of a patron, point to no common appreciation of intellect or ordinary powers of discernment. It is to the gratitude of the last named that he is indebted for the preservation of his fame and the memory of his munificence.

They met at an annual dinner of the noblemen and gentry of the parish of St Martin's, held, according to custom, at the Rummer Tavern, kept by S. Prior. From wine and talk of love there had been no unnatural transition, as usual in those days, to the poet of both. A discussion arose respecting the exact interpretation of some inspired platitude in the Odes about these mysteries; and one of the company happened to recollect that a schoolboy was in the house, the nephew of their host, and whose memory might be fresher on these points than their own. The array of courtiers and authors were astonished at discovering

the delicacy and quickness of perception of the destined vintner in their own peculiar subjects. Lord Dorset at once recognised the lad's genius, and charged himself with his maintenance at Cambridge and future advancement. The determination did honour to his sagacity. The life of Prior is, from henceforth, at home, the history of cliques and coteries, which have made themselves niches in history, whence many a reminiscence of them sheds a bright quiet light over the dark places of this most obscure and idiosyncratic of periods; abroad, of famous treaties, appealed to even now as articles of faith in the creed of the balance of power, and, in their provisions, still fresh and lasting. At St John's, he soon grew into fame as a wit of the very first rank in the then sense of "wit." Mathematics had scarcely at that early period, spite of the world-wide reputation of Sir Isaac Newton, begun to engross all the interests of Cambridge. Latin verse was still there the poetry of the educated; and each unhappy tenant of the throne counted it among the burdens of greatness to have to peruse—or pretend it—the prolix Latinity of each ambitious gownsman. Prior's good scholarship even secured his election as fellow of his college, shortly after taking his degree, and he became the centre of that society of which, at an earlier date, we discover many picturesque traces in the quaint biography of Matthew Robinson. In the vacations, with his brother Cantabs, he might have been found pressing round the upper table in the "Wits' Coffee-house," or the famous summer balcony, where they listened reverentially to the great chief of the wits, "proud to dip a finger and thumb into Mr Dryden's snuff-box, thinking it enough to inspire them with a true genius for poetry, and make 'em write verse as fast as a tailor takes his stitches," as a contemptuous cotemporary asserts. He certainly does appear to have been, at least on repartee terms with the great man at the date of the publication of the "Town and Country Mouse," whatever may be the truth of the anecdote, that the veteran author shed tears of annoyance and indignation, as the malice of the town delighted in believing, at the fact of "two young men, whom he had always treated well, treating him so ill." The story was a mere expression of the wrath which his envious detractors imagined must have been excited by learning the general ridicule (Prior and his coadjutors being the "coryphæi") cast upon "the Hind and the Panther."

Never, indeed, had anything been welcomed with more riotous exultation and a heartier burst of panegyric than this parody. The smartness of the insinuations and innuendos so pleased and gratified the party-feeling, which had now engrossed every other sentiment, as to insure it against cool impartial criticism. Dryden had already, by a proud self-assertion, and, at the same time

by the narrowness of his circumstances, which, with all his fame, necessitated his appearing as a rival of hack-writers, roused the envy and jealousy of a host of competitors. Now there had arisen an additional motive to rage against him in his change of religion, and, in the fear of the admirable powers of satire and criticism, which had worked such havoc in his "Absolon and Achitophel," in the ranks of Shaftesbury's liberals. Dryden has been partly avenged by the neglect with which posterity has chosen to visit the instrument of his persecution. Such has always been the case with productions of ephemeral interest, and almost, it would seem, in proportion to their temporary popularity. The "Two Mice" is never republished, for it could have no readers, unless for its historical interest. They were at once enrolled in the select company of wits who met, curiously enough, at "The Judges' Head," in Chancery Lane, the sign of the celebrated Jacob Tonson, publisher of the rival "Hind and Panther." In this society was the germ of the prince of clubs, the Kit-Cat, more regularly established in 1700. Originally it was a sort of publisher's dinner and conversazione, at which literary projects were discussed, and the first foundation of a clever epigram laid. Gradually, as the fame of its wit and conviviality grew, peers and politicians of the liberal party petitioned to be admitted, 'till at last, though preserving, as *e.g.*, Brookes's still does, the idea of a party of guests, with Jacob Tonson for host, not of a systematic and independent society, it grew into a mighty centre of the literary and statesmanlike brilliancy of the great Whig houses. It is amusing to read the traditions of the elections of the "toast" for the year—the summer expeditions to the "Upper Flask," amid the distant (but not more rural in appearance then than now) wilds of Hampstead—of their conclaves at Jacob Tonson's country house—the proud condescension of their host, who thought himself the greatest man among them, in taking the post of their secretary—his love of all the old forms, and horror at the sacrilegious insolence of the notorious Lord Mohun, in breaking off the gilded emblem of office from the publisher's chair. But all this was at a later period, when Prior was lamented as a deserter to the Tory camp. At present it was more exclusively an association of young authors, or genuine literary lords, and the conviviality was confined chiefly to Christopher Cat's mutton pies. The poet's puns and bon-mots soon secured him a high place in this fraternity. But there was an under-current of prudence in his disposition, which made him crave some more stable position than that (in itself no sinecure) of a man of wit and fashion.

The times were favourable to his ambition. Literary men were still as much patronized as in the reign of Charles II.,

but now for the use to which their gifts could be put, not as being a necessary part of a great man's household. In fact, the importance of authors was disproportionately increased. The professional services of poets and satirists, it is obvious, were useful for winning over the nation to assent to the actual result which a comparatively very small body of prominent individuals had achieved. But this scarcely explains the sudden demand for the political aid of writers of any pretensions. We must recollect that, besides the accident of several of the chief supporters of the Revolution having been long conspicuous as patrons of literature, it was especially necessary to enlist, on the side of Reform, all the names of most popular notoriety. Lastly, when all those most versed in the routine of public business had been the employés of an adverse Government, and bound over, as it were, to promote hostile principles, it was much to have a choice from among men who had actually evinced their powers in any one direction.

The very universality of the practice of dispensing Government patronage in favour of his own class, made Prior feel injured at being passed over even for a time. He complained with a mixture of humour and querulousness—

> "My friend Charles Montague's preferred;
> Nor would I have it long observed,
> That one mouse eats while t'other's starved."

His murmurs were hardly justifiable. Not only had Montague a capacity for business, and an eloquence of the very first order, but his name and connections would give him a sure title to notice from the ruling oligarchy. Poor Prior, however, might be pardoned for overlooking the fact that the immediate event, the publication of the satire, which led to his friend's elevation, was not the sole reason. He only observed, that one of the coauthors seemed in danger of ending his days as a senior fellow, and he the man who had contributed all the wit of the pamphlet, except what merit the preface might possess. "Did not Halifax write 'The Country Mouse' with Mr Prior?" asked Spence once. "Yes," said Lord Peterborough, "just as if I were in a chaise with Mr Cheselden here, drawn by his fine horse, and should say, Lord! how finely we draw this chaise." He murmured that his right to promotion was vested, but not made payable. The interest of his friend Fleetwood Shepherd—an old boon companion of Charles II., and to whom two amusing "Conversation" poems are addressed, with his old patron—great at William's Court and at the Kit-Cat Club,—the Earl of Dorset procured him an introduction to the king. In 1690,

just three years after the publication of the parody, he was gazetted to the secretaryship of the embassy at the Hague.

Here then begins his political career. It was altogether diplomatic, though at times he held other employment, with nominal duties, and was almost the same in its demands upon his talents and political principles in the days of his Toryism and his Whiggism. It is fortunate for his fame, that the times immediately succeeding the Revolution, were as admirable for their negotiations as for their wars. Then first began to be understood the great doctrine of a balance of power, already referred to. It had formerly existed, as a principle, only in the speculations of profound international lawyers; the mutual fears and jealousies of neighbouring states having been, in the practice of nations, the substitute for it, since the condensation of those myriad independencies, which, under the feudal system, had rendered such a doctrine unnecessary. Practical statesmen had been forced to recognize it through the insolent ambition of Louis XIV., which made these terrors and suspicions, formerly intermittent, now continuous and even contemporaneous. The comprehensive policy of William of Orange gave the banded nations of Europe a chieftain and centre, and facilitated the adoption of measures in accordance with it. The negotiator recognised in the terms he was empowered to ask, and the conditions the ministers of hostile cabinets seemed ready to accept, the vast and energetic mind of his king. A sentiment of veneration for the champion of the Whigs, appears to have survived in the secretary's mind his apostasy to the Tories. Nor was he himself a mere obstructive in these transactions. A spiteful saying of Walpole's, and the reputation of his poetry, have prejudiced posterity against receiving him as a statesman. Less reasonably men have been led to conclude that he was an incapable diplomatist. But neither William nor Bolingbroke, his subsequent patron, were in the habit of choosing incompetent ministers. If there were any merit in the labours of the embassies in which he was engaged, it is undoubtedly to Prior that we must assign the praise, and not to the great "Revolution" Lord who might happen to be the chief figure in the pageant. That he had abilities for the work there can be no doubt whatever; for, if his name only had been wanted to give an air of literary patronage to the Government, plenty of glittering sinecures could have been found for him. What the work really was, and what sort therefore of abilities were needed for it, is not so apparent. Probably an ambassador even now possesses but little original power. He is only the organ of a cabinet, with very definite instructions. The time when he acts most of his own mere motion, is on occasions

arising from some accidental *contretemps* requiring prompt decision. In those days, when resident legations were not yet customary, except among the Venetians, the chance of such exigencies was but small. The envoy was sent for a special purpose, and was expected to communicate at once all that occurred on the moment. Neither was the division of labour in a court quite as absolutely recognised then as now. As William was his own foreign minister, so, like Bolingbroke, he was all but his own diplomatist likewise. Indeed, it would have been strange had it been otherwise. The rights of nations were much more perplexed then than now; the complications which had been growing and growing since the feudal system, were then first unravelled. The statesman who had conceived the plan, and who held the chart of the track in his own mind, could alone embody the result in a treaty. No certain principle had as yet been established to determine the relations of states; the application of them was not then as now the only difficulty, but the induction itself. Hence a different sort of envoy was required, a man shrewd enough to comprehend the state of things, and not too self-reliant or vain to communicate all to his principal, and to obey orders implicitly; a man, besides, pliant and adapting himself quickly to foreign customs in an age not yet prolific in travellers, and with a reputation for wit and *esprit* enough to render him acceptable in foreign society; able, finally, to avail himself of all secret influences in that age of female intrigue and finesse. The correspondence of Prior with Lord Bolingbroke at a later period, shows how well he fulfilled all these conditions.

We have not full particulars of his conduct as a negotiator during William's reign. We only know that he answered the expectations of his patron, and satisfied the king. Without any impeachment to his talents, he appears to have been looked upon as rather ornamental, not from personal attractions (since we are told by a friend, that he possessed "un visage de bois"), but, for his sparkling wit. He figured, accordingly, on all occasions of show and pageant. Nor does he seem to have disliked being forced to become part of a spectacle, though with a good deal of prospective shame at the thought of the humble condition into which he would have, some time or other, to descend. His movements were watched by all the quidnuncs at home, with a curiosity which must have been gratifying to the nephew of the butcher and vintner of the Rummer, or, perhaps yet more so, to the fellow of St John's. Narcissus Luttrell is most particular in recording every rumour of his elevation and doings. From him we learn that, after having been four years at the Hague, attending there the congress of the Anti-Gallican powers of the West

of Europe, he was appointed secretary to the king himself. Being now regularly retained for diplomacy by Government, he assisted at the peace concluded at Ryswic in 1697, and was selected for the honourable employment of bringing home news of it to the Lords of the Regency. Bonfires and bell-ringing welcomed him home, as though he had been a conqueror. The same year, as a reward for his exertions, he was gazetted Chief Secretary to Ireland, but was speedily called upon to attend Bentinck, Earl of Portland, William's prime favourite, on his mission to Paris to exchange ratifications of the treaty. With the exception, perhaps, of the Duke of Bedford's embassy, in the last century, and that of Lord Castlemaine to the Pope, in James' reign, this was perhaps the most sumptuous ever dispatched by our country. Besides the importance of the occasion itself—the conclusion, not of one, but a series of wars—there was a desire to show France that England, in receiving a parvenu dynasty, had not abdicated the old sentiments of national grandeur—to publish, in short, before the eyes of France and all the West of Europe, a manifesto of its invincible pride and spirit. The whole was conducted on a scale of rude magnificence. The starving peasants, who thronged the highways to welcome the bearers of peace, were astonished at the spectacle of droves of fat oxen conveyed from home, and the French capital flowed with English ale. The Secretary was allowed L.300 for his equipage in the pageant of the solemn entering into Paris; and the exact number of shillings thought sufficient for such an official's daily expenditure, by the administration, is recorded by the veracious chroniclers of the gossip of clubs and coffee-houses.

His name and his business habits, his tact and wit, recommended him to the same office under Portland's successors, Villiers, Earl of Jersey, and Lord Manchester. Indeed, with his reputation for fashion and dexterity of repartee, combined with real application, he was a most valuable representative of England in that court of coteries and politico-amatory intrigues. There seems to have been a kind of coolness—or rather, perhaps, it should be termed, coldness of temper in him—which made him, though no Machiavel, a capital secretary of legation. The dignity of his position, as envoy of England at that special time, and a probably genuine admiration of the obstinate heroism of William's character—of which the object of his mission to his rival's court, was so material a proof—gave an air of sincerity to his famous saying, when paraded before Le Brun's pictures of Louis' Flemish Campaign at Versailles, that "the monuments of *his* master's actions were to be seen everywhere but in his own house."

He continued to reside in France, with but two short intervals

—one for a mission to see King William at Loo, on some matters connected with diplomacy, the other when, in default of work for him at Paris, he was called over to take the Under-Secretary's portfolio in Lord Jersey's office. The curious in England were very inquisitive as to what business could have gained Prior admittance to the monarch's favourite retirement, and the conference has been considered evidence of his statesmanlike qualifications. His return home was rumoured to be connected with a negotiation of marriage between himself and the Lady Falkland. Whether there was any ground for the report does not appear. Poor Prior, at all events, never had the good fortune to contract so important an alliance. Indeed, it would seem that he was unhappy in his attachments. He had, at least once already, paid his addresses, during the leisure of a Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber—their object being Mrs Singer, subsequently the celebrated Mrs Rowe; while, from Mrs Bessy Cox, who did respond more favourably, his friends thought him fortunate in being emancipated, even by the last resource of dying. He was soon summoned back to Paris, from the caresses of society in London. To be employed at all is no disagreeable lot in life; but to be employed, as Prior was, with his love for high and refined society, delightfully, is rare good fortune. We should remember what sort of mind and tastes his were—we should, indeed, read a page of his poetry—before we regret that a poet's life should have been frittered away in the puerilities of diplomacy. Yet we must not underrate his court poetry. In those times of imaginary politeness and serious politics, a poet in office was considered indebted to the king or his ministers in so many bundles of panegyrics or condolences, just as if he had been a very laureate. But Prior laid his tribute before the throne with a frankness and elevation of tone, which showed it not to be wrung unwillingly from him, but to be a spontaneous offering.

The character of the king, as a general and sovereign, spite of forbidding and uncourtier-like traits in his ordinary demeanour, might have provoked a man of lower endowments to poetry. Even Johnson is forced to allow, when speaking of the Carmen Secretary of 1699, that William was, in his public character, heroic, and that Prior may have told the truth, when he declared that, while he praised others out of compliance with fashion, he lauded Orange from inclination. The latter poem itself is too laborious, after the manner of odes generally, and specially those of his age, to be read with pleasure now, let alone the wearisome mimicries of Horace. Still it has some fine lines, contrasting with William's more complete character, as he thought, the mixture of iron and clay in Roman heroes. He proceeds in a noble strain:—

"With justest honour be their merits dressed;
But be their failings too confessed:
Their virtue, like their Tiber's flood,
Rolling its course, designed the country's good.
But oft the great and too impetuous speed,
From the low earth tore some polluting weed;
And with the blood of Jove there always ran,
Some viler part, some tincture of the man."

This is exalted for the professional wit and inditer of clever epigrams; yet people in this day may be pardoned for not searching a poem, and that, too, an ode, of some five or six hundred lines, for some few passages of this calibre. But why the "English Ballad on the Recapture of Namur" has not kept its popularity, it is much harder to explain. Perhaps, as in the City and Country Mouse, the labour of hunting out the parallelisms of a parody of a poem, itself now not generally read, may be the reason. At all events, there is a freshness and animation in these verses, which is perfectly admirable. In lieu of thought, there is what is no such bad substitute sometimes, true ardour and zeal for his subject. There is abundance of effervescence, if there be scarcely genuine poetic fire. The art visible in all the poets since Shakespeare, with hardly an exception of Milton in his exquisite "Comus," or of Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," for once gives way here to open daylight and plain sound English, which had been well-nigh superseded by the poetic diction of the age borrowed from the Elizabethan era.

Prior's change of party is a fact of history, nor is there any mystery in it which needs explanation. He was no hero of political purity, no originator of a theory of the constitution and of government. The value of any criticism on his life must consist in the clearness with which it shows him to have been simply a representative character, representing that and the clever men of his age. He was not sufficiently energetic for the bar; nor could the son and nephew of tradesmen have gained ready admission to the court. From Parliament, as a profession, he was excluded by the same deficiencies which unfitted him for the Temple or Lincoln's Inn. But he chanced to have that very common combination—a taste for the glitter of a courtier's life, and abilities for the busy idleness of bureau statesmanship. His powers, such as they were, were well attempered, and in perfect unison. Poetry and patronage were the regular and legitimate resource then for men of good education, narrow means, and aspirations for society superior to their own rank. Prior, therefore, became a poet, having not indeed any large portion of inspiration, but natural wit, and an especial taste for Horace, the hierophant of the mysteries of court versification;

and Dorset and Fleetwood Shepherd had the honour of lighting upon him for a protégé and client. The days and the characteristics of Charles' reign passed away. The court, as a court, no longer absorbed all the talents of the nation. Sedley, and Buckhurst, and Wilmot, could no longer affect, with repute, to blaspheme. But the people, though not now feeling content to be beaten and insulted by a gang of young nobles, who esteemed it fashionable to play the ruffian, had yet in it too much of the impulse of the Restoration, to refuse to let the same men subside from oligarchs into ministers and ambassadors. Their followers, in turn, were compelled to become politicians with their patrons; and Prior, without abnegating his character of a wit, grew in time into a minister plenipotentiary.

But he had betaken himself to politics as the profession, in those times, of a wit and a poet. He had no sympathy with the fervour of either of the two religious parties, if, indeed, he could comprehend their point of view. His political tenets were not much more clearly defined than his religious, though he does seem to have had a practical liking for the oligarchical system succeeding the expulsion of the Stuarts. It was his intimacy with some of the chief agents in that event which had engaged him in his first literary performance, and which carried him on in the same track. Even his strongest sentiment in sympathy with 1689, viz., admiration for the great qualities of William, was itself of the same personal sort. But political partizanship, grounded merely on personal associations, nor cemented by reminiscences of personal risks and triumphs in the strife and struggles of great principles, is most unsteady.

His defection occurred the year after his election for East Grimstead, in Sussex, and his appointment as Locke's successor at the Board of Trade. The occasion seems to have been the motion for a Bill of Impeachment against the privy councillors, who had irregularly connived at William's conclusion of the Partition Treaty. On the same occasion, a future friend, destined, by the baleful lustre of his genius and ambition, to ruin the hopes of the Tories, Henry St John, made himself remarked. It has been supposed that Prior has recorded his own original dislike of that convention, spite of the part he had himself taken in it, in "The Conversation."

"Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
Ne'er much approved that mystic league."

But, as this is said in the character of a false pretender to intimacy with the negotiator, and the next couplet—

"In the vile Utrecht treaty too,
Poor man! he found enough to do,"

is an attack upon what he most certainly had advised, just the contrary inference should, perhaps, be drawn. If we must be uncharitable—as is thought sometimes to be indispensable in history—his conduct, taken in connection with the rather suspicious circumstances of his subsequent relations with the Whig ministry, on the fall of the Tory cabinet, may be tolerably plausibly ascribed to a fear that, from the mechanical share he himself had taken in the transaction as secretary to the king, occasion might be taken by his enemies of the time being, for involving him in the criminality. But explanations, when we once allow the possibility of perfidy, are endless. A quarrel with, or jealousy of the grandeur of his old school-fellow, Charles Montague, would be as probable as any; only, unfortunately, it has not the least basis of proof to rest upon. It will be best to leave the matter to be explained by a combination of motives—a little fear of the odium waiting upon a sinking party, long-accumulating discontent at the superior rank of old acquaintances, a faint conviction of the impropriety of unconstitutional measures in politicians, who had expelled a sovereign on this plea, and, finally and chiefly, the formation of new connections.

His vote against Somers and Montague clearly indicated his defection, but he had never at any time sufficiently compromised himself as a partizan, to be open now to revilings as an apostate. His present change was one rather of connections than of principles, and even this, of relations with the statesmen at the head of the Whig party, rather than its literary champions. Scarcely, even in the heat—if the term can be used of a cold diplomatist—of party controversy, during the latter years of Queen Anne, did Prior engage himself to pre-Revolution doctrines. For a long time he even seems, notwithstanding what Pope asserts to the contrary, to have maintained his acquaintance and co-operation with many of the subordinates in the party he had left—men who had, like himself, taken to politics as the proper profession now for men of intellect—persons like Stepney, who, on his death in 1717, associated his two now estranged school-fellows in his will, bequeathing to Halifax books and a gold cup, to the other fifty guineas. We find, even so late as the year 1700, in the very midst of the contest between the two factions, when Harley and his friends—the friends of Prior—had been ejected from office by a coalition of Whigs and liberal Tories, the "Phædra," a play of Edmund Smith's, brought out under the direct and united auspices of him and Addison.

If he had changed from motives of interest, he was rightly punished with a long interval of enforced leisure. He was even repulsed in 1701, when his new allies were in place, in an application for the Keepership of the Records at Whitehall, vacant by

the death of Sir Joseph Williamson—a circumstance alluded to in Addison's answer in the "Whig Examiner" to his criticism on Garth's verses, where it is insinuated that his bitterness against the quondam Tory, Godolphin, was not purely patriotic. Literature, and plots, and all the multifarious trivialities of a man of fashion occupied him, whether voluntarily or otherwise, for nine or ten years. Some of his time was given up to the unmeaning dissipation of the period. Yet he was not a noted tavern-haunter, like Smith, or even a man to delight, as did Addison, in spending whole days and nights in a coffee-house. He preferred privacy in his pleasures, and the character of his wit was better suited for the meetings of a select club, or the *salons*, than for the confusion and publicity of the favourite resorts of that age. The lodgings in Duke Street, Westminster, were often glorified by the presence of Addison himself, and Swift and Steele, who all, at times, could merge the excrescences of political hostility in the common brotherhood of literary genius. At some of these meetings the conspiracy of Isaac Bickerstaff's predictions against the astrologer Partridge's peace of mind, and belief in his own existence—conceived by the same quick fancy which forged the idea of Lilliput and Brobdignag—was elaborated and picked out, as it were, by the others, assisted by Rowe, not yet a Whig, and Yalden, a consistent Tory, both old—Westminster men.

Thus, between the pleasures of literary idleness in the society of his acquaintances in town, and the houses of Lord Dorset, Fleetwood Shepherd, near Stamford, and Sir Thomas Hanmer's, at Euston, Prior seems to have passed the greater part of these years. Some of the interval he spent in his rooms at St John's, where, no doubt, he was duly admired as a great politician and London wit. Yet, with all these varied sources of interest, the late diplomatist repined at being without employment. He always rather enjoyed the bustle and the minutiæ of a legation, his commissionership, in which he had been confirmed on the accession of Anne, being all but a sinecure. Besides, he had an inclination to chronic fears of poverty, though, according to his friends' testimony, totally devoid of the prudent habits by which it might have been avoided. Rather later, responding to an invitation to Euston, he complains, that "he does not perceive that his fortune does any way intend to lessen his liberty,' and commissions Hanmer to get him, not only "a pretty nagg," but also any available "Welch widow, with a good jointure." The narrowness of his circumstances, at the same period, appears even to have made him hesitate about declining an offer of a secretaryship to the Bishop of Winchester, with, seemingly, a kind of general agency in the estates of the see. He certainly had weighed the matter in his own mind, and was decided against accepting,

by hearing that the income was much less than what report made it, and from fear of compromising his prospects with a liberal Tory ministry. He expresses himself vexed at the rumour that he was to "sett up High Church, and cut down all the bishop's woods into fagotts to burn dissenters."

Indeed, the first cabinet of Queen Anne's reign had been formed on Tory principles; and though, with many questions turned into open ones, to let in the new partizans of the Duke of Marlborough discontented with the regular Tories, it had still sufficiently retained its original character to allow the regretful envoy to hope a restoration to the dignity and emoluments of the representative of a great nation. The successes of Marlborough left no scope for abilities so peculiarly adapted as were Prior's, for the atmosphere of the Paris and Versailles of Louis XIV.'s epoch. On the rupture of the Tories, he attached himself, gradually more and more, to the faction of Harley and St John—not from any especial devotion to their principles, but from the courtesies of which these leaders were so prudently profuse to all men of letters. The death of Dorset in 1706, and of Stepney in 1707, left their friend more at liberty to follow his own bent. Some feeling of disappointment may, it is more than probable—as has been already suggested—have combined, with his intimacy with the conspirators and intuitions of St John's talent for government, to carry him over as a professed member of opposition, on the catastrophe of Harley's plot against his Whig colleagues in 1706.

He was not ordinarily inclined to exult much in the triumph of his friends or the fall of his opponents; so that we must not expect songs of victory on the virtual defeat of the persecutors of Dr Sacheverell; but, for a time, he certainly let himself be borne away by the violence of his associates, being one of those Tories who sympathized with the wrath of the October Club, at the lenity displayed to their foes by Harley. When the "Examiner" was set up by St John, who at first conducted it, Prior was enrolled among the contributors, and signalised his accession by a contemptuous critique of Dr Garth's verses to Godolphin on the loss of his white staff.

The keen epigramatic genius of Prior was concentrated and brought to bear upon the most vulnerable points in the enemy's ranks by the Secretary, a most complete master of all the artillery of political literature. Yet, notwithstanding the poet's zealous co-operation in the earlier numbers of the "Examiner, this kind of warfare does not appear to have suited his capacity. We miss, even in Addison's answer, the graceful tact and the neatness of his sarcastic humour. He was not better adapted for a hand to hand combat in letters than in Parliament. His satire

is obscure, and even the virulence clumsy. His opponent was not more fitted for such a situation. He was too open to attack himself, and too self-conscious to take up any of those positions in such conflicts, where only, with some risk of personal exposure, any great injury can be done to the adverse side. He could point and wing a javelin, but not "the clumsy sort of sledge-hammer retort" which Swift, without a fear, and scarce an effort, could heave at ancient friend and ancient foe. His talents had soon a more congenial sphere created for them in his beloved diplomacy by the peculiar policy of his adopted party. Till the time was ripe, he murmured at the "dreams of cockets, and dockets, and drawbacks, and jargon," by which, as Commissioner of Customs, he declared himself to be haunted, made smart epigrams, organised clubs, and did much of the work of an agent among the polite and fashionable adherents of his two chiefs.

This was the age of epigrams. Society was a more important element in the life, especially, of politicians and authors, then than now. Newspapers had not yet begun to report faithfully the heaviest and the longest speeches for future reference, so that oratory, to be remembered, had to be terse and pointed, rather than elaborate and argumentative. Further, the author had not then a large reading public at his beck and call; for, even in the upper classes, books were not thought a necessary of life. A bon mot, on the other hand, travelled with the swiftness of every sedan chair, and made its inventor a famous man where he most desired to shine. The example of France, even the prevalence of the French language, encouraged this taste; and the keenness of political contests, with the concentration of a man's political and social life, made that kind of literary ability, which can embalm a party cry or invective in a stanza, quite invaluable. Luttrell, the celebrated wit of the commencement of the present century, and the poet Moore, flourished in a period at once of great political and literary impulse, but the progress of general education and of journalising made that time far different from the otherwise corresponding era of Anne's reign. Luttrell did not devote his powers to politics, and Moore's squibs, though animated and smart, read too often like versified and be-chorussed leaders of the "Times" or "Chronicle," which had commonly furnished their text.

Prior's powers as a wit were employed by his party, but the policy of its leaders soon created scope for his services in diplomacy. Peace with France had been, since the Revolution, a rooted sentiment of the Tory party; but the recent Whiggism of Marlborough, the only consummate general England possessed, rendered negotiations—at least so thought a hostile cabinet—now inevitable. The nation, however, could not bear the thoughts of resigning the fruits of an incomparable series of victories, even

while it murmured at the expenditure of which they were the result.' To despatch, then, a formal embassay on a contingency, and, with all the circumstances of publicity, to insult as it were the Whigs, was too perilous an enterprise for an unstable cabinet. They gave Prior a secret commission to prepare the way for regular negotiations. The whole transaction was, however, bruited abroad through his detention on his return from Paris in company with Mesnager and Gaultier, by the officious patriotism of some provincial politicians. We can imagine how the ancient city of Canterbury (though other accounts represent Deal as the scene of the incident) would exult, and in what a strain of self-gratulation it would indulge itself, at the capture at last, of the celebrated Mr Matthew Prior, so long a suspected character, in the company of a notorious French Abbé, and what occasion for murmurs at a Tory and Popish Government the order in Council for their release would furnish. The "New Journey to Paris," by the Sieur de Baudrier, was indited by Swift in ridicule of the monstrous reports to which so clandestine an expedition soon gave rise. The quiet demureness of the satire is first-rate, as is the picture of the airs of the pretended narrator, whom we discover from internal evidence, to have been the envoy's prying valet. It had, at all events, the effect of habituating the town to the idea, at least, of peace, and precipitated the preliminaries.

Next to St John, Prior was the most active and conspicuous personage throughout these negotiations. It was at his house in Duke Street that the managers of the preliminaries met; and he signed the articles along with the privy councillors. Often, after the business of the day was over, did the aspiring Secretary of State resort to these same lodgings in quest of "cold bladebone of mutton at the hour of midnight, dispatched after the drudgery of office, with much talk," and that, often, we suspect, not of the gravest or most statesman-like character. The poet was even named Ambassador Extraordinary, to act at Utrecht with the Resident, Lord Strafford; but the indignation of the Lord of Raby justified Swift's apprehensions, and hindered the ratification of the nomination. He was consoled by being selected, as of right, to attend his chief and boon companion, the "all-accomplished" Secretary of State, to Paris, where he partook in the glory of a deliverer of a harassed nation from an internecine war. On his own account he was acceptable to Louis and his court. The monarch had the generosity, or prudence, to forget, if he had ever heard,[1] as well certain other verses, as

[1] A remark of Voltaire (Lettres sur les Anglais) suggests a simple, though less pleasing explanation of the king's magnanimity,—viz., that, up to the time of the poet's last visit to France, Paris was not aware that he had ever written verses. It is, however, hard to reconcile this with other facts.

the advice how without risk to earn the laurels of a martial king:—

> "Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
> For panegyric writing?
> They know how heroes may be made
> Without the help of fighting."

The correspondence of Bolingbroke, on the return of the latter to England, throws light upon the poet's character in this the most exalted scene of his career. He was not a great master of the art of letter-writing, but neither were his immediate coevals. It is noteworthy that, as his age was the age of epigrams, so it was reserved for the next, which had lost this secret (for we find a bluntness even in Pulteney's bon mots), to excel in epistolography. Nowhere can be discovered more exquisite models of this branch of literature than in the correspondence of Pope, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, (both, though contemporaries of Prior, in a literal sense, belonging more properly to the era of the Georges), Gray, and Horace Walpole. The letters of the famous men of Anne's reign, of Swift, and Bolingbroke, and Prior, are stiff and spoiled by classical quotations, and stilted attempts now and then at being lively, while their epigrams and sayings are pointed and as happy as can be. The distinction was owing to the influence of the social element in both epochs, and to its having been called out and developed at the respective periods for different objects. A good epigram is, in its own way, as certain evidence of the prominence of the social phase of an age as a picturesque style in letter-writing. Its smartness and pungency require a highly educated audience. That is not enough by itself. The audience must be composed of persons living so familiarly together, as at once and simultaneously to catch the glancing of an insinuation. Again, as has been already suggested, a perfect epigramatic style implies, as precedent to its formation, large enough an audience and keen enough an interest in their neighbours' concerns, to reward the inventor's pains. The age of Marlborough, and Addison, Wharton, and Bolingbroke, was such. Politics were become the sport and excitement for a number of leaders of society—the plotters in drawing-rooms as well as in cabinets. But the interests with which they played and coquetted were national; the heart of a whole people was the source on which they depended, and the throb and flutter of the pulse of ministries. But the very universality of the excitement destroyed the ease and freedom of society, while it infused a tone of hurry and agitation. Many instruments and agents were required to meet the demands of national and party enterprises, and each claimed, and, from the nature of the warfare, in which the engines were secret history and personalities, was necessarily

allowed an equal footing in society. But that perfect reciprocity of sympathy and even prejudices, that feeling that the relations of the writer and reader are settled once for all, whether they be those of mutual equality, or the reverse, and that rank and position are recognized and certain, all necessary conditions of perfection in a correspondence, were altogether wanting between the tradesman's son and the masters of Mortimer and Battersea. Hence, in these letters of Prior to St John, there is something of an appearance of effort at freedom in the familiarity. It is only when he talks of common acquaintances that this vanishes.

Otherwise, they are curious records of the business of the representative of a powerful nation in these days of intrigue. They throw much light on the real functions of a plenipotentiary in that age, if not in all, pending the negotiations for a great European peace. The proofs of the servile dependence of the minister at Paris for instructions from home on every single point, however trivial, diminish our wonder at the phenomenon of so unstatesmanlike a personage as the poet, having been placed in so important a station. He was, with two short intervals, when Bolingbroke and the Duke of Shrewsbury were at Paris, minister plenipotentiary. On the departure of the latter he actually assumed the public character of ambassador; nevertheless, his correspondence with the Secretary of State is filled throughout the entire period with details of petty vexations, little triumphs, and little duties. The letters chiefly refer to events subsequent to his visit to England in October 1712. We hear incidentally about that visit, that stocks rose on his arrival, and that he went up to Cambridge to display the plenipotentiary to his wondering brother-fellows, and how the Master of St John's, to show he at least was not dazzled, let the minister *stand* before his elbow chair, and how the minister, in his indignation, indited an epigram to the effect that the dignitary should not have *his* interest for a bishopric.

He returned to France, to be harassed with a whole host of minute perplexities. His complaints that his salary was always in arrear, and the murmurs at the ambiguity of his position, as envoy with full powers at one time, and at another (during, *i.e.*, Shrewsbury's residence in Paris) having no definite name, though with a public commission, are quite distressing. Along with nearly every official despatch to the Secretary of State, is an epistle from "Matt to Harry," detailing his embarrassment from want of equipages. Every now and then he affects to despise the parade of a public entry into Paris, except for the honour of England and the Queen's commission. In March all his querulous questions are answered by Lord Dartmouth, the Secretary of State for France, with a reproof of his craving to be

made part of the spectacle on the entry of the Duke of Shrewsbury. He had been allowed a sum of money for equipage when only secretary to the Earl of Portland, at the peace of Ryswic; he is now censured for supposing his commission gives him any representative character, and informed, that he need only assist at the ceremonial as a private gentleman. "Did I ever desire to be a lion in Arabia," he cries to St John, in a burst of hurt pride and indignation, "any more than to be an ambassador at Paris?" His friend "Harry," who to every disappointed applicant for Government patronage was always profuse in his expressions of sympathy and readiness to aid, were it not for the senior partner in the firm (Harley), had often reiterated, "My friendship, dear Matt, shall never fail thee; employ it all, and continue to love Bolingbroke." Now, he advised him not to ask for such things, but to get them on credit. Poor Matthew did this to his cost, finding, on the fall of his patrons, that he was held personally liable. In April 1713, however, the old querulousness breaks out. "Those people, you know," he writes, "who are curious and impertinent enough upon such heads, begin to question me so closely, that I sometimes wish I knew how to turn the discourse;" and in July he feelingly complains, that "if he be left plenipotentiary, he must have a house and a parson." His troubles were considerably lessened in September, for his friend had now become Secretary of State for the half of Europe, in which France was included, and the envoy seems to have been told, in St John's magnificent way, to get all that he wanted on credit, for he bemoans, with manifest vanity, the necessity of keeping "ten horses in his stables, and knaves in proportion," while we know that no part of all this splendour was as yet paid for, even the salaries of the State messengers being in arrears.

His public business consisted mainly of learning and transmitting the propositions of the French ministry, not in discussing or arguing on them. His less mechanical duties, besides the constant source of employment and meditation which his unsatisfied wants in the way of services of plate and coaches supplied him with, concerned the maintenance of the national glory, by hospitality to foreigners and Englishmen, the transaction of Bolingbroke's private business at the French court, and the distribution of his presents to the ladies and others of his acquaintance, or the care of providing truffles for the Queen's kitchen. The latter subject is most prolific of ministerial despatches. The history of the truffles was this: Mme. de Tencin

event we have the mysterious announcement in an epistle from him: "the Queen liked them, wished them *marbré* within; I give you the hint." Hence more truffles, and fervent thanks from Paris for "the hint as to the *marbré* in truffles; non sunt contemnenda quasi parva sine quibus magna constare non possunt." Prior recompensed his friend's kind offices in this negotiation with the sovereign's palate, by undertaking the apportionment of the former's gifts among his fair or political allies in France. There is much correspondence on the important subject, the cargo being composed of honey-water, sack, and "eau de Barbade," and several high dames having, it appears, equal claims in a share of the "Nectareous liquor eau de Barbade" (King's Toast), known to us under a less recondite name. "I protest," writes St John, "I contributed to make the partition of Europe without being so much at a loss as I should be how to make that of this cargo!"

His interest with great men was doomed to be short-lived. A blight was about to fall upon all his political prospects. Harley and St John had quarrelled; and the hopes of foes and fears of friends rose to a tremendous height. Prior had often vaunted his preference of "some small establishment at home" to all his ministerial grandeur, and indulged in affected regrets for the modest poverty of Duke Street. Still the Queen's illness, in January 1716, had struck him with a panic, and induced the trite but well-founded foreboding—"if the prospect be dreadful to the masters of Mortemar Castle, Hinton St George, Stanton Harcourt, and Bucklebury, what must it be to friend Matt!" No sooner had this danger disappeared, than lo! in the very next month came the terrible rumour of a schism in the Tory party. "We have reports here," he says, on March 3, 1716, "that frighten me all day, and keep me awake all night;" and which compelled him "to put his mind into 10,000 postures, as the caprice of every man that comes from the enchanted island (England) requires." Then again, ignoring his old cravings for a lowly retreat, he encourages himself and his chief to determine to make their retreat, respectively, to Bucklebury and St John's, "as late as possible," while he urges upon the Secretary, that, "though it may look like a bagatelle, what is to become of a philosopher, when that philosopher is Queen's plenipotentiary and on such an occasion, and friend of one of the greatest men in England, one of the finest heads in Europe," he should not be left to the ostentatious patronage of a Frenchman (de Torcy, who had offered to remind "Robin and Harry" of his claims). He disdains the Baden legation, and even a Commissionership of Trade, "having been put above himself, and not liking to return to himself." In vain did his friend reiterate that, "though

he laugh at the knave and the fool who is advanced, he will never go about to disturb the only administration he ever liked, the only cause he ever can like." In vain did Prior urge the scandal of open quarrels between his masters at Whitehall, and bemoan his own ruin as involved in them; "Am I to go to Fontainebleau? Am I to come home? Am I to hang myself? From the present prospect of things, the latter begins to look most eligible." The rupture was to be; St John was to snatch the crown of victory from his rival Harley's hands, and find it transmuted in his own to a mere bunch of withered weeds.

In less than a month all the fears of the party were realized, the Tories convulsed by an internal revolution, and the Queen dead. Well might Prior have exclaimed with Lord Bolingbroke, "What a world is this! and how does Fortune banter us!" He lingered in Paris till March in the next year, in a sort of amphibious condition, between an ambassador and a political refugee, harassed by debts contracted to support the dignity of his station, and watched by his own countrymen as, perhaps, now already intriguing with the Pretender. It was a sad reverse, after having so gaily congratulated himself and the ministry on St John's "beautiful daughter, the peace," to be looked upon as a traitor for the very treaty which he had proposed should be depicted on medals, impersonated, and enthroned in a triumphal car, as "Pax missa per orbem." At last he was relieved from the legatine pillory by the arrival of Lord Stair as his successor, and the tardy payment of his debts, not the less tardy that Lord Halifax, his old schoolfellow, and who still called himself his friend, was King George's first Commissioner of the Treasury.

No bells were rung or bonfires lighted, on this occasion, on his arrival at Whitehall; but men's eyes were not the less fixed upon him with eager expectation. Without having ever been notorious for perfidy or caprice, still his political career had scarcely given evidence of any rigidity of principle. His partisanship had always seemed rather the result of personal connections and friendships than principle. His disposition was cold, and his intimates appear to have considered him, though careless, selfish. Enemies could not be blamed for hoping to intimidate or corrupt such a character, and they adapted their measures for both aspects of his temperament, committing him to the loose custody of a messenger in his own house, and inviting him to dinner at the house of Walpole. The most terrible evidence of the common opinion, even of his friends, as to his weakness of will, or bad faith, was that conveyed in the flight of Bolingbroke the very same night on which the news of this certainly most suspicious entertainment reached him. We are glad to find strong reasons for believing that his terror was groundless. Prior, if indeed he had really led

the Whigs to hope anything from his confessions, only pretended readiness to turn king's evidence to concentrate on himself exclusively their expectations of startling disclosures. He calculated that, if he, the confidant of the late cabinet in all the inmost mysteries of negotiation, should, when discovering all that he knew, be found to have revealed no plan bordering upon treason, the party would be cleared of criminality in the eyes of the nation. The details of the rage of the Whigs on discovering the trick played upon them, as furnished by the pen of the poet himself, are amusing and piquant. They vented their wrath on the author of the failure of the mighty secret committee, by voting him the honour of an impeachment. Perhaps for the humble poet and diplomatist this was the acmé of his glory. Still, though he never was in any fear for his life, notwithstanding his own account of the rise of his deafness, that "he had not thought of taking care of his ears, while not sure of his head," the wreck of his hopes as a politician, and the cloud under which he lay, seem to have weighed upon his spirits.

He remained under surveillance over two years, being discharged shortly after the passing of the Act of Grace in 1717, from which, however, he was excepted by name. At first he had attempted to make light of his misfortunes; the clever but unsystematic "Alma" was the production of this period; but the permanence of his equivocal position, aggravated by a constitutional cough, produced great dejection. In October 1716, he writes to Sir Thomas Hanmer, his steady friend, and too moderate a Tory, to have been dangerously implicated in the plots of his brother ministers:—"I have been for the last two years a stranger to health and pleasure;" and, in November of the same year, "Melancholy I can't help indulging even to stupidity." In fact, he had never been a sufficiently bold or earnest politician to be properly impressed with the grandeur of being a martyr to his maintenance of the tenets of the October Club, so long as the dignity interfered with his personal ease and comfort. His circumstances, besides, were bad, most of his little savings from official salaries having been swept away in 1711 in the failure of Stratford's bank. He was forced to meditate selling his house and effects. His friends, however, on hearing of his necessities, exerted themselves nobly. They were a numerous body. The correspondence with Bolingbroke had, indeed, never been renewed. In the dark suspicious mind of St John, an impression once planted unfavourable to a friend grew and grew till it overshadowed all his reminiscences of ancient kindness. His rage against the memory of Pope evinced this phenomenon of temperament. He seems, in the same manner, always to have recollected, with resentment, that the fear of Prior's disclosures was the im-

mediate cause of his own rash and ill-judged flight. But the closeness of the relations between Prior and Lord Harley, his rival's son, kept his anger fresh. Swift and Pope might remain on a friendly footing with the house of Oxford, yet be his friends; but the poet-diplomatist, always a sort of client of the fallen Lord Treasurer, was now become his attached and regular retainer. With the rest of the party, however, Whig persecution was accepted as sufficient testimony to the constant good faith, as well of Prior, as of the family of Harley. The halo of an impeachment hid all shortcomings.

Instead of a subscription, which would now be the course, an edition of his poems was proposed by Lewis and Arbuthnot, and strenuously furthered by Swift, Pope, and Gay. "No advertisements," writes the first mentioned, "are to be published, and the whole affair will be managed in a manner the least shocking to the dignity of a plenipotentiary." Besides the "Alma," the collection contained another new work, the fruit also of his imprisonment, "Solomon," his chief pride and boast, but, spite of Cowper's approbation, and some few dignified passages, an attempt quite beside, perhaps, beyond his powers. The design itself wants system, the poem being a sort of endeavour to embody "Proverbs" and "Ecclesiastes" in a romance, embellished with lively scenes and high-wrought descriptions of banquets so complete, that

"Not e'en the Phœnix scaped" (!)

Its great defects arise from the bard having no heart in what he portrayed, and, perhaps, but little comprehension of the grandeur of the sentiments he aspired to versify. The enterprise was undertaken in rivalry of Pope; and it is amusing to remark how petulantly he rejected the latter's preference of the Hudibrastic Alma. Pope judged rightly; he could also praise discreetly:—

"Our friend Don Prior told, you know,
A tale extremely à propos;"

and even the jealous author could, at times, criticise impartially, and in the same spirit, the child of his matured abilities—

"Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
Was much too grave to be sublime."

The collection produced L.4000, which, with the addition of the same sum lent by Lord Harley, in whom the estate, subject to the poet's life interest, was vested, purchased Down Hall in Essex.

He did not spend much of his time there. He divided his time, thenceforward till his death, chiefly between "the little house close to the noise of the Court of Requests," the man-

sions of Lords Harley and Bathurst, and St John's. He had steadily refused to resign his fellowship in the height of his fortunes (though making over the emoluments most generously to a deprived fellow, the learned Baker), replying to the railleries of friends on his pluralities, that it would procure him "bread and cheese at the last." The event had justified his prudence.

The "Brothers" still met occasionally, and he with them; but beclouded with thoughts of the "great Dean" fretting his soul away in Ireland, and of their founder, the aspiring secretary, an exile, and with the bar of treason on his scutcheon, treason to the king of the Whigs and the king of the Tories, the society pined and at length died out. Prior did not keep up his intimacy with the more professed political followers of St John, such as Wyndham; but a warm friendship subsisted between him, and, not only Hanmer, a type of the Hanoverian Tories, whose Conservatism was based on a firm acquiescence in the Revolution, as "un fait accompli," but even with that most learned and sagacious of plotters, Bishop Atterbury. The comfort and consideration which attended him at this period of his life, we might have anticipated would have satisfied the vanity and tone of epicureanism in his disposition. It certainly approached what he had himself often represented to his friends as his ideal of happiness. Nevertheless, we can detect, in his correspondence, the shadow of a lingering hope that he might once more rise into political consideration, not through any exertions of his own, or even the agency of the Tory party, but in the train of Lord Oxford. The South Sea bubble, indeed, at one time so endangered the credit of certain of the Whig ministers, that there grew up a vague anticipation of the late Lord Treasurer's restoration to his old authority. Prior hoped to share in his patron's prosperity, though not entertaining the same opinion with the public of that statesman's character. The contrast he draws between the popular explanation of all Lord Oxford's conduct as ruled by the laws of a profound cunning, and the fact known to his friends, that the apparent caution and astuteness was nothing but dilatoriness and indecision, is grotesque but true. The crisis passed by, and the rumoured sagacity had no opportunity for display.

The ex-diplomatist's regrets and longings, his querulousness at straitened means, and determination to enjoy to the full the pleasures within his reach, lasted till his death, which occurred shortly after this final disappointment. He left behind him the brief memory of a very every-day character, most remarkable in its contrast, with the grandeur of the scenes and circumstances in which he had figured as a principal agent. Both parties in turn reckoned him an active ally. He was the favourite, as a negotiator, of two sovereigns; one his own, the other an enemy.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, he was no statesman. In the golden age of our literature most eminent among poets, in his own day, confessedly, the first who introduced that more polished rhythm which the Rape of the Lock displays in its highest perfection, reckoned by Pope, who disliked him because of his quarrel with St John and Atterbury, along with Shakespeare, Spenser, and Dryden, among the eight "authorities for poetical language," vindicated fiercely by the truthful and natural Cowper from Johnson's "rusty fusty" remarks on Henry and Emma, and honoured in having furnished large stores of poetry to the tenacious memory of Scott, his claims to a lofty poetic fame have been disallowed by the popular judgment of posterity, and his most epigramatic love-odes neglected. Without thought or passion, no writer can long keep his rank among poets. He was more regularly engaged in politics than Swift. Some of his bon-mots, Hazlitt says, are the best that are recorded—yet who would dream of comparing the author of Drapier's Letters and Gulliver, with Prior, as a politician, or even as a wit. In poetry, he was no less famous in his own day than Pope; but thousands, it may be said without exaggeration, read and know Pope for one who has glanced through Prior. Even in the brilliant social epoch of Queen Anne's reign, he occupies no special, no individual position among the Dorsets, Montagues, and St Johns, with whom he familiarly associated. Scarcely an idea has been handed down to us of his very demeanour and general appearance. He did, said, and wrote many things, which are remembered; but he himself is not.

He died in 1721. He was attended to the grave by the cold regret of his once enthusiastic friend, Lord Bolingbroke, at his having been left by his wealthy patrons to comparative poverty, and by Atterbury's excuses for being kept away by a cold. He had himself to remind posterity by a bequest for a sumptuous monument in the Abbey, who he was, and what he was.

ART. IV.—1. *Account of the Life and Writings of Thomas Brown, M.D.* By Rev. D. WELSH. 1825.

2. *Edinburgh University Essays*, 1856. *Art. VII. Sir William Hamilton.* By THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES, LL.B.

IN the edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" now in the course of publication, there is a continuation of the Historical Dissertations on the Progress of Natural Philosophy; but, as yet, there has been no continuation of the Dissertations on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy. We are at this moment without an account of the phases which mental science has assumed of late years in Scotland. We are not, in this article, to attempt to supply this defect. We are to content ourselves with a sketch and a criticism of the two men who have exercised the greatest influence in a department in which Scotland has been allowed to excel. We are aware that Dr Thomas Brown and Sir William Hamilton, whom we place side by side, differ very widely from each other; but their peculiarities will come out more strikingly by the contrast; and it may be interesting, and instructive withal, to observe the one sinking as the other rises above the horizon.

There would be no propriety in giving a history of Dr Brown, since we have a full and admirable memoir in a work so accessible as his "Life" by Welsh, and an excellent compend of this in the short notice which prefaces the common edition of Brown's "Lectures." In regard to his younger years, it will be enough for us to mention, that he was born at Kirmabreck, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in January 1778; that his father, who was minister of that place, died soon after, when the family removed to Edinburgh; that he there received the rudiments of his education from his mother; that, in his seventh year, he was removed to London, under the protection of a maternal uncle, and attended successively schools at Camberwell, Chiswick, and Kensington, down to the time of the death of his uncle, in 1792, when he returned to Edinburgh, to reside with his mother and sisters, and begin his collegiate course in the University. He is described as a precocious child, and we can believe it. He was precocious all his life, and in everything. We have to regret that he did not take sufficient pains to secure that the flower which blossomed so beautifully should be followed by corresponding fruit. We can credit his biographer, when he tells us that he learned the alphabet at a single lesson; but we suspect that there must have been the prompting of some ministerial

friend preceding the reply which he gave, when he was only between four and five, to an inquiring lady, that he was seeking out the differences in the narratives of the evangelists. At school he was distinguished by the gentleness of his nature and the delicacy of his feelings; by the quickness of his parts, and particularly by the readiness of his memory; by his skill in recitation, and his love of miscellaneous reading, especially of works of imagination. Nor is it to be forgotten that he also gave promise of his genius for poetry, by verses which one of his masters got published, perhaps unfortunately for the youth in a magazine. He read with a pencil in his hand, with which he made marks; and, in the end, he had no pleasure in reading a book which was not his own. He began his collegiate course in Edinburgh by the study of Logic under Finlayson; and having, in the summer of 1793, paid a visit to Liverpool, Currie, the biographer of Burns, introduced him to the first volume of Stewart's "Elements." The following winter he attended Stewart's course of lectures, and had the courage to wait on the Professor, so renowned for his academic dignity, and read to him observations on one of his theories. Mr Stewart listened patiently, and then read to the youth a letter which he had received from M. Prevots of Geneva, containing the very same objections. This was followed by an invitation to the house of the Professor, who, however, declined on this, as he did on all other occasions, to enter into controversy. It is but justice to Stewart to say, that he continued to take a paternal interest in the progress of his pupil, till the revolt of Brown against the whole school of Reid cooled their friendship, and loosened the bonds which connected them. In 1796 he is studying law, which, however, he soon abandoned for medicine, and attended the medical classes from 1798 till 1803. At college, he received instructions from such eminent professors as Stewart, Robison, Playfair, and Black, and was stimulated by intercourse with college friends, such as Erskine, Brougham, Reddie, Leyden, Horner, Jeffrey, and Sidney Smith—all precocious and ambitious like himself, and who, in the "Academy of Sciences," debated on topics far beyond their years and their knowledge.

It was when Brown was at college, that Darwin's "Zoonomia" was published, and excited, by its superficial plausibility, an interest resembling that which the "Vestiges" has done in our day. Brown reads it at the age of eighteen, and scribbles notes upon it; these ripen into a volume by the time he is nineteen, and are published by him at the age of twenty. It is a remarkable example of intellectual precocity. In the midst of physiological discussions, most of the metaphysical ideas which he developed in future years are to be found here in the

bud. He considers the phenomena of the mind as mental states, speaks of them as "feelings," delights to trace them in their succession, and so dwells much on suggestion, and approaches towards the theory of general notions, and the theory of causation, expounded in his subsequent works. It should be added, that the book committed him prematurely to principles which he was indisposed to review in his riper years. It appears from a letter to Darwin, that, at the age of nineteen, he had a theory of mind which he is systematizing.

Out of the "Academy of Sciences" arose, as is well known, the "Edinburgh Review," in the second number of which there was a review, by Brown, of Viller's "*Philosophie de Kant.*" The article is characterized by acuteness, especially when it points out the inconsistency of Kant, in admitting that matter has a reality, and yet denying this of space and time, in behoof of the existence of which we have the very same kind of evidence. But the whole review is a blunder, quite as much as the reviews of Byron and Wordsworth in the same periodical. He has no appreciation of the profundity of Kant's philosophy, and no anticipation of the effects which it was to produce, not only on German, but on British thinking. Immersed as he was in medical studies, and tending towards a French Sensationalism, he did not relish a system which aimed at showing how much there is in the mind independent of outward impression. The effects likely to be produced on one who had never read Kant, and who took his views of him from that article, are expressed by Dr Currie: "I shall trouble myself no more with *transcendentalism;* I consider it a philosophical hallucination." It is a curious instance of retribution, that, in the succeeding age, Brown's philosophy declined before systems which have borrowed their main principles from the philosophy of Kant, and deal as largely with *à priori* "forms," "categories," and "ideas," as Brown did with "sensations," "suggestions," and "feelings."

We feel less interest than he did himself in two volumes of poetry, which he published shortly after taking his medical degree in 1803. His next publication was a more important one. The chair of mathematics in Edinburgh was vacant, and Leslie was a candidate. The city ministers attached to the Court party wished to reserve it for themselves, and urged that Leslie was incapacitated, inasmuch as he had expressed approbation of Hume's doctrine of Causation. It was on this occasion that Brown wrote his "Essay on Cause and Effect"—at first a comparatively small treatise, but swollen, in the third edition (of 1818), into a very ponderous one. It is divided into four parts; —the first, on the Import of the Relation; the second, on the

Sources of the Illusion with respect to it; the third, on the Circumstances in which the Belief Arises; and the fourth, a Review of Hume's Theory. The work is full of repetitions, and the style, though always clear, is often cumbrous, and wants that vivacity and eloquence which so distinguish his posthumous lectures. It is characterized by great ingenuity and power of analysis. He has dispelled for ever a large amount of confusion which had collected around the relation; and, in particular, he has shown that there is no link coming between the cause and its effect. He agrees with Hume, in representing the relation as consisting merely in invariable antecedence and consequence. In this he has been guilty of a glaring oversight. It may be all true, that there is nothing coming *between* the cause and its effect, and yet there may be, what he has inexcusably overlooked, a power or property in the substances acting as the cause to produce the effect. It is but justice to Brown to add, that, in one very important particular, he differs from Hume; and that is in regard to the mental principle which leads us to believe in the relation. This, according to Hume, is mere custom; whereas, according to Brown, it is an irresistible intuitive belief. By this doctrine, he attached himself to the school of Reid, and saved his system from a sceptical tendency, with which it cannot be justly charged. This irresistible belief, he shows, constrains us to believe that the universe, as an effect, must have had a cause. It is to be regretted that he did not inquire a little more carefully into the nature of this intuitive belief which he is obliged to call in, when he would have found that it constrains us to believe, not only in the invariability of the relation, but in the potency of the substances operating as causes to produce their effects.

We are not concerned to follow him in his medical career, in which he became the associate of the famous Dr Gregory in 1806. We are approaching a more momentous epoch in his life. Dugald Stewart being in a declining state of health, Brown lectured for him during a part of sessions 1808–9 and 1809–10; and, in the summer of 1810, Stewart having expressed a desire to this effect, Brown was chosen his colleague, and, from that time, discharged the whole duties of the office of Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Even those who have never seen him can form a pretty lively image of him at this time, when his talents have reached all the maturity of which they are capable, and his reputation is at its height. In person, he is about the middle size; his features are regular, and in the expression of his countenance, and especially of his eye, there is a combination of sweetness and calm reflection. His manner and address are somewhat too fastidious, not to say finical and feminine, for a philosopher; but the youths who

wait on his lectures are disposed to overlook this, when they fall under the influence of his gentleness, so fitted to win, and of the authority which he has to command. Expectation was on the tiptoe, and he fully met and gratified it. His amiable look, his fine elocution, his acuteness and ingenuity, his skill in reducing a complex subject into a few elements, his show of originality and independence, the seeming comprehensiveness of his system, and, above all, his fertility of illustration, and the glow, like that of stained glass, in which he set forth his refined speculations, did more than delight his youthful audience—it entranced them; and, in their ecstacies, they declared that he was superior to all the philosophers who had gone before him, and, in particular, that he had completely superseded Reid, and they gave him great credit, in that he generously refrained from attacking and overwhelming Stewart. He had every quality fitted to make him a favourite with students. His eloquence would have been felt to be too elaborate by a younger audience, and regarded as too artificial and sentimental by an older audience, but exactly suited the tastes of youths between sixteen and twenty. A course so eminently popular among students had not, we rather think, been delivered in any previous age in the University of Edinburgh, and has not, in a later age, been surpassed in the fervour excited by Chalmers or Wilson. There are men of sixty, still spared to us, who fall into raptures when they speak of his lectures, and assure the modern student, that, in comparison with him, Wilson was no philosopher, and Hamilton a stiff pedant. It should be added, that, when the students attending him were asked what they had got, not a few could answer only by exclamations of admiration, "How fine!" "How beautiful!" "How ingenious!" In those large classes in the Scottish colleges which are taught exclusively by written lectures, large numbers, including the dull, the idly inclined, and the pleasure-loving, are apt to pass through without receiving much benefit—unless, indeed, the professor be a very systematic examiner and laborious exacter of written exercises; and this, we rather think, Brown was not. As he left the impression on his students, that there was little wisdom in the past, and that his own system was perfect, he did not, we suspect, create a spirit of philosophic reading such as Hamilton evoked in select minds in a later age. But all felt the glow of his spirit, had a fine literary taste awakened by his poetical bursts, had their acuteness sharpened by his fine analysis, went away with a high idea of the spirituality of the soul, and retained through life a lively recollection of his sketches of the operations of the human mind. This, we venture to affirm, is a more wholesome result than is likely to be produced by what some would substitute for psychology in these

times, *à priori* discussions derived from Germany, or demonstrated idealisms spun out by an exercise of human ingenuity.

His biographer tells us that, on his appointment to the chair, he had retired into the country in order that fresh air and exercise might strengthen him for his labours, and that, when the session opened, he had only the few lectures of the previous winters; but such was the fervour of his genius and the readiness of his pen, that he generally commenced the composition of a lecture after tea and had it ready for delivery next day by noon, and that nearly the whole of the lectures contained in the first three of the four volumed edition were written the first year of his professorship, and the whole of the remaining next session. Nor does he appear to have re-written any portion of them, or to have been disposed to review his judgments, or make up what was defective in his philosophic reading. He seems to have wasted his life in sending forth volume after volume of poetry, which is, doubtless, beautifully and artistically composed, after the model of the English poets of the eighteenth century, but its pictures are without individuality, and they fail to call forth hearty feeling. Far more genuine poetical power comes out incidentally in certain paragraphs of his philosophic lectures than in whole volumes of his elaborate versification.

The incidents of his remaining life are few, but are sufficient to bring out the lineaments of his character. His chief enjoyments lay in his study, in taking a quiet walk in some solitary place, where he would watch the smoke curling from a cottage chimney, or the dew illuminated with sunshine on the grass, and in the society of his family and a few friends. Never had a mother a more devoted son, or sisters a more affectionate brother. In his disposition there is great gentleness, with a tendency to sentimentality; thus, on the occasion of his last visit to his native place, he is thrown into a flood of sensibility, which, when it is related in future years to Chalmers, on his happening to be in the place, the sturdier Scotch divine is thrown into a fit of merriment. We perceive that he is fond of fame and sensitive of blame, but seeking to cherish both as a secret flame; and that he is by no means inclined to allow any one to offer him counsel. In 1819, he prepared his "Physiology of the Mind," as a textbook for his students, and put it into the press the following winter. By the Christmas of that year he was rather unwell; in spring he removed for the benefit of his health to London, and died at Brompton in April 1820. His remains were deposited in the churchyard of his native place, beside those of his father and mother.

His lectures were published shortly after his death, and excited an interest wherever the English language is spoken, quite equal

to that awakened by the living lecturer among the students of Edinburgh. They continued for twenty years to have a popularity in the British dominions and in the United States, greater than any philosophical work ever enjoyed before. During these years most students were introduced to metaphysics by the perusal of them, and attractive beyond measure did they find them to be. The writer of this article would give much to have revived within him the enthusiasm which he felt when he first read them. They had never, however, a great reputation on the Continent, where the Sensational school thought he had not gone sufficiently far in analysis; where those fighting with the Sensational school did not feel that he was capable of yielding them any aid; and where the Transcendental school, in particular, blamed him for not rendering a sufficiently deep account of some of the profoundest ideas which the mind of man can entertain, such as those of space, time, and infinity. His reputation was at its greatest height from 1830 to 1835, from which date it began to decline, partly because it was seen that his analyses were too ingenious, and his omissions many and great; and partly, because new schools were engaging the philosophic mind; and, in particular, the school of Coleridge, the school of Cousin, and the school of Hamilton. Coleridge was superseding him by views derived from Germany, which he had long been inculcating, regarding the distinction between the Understanding and the Reason; Cousin, by a brilliant Eclectic system, which professedly drew largely from Reid and Kant; and Hamilton, by a searching review of Brown's Theory of Perception, and by his own metaphysical views promulgated in his lectures and his published writings. The result of all this was a recoil of feeling in which Brown was as much undervalued as he had at one time been overrated. In the midst of these laudations and condemnations, Brown's psychological system has never been completely reviewed. Now that he has passed through a period of undeserved popularity, and a period of unmerited disparagement, the public should be prepared to listen with candour to an impartial criticism.

The psychology of Brown may be summarily described as a combination of the Scottish philosophy of Reid and Stewart, and of the analyses by Condillac, Destutt de Tracy, and the higher philosophers of the Sensational school of France, together with views of the association of ideas derived from a prevailing British school. To Reid and Stewart he was indebted more than he was willing to allow, and it would have been better for his ultimate reputation had he imbibed more of their spirit, and adhered more closely to their principles. He admits everywhere with them the existence of principles of irresistible belief; for example, he comes

to such a principle when he is discussing the beliefs in our personal identity, and in the invariability of the relation between cause and effect. But acknowledging, as he does, the existence of intuitive principles, he makes no inquiry into their nature and laws and force, or (what has never yet been attempted) the relation in which they stand to the faculties. In this respect, so far from being an advance on Reid and Stewart, he is rather a retrogression. His method is as much that of Condillac and Destutt de Tracy as that of Reid and Stewart. He is infected with the besetting sin of metaphysicians, that of trusting to analyses instead of patient observation; and, like the French school, his analysis is exercised in reducing the phenomena of the mind to as few powers as possible, and this he succeeds in doing by omitting some of the most characteristic peculiarities of the phenomena. His classification of the faculties bears a general resemblance to that of M. de Tracy, the metaphysician of the Sensational school.[1] The Frenchman's division of the faculties is—Sensibility, Memory, Judgment, and Desire; Brown's is—Sensation, Simple and Relative Suggestion, and Emotion.

In estimating the influences exercised from without on Brown, we must further take into account, that ever since the days of Hartley, there had been a great propensity in Britain to magnify the power and importance of the Association of Ideas. Not only habit, but most of our conceptions and beliefs had been referred to it; Beattie and Alison, followed by Jeffrey, ascribed to it our ideas of beauty; and, in a later age, Sir James Macintosh carried this tendency the greatest length, and helped to bring about a reaction, by tracing our very idea of virtue to this source. It is evident that Brown felt this influence largely. Our intelligence

[1] Hereby hangs a tale. Professor James Mylne of Glasgow, resolved all the powers of the mind into Sensation, Memory, and Judgment—Emotion being represented as a conception with a sensation attached. There was a correspondence between this division and that of Brown, and yet neither could have borrowed from the other; Mylne, who never published his system, delivered it in lectures years before Brown was a professor. The general correspondence arose from both being influenced by de Tracy. This came out when the posthumous lectures of Prof. Young of Belfast, on "Intellectual Philosophy," were published (1835). The views there given had such a resemblance to those of Brown, that some of Brown's friends were inclined to regard him as having borrowed from Brown without acknowledgment. But the actual state of the case is, that Dr Young's lectures, written immediately after his appointment to the Belfast Academical Institution (1815), are largely taken from his preceptor, Mr Mylne, who was indebted to de Tracy. It is only justice to add, that all three were men of original and independent minds. Mylne was a clear, cool lecturer, and made his students think; but his system of morals was a utilitarian one of a low stamp, and, in his account of the human mind, he overlooked its noblest ideas. Young's lectures, which do not seem to have been carefully re-written, give no adequate view of one who was a man of fine parts and an orator, but who wasted his talents in "dining out," and unprofitable speechifying. It is a disgrace that there should be no epitaph over his grave but this, put up by some foolish fellow, "Young moulders here."

is resolved by him into Simple and Relative Suggestion. There is a flagrant and inexcusable oversight here. All that Association, or, as he designates it, Suggestion, can explain, is the order of the succession of our mental states; it can render no account of the character of the states themselves. It might show, for example, in what circumstances a notion of any kind arises, say our notion of time, or space, or extension, but cannot explain the nature of the notion itself.

But it will be necessary to enter a little more minutely into the system of Brown. From the affection which we bear to his memory, and bearing in mind that his views have never been used by himself or others to undermine any of the great principles of morality, we would begin with his excellencies.

In specifying these, we are inclined to mention, first, his lofty views of man's spiritual being. He everywhere draws the distinction between mind and body very decidedly. In this respect, he is a true follower of the school of Descartes and Reid, and is vastly superior to some who, while blaming Locke and Brown for holding views tending to sensationalism, or even materialism, do yet assure us, as Mr Morell does ("Elem. of Psychology," p. 78), that the essential distinction between mind and matter is now broken down.

We have already referred to the circumstance, that Brown stands up resolutely for intuitive principles. He calls them by the very name which some prefer as most expressive—"beliefs," and employs the test which Leibnitz and Kant have been so lauded as introducing into philosophy. He everywhere characterizes them as "irresistible"—a phrase pointing to the same quality as "necessary"—the term used by the German metaphysicians. No one—not even Cousin—has demonstrated, in a more effective manner, that our belief in cause and effect is not derived from experience. By this doctrine he has separated himself for ever from Sensationalists, and given great trouble to those classifiers of philosophic systems who insist, contrary to the whole history of British philosophy, that all systems must either be sensational or ideal. It is quite obvious that such men as Butler, Brown, and Chalmers, cannot be included in either of the artificial compartments, and hence one ground of their neglect by the system-builders of our age.

His whole account of sensation is characterized by fine analysis; and, in particular, his separation of the muscular sense from the sense of touch proper. About the very time when Sir Charles Bell was demonstrating, by anatomy, the distinction between the nerves of sensation and the nerves of motion, Brown was showing, on psychological grounds, how, by the muscular sense, we get knowledge which cannot be had from mere feeling or touch.

No doubt, Sir W. Hamilton has been able, by his vast erudition, to detect anticipations of these views (see Note D, appended to Reid); but they were never so clearly stated, nor so acutely elaborated.

Nor must we forget his ingenious and felicitous mode of illustrating the succession of our mental states. In this particular, were it only by his happy illustrations, he has made most important contributions to what he called the physiology of the mind. It is not to be omitted, that, while he illustrates the laws of suggestion under the three Aristotelian heads of Contiguity, Resemblance, and Contrast, he hints at the possibility of resolving the whole to a finer kind of contiguity—a doctrine which is an approach to the law of integration developed by Hamilton. It should be added, that he has a classification—crude enough, we acknowledge—of the secondary laws of suggestion, a subject worthy of being further prosecuted.

His manner of classifying the relations which the mind can discover, though by no means complete and ultimate, is, at least, worthy of being looked at, and is superior to what has, to some extent, the same end in view—the vaunted categories of Kant.

Some place higher than any of his other excellencies, his eloquent exposition of the emotions—an exposition which called forth the laudations both of Stewart and of Chalmers. We are not inclined, indeed, to reckon the principle which he adopts in dividing them—that of time—as the best; and we are sure that he includes under emotion much that should be placed under a higher faculty; still, his lectures on this subject contain much fine exposition, and are radiant all over with poetry, and will repay a careful reading, much better than many scholastic discussions such as it is now the custom to teach in the chairs of mental science. It would be injustice not to add, that he has some very splendid illustrations of Natural Theism, fitted at once to refine and elevate the soul. We have never heard of any youth being inclined towards scepticism or pantheism, or becoming prejudiced against Christian truth, in consequence of attending on, or reading the lectures of Brown.

Over against these excellencies we have to place certain grave deficiencies and errors.

First, we take exception to the account which he gives of the very object and end of mental science. It is, according to him, to analyse the complex into the simple, and discover the laws of the succession of our mental states. There is a grievous oversight in this representation. The grand business of mental science is to observe the nature of our mental states, with the view of classifying them, and rising to the discovery of the laws which they obey, and the faculties from which they proceed.

Taking this view, analysis becomes a subordinate, though of course an important instrument; and we have to seek to discover the faculties which determine the nature of the states, as well as the laws of their succession.

He grants that there are intuitive principles of belief in the mind; but he has never so much as attempted an induction of them, or an exposition of their nature, and of the laws which regulate them. In this respect he must be regarded as falling behind his predecessors among the Scottish metaphysicians, as he is in a still greater degree inferior to Hamilton—who succeeded him—in the estimation of students of mental science. The intelligent reader is greatly disappointed to find him, after he has shown so forcibly that there is an intuition involved in our belief in our personal identity and in causation, immediately dropping these intuitions, and inquiring no more into their nature.

In his analysis he often misses the main element of the concrete or complex phenomenon. In referring so many ideas to sensation, he omits to consider how much is involved in body occupying space, and how much in body exercising property; and, in the account of memory, he fails to discover how much is contained in our idea of time. Often, too, when he has accomplished an analysis of a complex state, does he forget the elements, and reminds us of the boy who imagines that he has annihilated a piece of paper when he has burnt it, forgetting that the elements are to be found in the smoke and in the ashes. Thus, in analysing our belief in personal identity, he comes to an intuitive belief or instinct, but no account is taken of that instinct in the summary of mental principles. It is by a most deceitful decomposition—it is by missing the very peculiarity of the phenomena, that he is able to derive all our intellectual ideas from sensation, and simple and relative suggestion.

Thus, he looks on consciousness merely as a general term for all the states and affections of mind; and then, in order to account for our belief in the sameness of self, he calls in a special instinct, which he would have seen to be involved in consciousness (always with memory), had he taken the proper view of consciousness—as an attribute revealing to us self and the states of self.

His doctrine of Perception has been severely criticised by Hamilton, and it is not needful to dwell on it. According to Brown, the mind, in perception through the senses, looks immediately on a sensation in the mind, and not on anything out of the mind. This, says Hamilton, is contrary to consciousness. We may add that, by adhering to this doctrine, he finds himself in great difficulties, in attempting to show how the mind can, from a knowledge of a mental state, which is not extended or

solid, ever rise to the knowledge of something extended and solid.

In supposing that our conceptions can be referred to suggestion, he is overlooking the characteristic of the conceptions. He takes no separate account of the fantasy, or imaging power of the mind, which pictures and puts in new forms our past experience by the senses and by self-consciousness; nor does he distinguish sufficiently between a conception, considered as a mere image or representation, and the abstract and general notion. Nor can his system admit of his giving any account of the genesis of some of the profoundest notions which the mind of man can entertain—such as those of space, and time, and substance, and infinity. In his view of cause, he is obliged to call in an intuitive belief; but he does not see that this belief declares that there is power in the substance, acting as a cause, to produce the effects. His analysis of reasoning has been declared defective, even by Mr J. S. Mill, and must be held as erroneous by all who maintain that there is need, in every argument, of a major term, explicit or implicit.

But his view of the motive and moral powers of man is still more defective than his view of the intellectual powers. Dr Chalmers has shown that he has overlooked the great truth brought out by Butler, that conscience is not only a power in the mind, but claims supremacy and authority over all the others. We hold that his account of the moral faculty is altogether erroneous, inasmuch as he represents it as a mere power of emotion, overlooking the necessary conviction and judgment involved in it. He is guilty of an equally fatal mistake, in describing will as the prevailing desire, and desire as a mere emotion. Nor is it to be omitted, that he does not bring out fully that the moral faculty declares man to be a sinner. He thus constructed an ethical system, and delivered it in Edinburgh—which sometimes claims to be the metropolis of evangelical theology—without a reference to redemption or grace. This has been the grand defect of the academic ethical systems, and especially of the systems taught in the Moral Philosophy Chairs of Scotland. No teachers ever inculcated a purer moral system than Reid, Stewart, and Brown; but they do not seem willing to look at the fact, that man falls infinitely beneath the purity of the moral law. They give us lofty views of the moral power in man, but forget to tell us that man's moral faculty condemns him. It is at this place that we may expect important additions to be made to the ethics of Scotland. Taking up the demonstrations of the Scottish metaphysicians in regard to the conscience, an inquiry should be made, how are they affected by the circumstance that man is a sinner? This was the grand topic started

by Chalmers, and which will be prosecuted, we trust, by other inquirers.

We are now to turn to a thinker of a different stamp. Brown and Hamilton are alike in the fame which they attained—in the influence which they exercised over young and ardent spirits—in the interest which they excited in the study of the Human Mind—and in their success in upholding the reputation of the Scottish Colleges for metaphysical pursuits: each had an ambition to be independent, to appear original, and establish a system of his own; both were possessed of large powers of ingenuity and acuteness, and delighted to reduce the compound into elements; and each, we may add, had a considerable acquaintance with the physiology of the senses; but in nearly all other respects they widely diverge, and their points of contrast are more marked than their points of correspondence.

They differed even in their natural disposition. The one was amiable, gentle, somewhat effeminate, and sensitive, and not much addicted to criticism; the other, as became the descendant of a covenanting hero, was manly, intrepid, resolute—at times passionate—and abounding in critical strictures, even on those whom he most admires.

As to their manner of expounding their views, there could not be a stronger contrast. Both have their attractions; but the one pleases by the changing hues of his fancy and the glow of his sentiment, whereas the other stimulates our intellectual activity by the sharpness of his discussions, and the variety and aptness of his erudition. The one abounds in illustrations, and excites himself into eloquence, and his readers into enthusiasm; the other is brief and cool—seldom giving us a concrete example—restraining all emotion, except it be passion at times—never deigning to warm the students by a flash of rhetoric—and presenting only the naked truth, that it may allure by its own charms. If we lose the meaning of the one, it is in a blaze of light, in a cloud of words, or in repeated repetitions: the quickest thinkers are not always sure that they understand the other, because of the curtness of his style, and the compression of his matter; and his admirers are found poring over his notes, as the ancients did over the responses of their oracles. The one helps us up the hill, by many a winding in his path, and allows us many a retrospect, when we might become weary, and where the view is most expanded; whereas the other conducts us straight up the steep ascent, and, though he knows all the paths by which others have mounted, he ever holds directly on; and if there be not a path made for him, he will clear one for himself. Both were eminently successful lecturers: but the one called forth an admiration of himself in the minds of his whole class; whereas

the other succeeded in rousing the energies of select minds, in setting them forth on curious research, and in sharpening them for logical dissection. One feels, in reading Brown, as if he were filled and satisfied—but sometimes, as he finds in the digestion, the food has been far from substantial: whereas we are forced to complain, in regard to Hamilton, that he gives us the condensed essence, which the stomach feels great difficulty in mastering. The one never coins a new technical word, when the phrases in current use among the British and French philosophers of the previous century will serve his purpose; the other delights to stamp his thoughts with a nomenclature of his own, derived from the scholastics or the Germans, or fashioned out of the Greek tongue;—and so the one feels soft as a bird of delicate plumage, whereas the other is bristling all over with sharp points like a porcupine. The works of the one remind us of Versailles, with its paintings, its woods, its fountains, all somewhat artificial, but beautiful withal; those of the other are ruled and squared like the Pyramids, and look as if they were as lofty, and must be as enduring.

Both were extensive readers; but the reading of the one was in the Latin Classics, and the works of the well-known authors of England and France in the last century; whereas the other ranged over all ancient literature, and over the philosophic systems of all ages and countries; and delighted supremely in writings which had never been read since the age in which they were penned; and troubled many a librarian to shake the dust from volumes which no other man had ever asked for; and must, we should think, have gratified the dead, grieving in their graves over neglect, by showing them that they were yet remembered. The one delights to show how superior he is to Reid, to Stewart, to the Schoolmen, to the Stagyrite; the other rejoices to prove his superior learning by claiming for old, forgotten philosophers the doctrines attributed to modern authors, and by demonstrating how much we owe to the scholastic ages and to Aristotle.

Both departed so far from the true Scottish School; but the one went over to France for refinement and sentiment, the other to Germany for abstractions and erudition. If Brown is a mixture of the Scottish and French Schools, Hamilton is a union of the Schools of Reid and Kant. Brown thought that Reid was over-estimated, and had a secret desire to undermine him, and Stewart with him; Hamilton thought that Brown was overrated, and makes no scruple in avowing that he labours to strip him of the false glory in which he was enveloped; and he took up Reid at the time he was being decried in Scotland, and allowed no man—but himself—to censure the common-sense philosopher. Brown had no sense of the merits of Kant, and

did his best (along with Stewart) to keep him unknown for an age in Scotland; Hamilton was smitten with a deep admiration of the great German metaphysician—helped to introduce him to the knowledge of Scottish thinkers—was caught in his logical network, and was never able thoroughly to extricate himself.

As to their method of investigation, both employ analysis as their chief instrument, but the one uses a retort and proceeds by a sort of chemical composition, while the other employs a lens and works by logical division. In comparison with Reid and Stewart, both erred by excess of decomposition and overlooked essential parts of the phenomenon, but the object of the one was to resolve all mental states into as few powers as possible, whereas the aim of the other was to divide and subdivide a whole into parts, which he again distributes into compartments of a framework provided for them. The one has added to the body of philosophy mainly by his acute analyses of concrete phenomena and by his illuminated illustrations of psychological laws; the other by his vast erudition, which enabled him to dispose under heads the opinions of all philosophers, and by his skill in arranging the facts of consciousness by means of logical division and distribution.

Brown acquired a wide reputation at an early date; but, like those showy members of the female sex who have many admirers but few who make proposals of union, he has had scarcely any professing to follow him throughout. His most distinguished pupil Dr Welsh, was possessed of a fine philosophic spirit, but abandoned Scotch metaphysics for phrenology and for theological and ecclesiastical studies. Several eminent men, not pupils, have been influenced by Brown. Payne's work on Mental and Moral Science is drawn largely from his lectures. Isaac Taylor, in his "Elements of Thought," has adopted some of his peculiarities. Chalmers had to prepare his lectures on Moral Philosophy when Brown's name was blazing high in Scotland, and feeling an intense admiration of his eloquence and of the purity of his ethical system, has followed him perhaps further than he should have done, but has been kept from following him in several most important points by his attachment to Reid and Butler. John Stuart Mill has got the very defective metaphysics which underlies and weakens much of his logic from his father, James Mill, from Brown, and from Comte. Still, Brown has no school and few professed disciples. It is different with Hamilton. His influence, if not so extensive—to use a favourite distinction of his own—has been more extensive. His articles in the "Edinburgh Review" were above the comprehension, and still further above the tastes of the great body even of metaphysical students in this country when they appeared twenty-five or thirty years ago. But

they were translated by M. Peisse into the French language, and there were penetrating minds in Britain, America, and the Continent which speedily discovered the learning and capacity of one who could write such Dissertations. By the force of his genius he raised up a body of pupils ready to defend him and to propagate his influence. He has at this present time a school and disciples, as the Greek philosophers had in ancient times, and as such men as Descartes, Leibnitz, and Kant, have had in modern times. His pupils employ his distinctions and delight in his nomenclature—their speech everywhere bewrayeth them. Some of them, it is true, remind us of a modern soldier in mediæval coat of mail, and move very cumbrously under the ponderous armour of their master, but, as a whole, they constitute an able and influential school of abstract philosophy. Some of them seem incapable of looking on any subject except through the well cut lenses which Hamilton has provided for them; others seem dissatisfied with his negative conclusions, and with his rejection *a la Kant* of final cause as a proof of the Divine existence, but do not seem to have the courage to examine and separate the truth from the error in that doctrine of relativity on which his whole system is founded.

While Hamilton has thus been establishing a school and acquiring an authority, it has not been without protest. In saying so, we do not refer to the criticisms of his attacks on the character and doctrines of Luther, which have been so powerfully repelled by Archdeacon Hare and others, but to opposition offered to his philosophic principles. There has been a general dissent even by disciples from his doctrine of causation, and, if this tenet is undermined, his elaborate scheme of systematised "Conditions of the Thinkable" is laid in ruins. A pupil has opposed his negative doctrine of the Infinite. Others, not pupils, have expressed doubts of his whole theory of relativity. Ubrici, in the leading philosophic journal of Germany, "Zeitschrift für Philosophie" (1855), has charged him with departing in his method from the stand point of Scotland, with giving in to the critical method of Kant, and ploughing with the German heifer, and alleges that he or his school must advance with Germany. As the unkindest cut of all, Mr Ferrier, who was supported by Hamilton in the competition for the Moral Philosophy Chair in Edinburgh when Professor Wilson retired, and with whom Hamilton (as he assured the writer of this article) was long in the habit of consulting, published the "Institutes of Metaphysic," which is a complete revolt against the whole Scottish Philosophy, and Kant was not more annoyed with the Idealism of Fichte than Hamilton was with the "Object *plus* Subject" of Ferrier.

We are to occupy the remainder of this article with a notice of the Life and Metaphysics (omitting the Logic) of Sir W. Hamilton.

We have an account of the principal external events of Hamilton's life in an article by his pupil Mr Baynes, in the "Edinburgh University Papers." He was the son of Dr W. Hamilton, an able professor of anatomy in Glasgow, and established his right to be regarded as the lineal descendant of Sir Robert Hamilton who commanded the Covenanters at Drumclog, and through him to be the representative of the Hamiltons at Preston, who claim to be descended from the second son of the progenitor of the Hamilton family. He was born at Glasgow in March 1788, lost his father in early life, was boarded some time with the Rev. Dr Summers at Mid-Calder, entered Glasgow College at the age of 12, was afterwards sent to a school at Bromley, and returned to Glasgow College, from which he was sent, on the Snell Foundation in 1809, to Oxford. The profession which he made on going in for his Degree was unprecedented for its extent. It embraced all the classics of mark, and, under the head of science, it took in the whole of Plato, the whole of Aristotle with his early commentators, the Neo-Platonists, and the fragments of the earlier and later Greek schools. His examination in philosophy lasted two days, and six hours each day, and he came forth from it showing that his knowledge was as accurate as it was extensive. In 1812 he went to Edinburgh, where he betook himself to the study of law, and entered the bar the following year. In 1821 he was appointed Professor of Universal History, and, in the discharge of his office, delivered learned lectures to a small but select audience. From 1826 to 1828 he wrote elaborate papers against Phrenology, and Combe, and Spurzheim, and, in preparing for them, he dissected several hundred different brains. In 1829 he wrote his famous article on Cousin and the Philosophy of the Unconditioned; in 1830 his article on Perception and on Reid and Brown; in 1833 that on Whately and Logic. In 1836 he was appointed Professor of Logic and Metaphysics. Having begun to prelect on Reid in his class, the effort ripened into his edition of Reid in 1846. In 1852 the "Edinburgh Review" articles were re-published with large additions in the "Discussions on Philosophy." By these works, and by his lectures, he has gained an influence in all countries in which philosophy is valued, and has founded a school which is likely to be predominant for several years in Scotland.

The writer of this article has a very vivid recollection of Sir William as he happened to pass into his class-room a year or two after his appointment. There was an evident manliness in his person and his whole manner and address. His features were

marked, he had an eye of a very deep lustre, and his expression was eminently intellectual. He read his lecture in a clear emphatic manner, without show, pretension, or affectation of any kind. His nomenclature sounded harsh and uncouth to one unacquainted with it, but his enunciations were all perspicuous and explicit. The class was a large one, numbering we should suppose between 150 and 200. At the opening there was a furious scribbling visible and audible by all the students, in their notebooks; but we observed that, as the lecture proceeded, one after another was left behind, and, when it was half through, at least one-third had ceased to take notes, and had evidently lost their interest in, or comprehension of, the subject. Unfortunately for the Scottish Colleges, unfortunately for the youth attending them, students enter the Logic Class in the second year of their course, when the majority are not ripe for it. A course of lectures, like that given in old time by Jardine of Glasgow, might be fit for such a class, but not a rigid course like that of Hamilton, who did, indeed, make his thoughts as clear as such profound thoughts could be made, but could not bring them down to the comprehension of a promiscuous class, of which many are under seventeen, and some under sixteen, or even fifteen years of age. But even among second year students there were every year a larger or less number who rejoiced to find that he first awakened independent thought within them, and who were ready to acknowledge ever afterwards that they owed more to him than to any other professor, or to all the other professors under whom they studied.

In his examinations he expected a sort of recitation of his lectures from the students. He also encouraged his pupils to submit to voluntary examinations on private studies undertaken by them. He prescribed essays on subjects lectured on, and in these essays he allowed great latitude in the expression of opinions, and some of his students, out of a spirit of independence or contradiction, would at times take up the defence of Dr Brown, and were not discouraged. All students of high intellectual power, and especially those of a metaphysical taste, received a stimulus of a very lofty kind from his lectures, and these examinations and essays. We suspect that some of the duller and idler passed through the class without getting much benefit. In his whole intercourse with young men there was great courtesy and kindness, and a readiness to appreciate talent and independent thinking wherever he found it. For a number of years before his death, Sir William was oppressed with infirmities and had to employ an assistant, and it was characteristic of him that he was in the habit of selecting for the office some one of those who had been his more distinguished students.

Of all thinkers Sir W. Hamilton was least disposed to call any one master, still there were influences operating on him. In estimating the forces which contributed to the formation of the character of such a man, perhaps as much is to be attributed to his antipathies as his predilections. His philosophy is a determined recoil against the method and systems of Mylne and Brown, the two professors, who, in Hamilton's younger years, were exercising the greatest influence on the opinions of Scottish students. So far as he felt attractions, they were towards Reid, the great metaphysician of his native college; Aristotle, the favourite at Oxford, where he completed his education; and Kant, whose sun was rising from the German ocean on Britain, and this, in spite of all opposing clouds, about the time when Hamilton was forming his philosophic creed. Professor Ferrier thinks that the "dedication of his powers to the service of Reid" was the "one mistake in his career;" to us it appears that it must rather have been the means of saving one possessed of so speculative a spirit from numberless aberrations. But Kant exercised as great an influence over Hamilton as even Reid did. His whole philosophy turns round those topics which are discussed in the "Kritick of Pure Reason," and he can never get out of those "forms" in which Kant sets all our ideas so methodically, nor lose sight of those terrible antinomies, or contradictions of reason, which Kant expounded in order to show that the laws of reason can have no application to objects, and which Hegel gloried in, and was employing as the ground principle of his speculations, at the very time when Hamilton aspired to be a philosopher. From Kant he got the principle that the mind begins with phenomena and builds thereon by forms or laws of thought; and it was as he pondered on the Sphinx enigmas of Kant and Hegel that he evolved his famous axiom about all positive thought lying in the proper conditioning of one or other of two contradictory propositions, one of which, by the rule of excluded middle, must be true. His pupils have ever since been standing before this Sphinx proposing, under terrible threats, its supposed contradictions, and are wondering whether their master has resolved the riddle. For ourselves, we maintain that the mind begins with the knowledge of things and not of mere phenomena; and that there are faculties which work on this, the laws of which are to be determined by induction; and we acknowledge no contradictions real or even seeming in the judgments of reason. The contradictions dwelt on by Kant and the Hamiltonians are contradictions merely in their mutilated mode of expressing the ideas of reason, and are not in the judgments themselves, which often indeed land us in mystery but never in contradictions.

We have an idea that Hamilton did at times set before him no lower a model to copy than Aristotle himself. We do not ground this opinion on such circumstances as the following:—That he is fond of expressing his admiration of Aristotle, and is in doubts whether Homer had, metaphysically speaking, a greater imagination than the peripatetic; that he had profoundly studied all the writings of Aristotle and has commented on several of them; that he feels a pride in telling us that he had collected a greater number of works illustrative of Aristotle than are to be found in any public library; that he can quote Themistius, Alexander, Ammonius, Simplicius, and Eurustratius, as readily as common men do Locke or Reid; and that he delights to show that the moderns have borrowed or stolen from the Stagyrite—some having so thieved without being suspected, and others having thieved at second hand, without knowing it. We found our conviction on positive resemblances in habit. Both are fond of opening their treatises with historical and critical notices of the opinions of previous philosophers, and, in doing so, are as much inclined to show wherein they differ from, as wherein they agree with, all other men; both usually commence their discussions with the definitions of terms; both proceed largely in the method of logical division, dissection, and distinction; both have a peculiar nomenclature, and an underlying system, by which they judge of every topic and of all opinions; and both delight in brevity, giving us but a proposition when we should have liked a paragraph, and a statement when we expect an explanation, and feeling aggrieved, and almost insulted, when they are asked to amplify or illustrate, to suit the capacities of weaker men. But, with their resemblances, there is at least one strong point of difference, and this is in favour of the ancient. Aristotle, considering the age in which he lived, was far in advance of Hamilton in his appreciation of physical science. We can conceive that, if Hamilton had lived in ancient instead of modern Athens—that, if he had, like Aristotle, studied under Plato—felt the influence left behind him by Socrates—been stimulated by the gymnastics of the Grecian sects—listened to the orators on Mar's Hill, and to the plays in the theatre—he might have executed much of the logical, metaphysical, grammatical, and critical work which Aristotle has done; but we cannot conceive him, in any circumstances, writing the treatises of natural history. We have often thought that Hamilton's mental philosophy would, with less appearance of completeness, have, in fact, been more satisfactory, if, along with his learning, in the technical sense of the term, and power of logical organization, there had been a greater appreciation of the method of induction, as illustrated (not in medicine and mesmerism, which

he did know), but in some of the more advanced of the physical sciences.

The intellectual features of Hamilton are very marked and prominent. The first characteristic is his high cognitive ambition. This was strikingly illustrated in the extent of reading which he professed at Oxford—being, in fact, all ancient literature, and the whole of ancient philosophy, from the Pre-Socratic schools down to the Neo-Platonists, Proclus, and Plotinus. He had an appetite for all philosophic works and systems, and his power of digestion was equal to his appetite. Books, which others had overlooked, were apt to be his special favourites. Systems, which most men despised, he studied with peculiar avidity. It was a desire of knowledge, not so much for the sake of dazzling the eyes of men by it—though, perhaps, he was not above this "passion of genius," as Erskine calls it—as for the sake of the knowledge itself, and the pleasure of the acquisition, and in order that he might systematize it all. He did much in his span of life;—yet we venture to say, that he meant to do vastly more; and we suspect that no man ever fell further below his own high standard than he did. The writer of this article once asked him, some years before his decease, when he meant to complete his Notes to Reid? and he replied, that he must really take it up some day soon, and finish it. He talked of the work as if it were a small one; and it is evident that it was but a small part of what he designed to do. He refers, in foot notes, to projected works, which he had been obliged reluctantly to abandon; and he proposes others, which, we suspect, were left unaccomplished when he was summoned from the earthly scene. Often must he have wished that he could only get rid of these terrible "conditions" of time, and press thirty hours, instead of twenty-four, into the day; and not being able to do this, often did he encroach upon the time which, according to a much lower kind of conditions, but not less stringent in their way, ought to have been given to sleep; and, by thus straining the bodily organism, he sowed, we suspect, the seeds of that weakness which so oppressed him in his declining life.

We must add, that his excellence in this respect is one of his defects. His ambition tempted him to try what is beyond human strength. He would dabble even in theology, therein only to show his weakness and his obstinacy—as in his *brochure* on Non-intrusion, and his attacks on the Reformers. In his philosophy, he hastened, by a speedy analysis, to reach a premature synthesis—in this respect being a great contrast to Reid, who aimed at no such pretended completeness. He aimed at nothing less than a complete system, and sought therein to rival Aristotle, Descartes, Kant, and perhaps even Hegel himself. It is no disparagement

to the Scottish philosopher to affirm, that he failed where they failed. His "Conditions of the Thinkable," or "Alphabet of Thought," will be ranked with the Categories of Aristotle, Kant, and Cousin: it will take no lower and no higher a place; that is, it will be regarded, by all but his immediate school, as a splendid failure.

The next feature which strikes us, is his profound erudition. We should like, we confess, to know the secret of his capacity of acquisition. There was, no doubt, indomitable industry; but this was but the smallest part. Are we to ascribe his vast stores to a capacious memory, or to art and method? We rather think that, by his unmatched logical power, he was in the habit of drawing out a scheme of all possible views, and then the opinion of any given man fell into its proper place.

He is the most learned of all the Scottish metaphysicians. Not that the Scottish school ought to be described, as it has sometimes been, as ignorant. Hutcheson was a man of learning, as well as of accomplishment, and visibly experienced great delight in quoting the Greek and Roman philosophers, as he walked up and down in his class-room in Glasgow. Adam Smith had vast stores of information; and the ground-plan which he has left of departments of ancient philosophy, and the sketch of the sects which he has given in his "Moral Sentiments," show that he was more competent, had he devoted his attention to the subject, than any man of his age, to write a history of philosophy. Hume had extensive philosophic, as well as historical knowledge; but he was so accustomed to twist it to perverse uses, that we cannot trust his candour or accuracy. Reid was pre-eminently a well-informed man. His first printed paper was on Quantity. He taught, in Aberdeen College, according to the system of rotation which continued even to his day, Natural as well as Moral Philosophy; and continued, even in his old age, to be well read on all topics of general interest. Beattie and Campbell were respectable scholars, as well as elegant writers; and the former was reckoned, at Oxford, and by the English clergy, as the great expounder, in his day, of sound philosophy. Lord Monboddo was deeply versed in the Greek and Roman philosophies, and, in spite of all his paradoxes, has often given excellent accounts of their systems. Dugald Stewart was a mathematician as well as a metaphysician; and, if not of very varied, was of very correct, and, altogether, of very competent, ripe, and trustworthy scholarship. Brown was certainly not widely or extensively read in philosophy; but, besides a knowledge of medicine, he had an acquaintance with Roman and with modern European literature. Sir James Mackintosh was familiar with men and manners, was learned in all social questions, and had a general,

though, certainly, not a very minute or correct, knowledge of philosophic systems. But, for scholarship, in the technical sense of the term, and, in particular, for the scholarship of philosophy, they were all inferior to Hamilton, who was equal to any of them in the knowledge of Greek and Roman systems, and of the earlier philosophies of modern Europe; and vastly above them in a comprehensive acquaintance with all schools; and standing alone in his knowledge of the more philosophic fathers, such as Tertullian and Augustine; of the more illustrious schoolmen, such as Thomas Aquinas and Scotus; of the writers of the Revival, such as the Elder Scaliger; and of the ponderous systems of Kant, and the schools which have ramified from him in Germany.

When he was alive, he could always be pointed to as redeeming Scotland from the reproach of being without high scholarship. Oxford had no man to put on the same level. Germany had not a profounder scholar, or one whose judgment, in a disputed point, could be so relied on. Nor was his the scholarship of mere words; he knew the history of terms, but it was because he was familiar with the history of opinions. In reading his account, for example, of the different meanings which the word "idea" has had, and of the views taken of sense-perception, one feels that his learning is quite equalled by his power of discrimination. No man has ever done more in clearing the literature of philosophy of common-place mistakes, of thefts, and impostures. He has shown all of us how dangerous it is to quote without consulting the original; to adopt, without examination, the common traditions in philosophy; that those who borrow at second hand will be found out; and that those who steal, without acknowledgment, will, sooner or later, be detected and exposed. He experiences a delight in stripping modern authors of their borrowed feathers, and of pursuing stolen goods from one literary thief to another, and giving them back to their original owner. For years to come, ordinary authors will seem learned, by drawing from his stores. In incidental discussions, in foot notes, and notes on foot notes, he has scattered nuts, which it will take many a scholar many a day to gather and to crack. It will be long before the rays which shine from him will be so scattered and diffused through philosophic literature—as the sunbeams are through the atmosphere—that they shall become common property, and men shall cease to distinguish the focus from which they have come.

The only other decided lineament of his character that we shall mention, is his logical power, including therein all such exercises as abstraction, generalization, division, definition, formal judgment, and deduction. In this respect he may be placed

along side of those who have been most distinguished for this faculty, such as Aristotle, Saint Thomas, Descartes, Spinoza, S. Clarke, Kant, and Hegel. In directing his thoughts to a subject, he proceeds to divide, distribute, define, and arrange, very much in the manner of Aristotle: take, as an example, his masterly analysis of the primary qualities of matter. He pursues much the same method, in giving the history of opinions, as on the subjects of the principles of common sense and perception. No man ever displayed such admirable examples of Porphyry's tree, reaching from the *summum genus* to the *infima species*. It is quite clear that, had he lived in the days of the schoolmen, he would have ranked with the greatest of them—with Albertus Magnus, Abelard, and the Master of the Sentences—and would have been handed down to future generations by such an epithet as Doctor Criticus, Doctor Doctissimus, or Doctor Indomitabilis.

Here, again, his strength is his weakness. He attempts far too much by logical differentiation and formalization. No man purposes now to proceed in physical investigation by logical dissection, as was done by Aristotle and the schoolmen. We have at times looked into the old compends of physical science which were used in the colleges down even to an age after the time of Newton. Ingenious they were beyond measure, and perfect in form far beyond what Herschel or Faraday could produce or would attempt in the present day. We are convinced that logical operations can do nearly as little in the mental as they have done in the material sciences. We admit that Sir W. Hamilton had deeply observed the operations of the mind, and that when his lectures are published they will be found to contribute more largely to psychology than any work published in our day. But his induction is too much subordinated to logical arrangement and critical rules. His system will be found, when fully unfolded, to have a completeness such as Reid and Stewart did not pretend to, but it is effected by a logical analysis and synthesis, and much that he has built up will require to be taken down.

In reviewing Hamilton, we feel the greatest pleasure in pointing to those doctrines which we look upon him as having established. His doctrine of Perception seems to us to be substantially correct. That Perception is intuitive and immediate is the doctrine most in accordance with consciousness and encompassed with fewest difficulties; we wish he had only added with Reid (who, however, is not very consistent in his language) that our knowledge of the primary qualities of matter is positive and not merely relative. We are inclined, too, to agree with him in thinking that our original cognitions through the senses is

simply of our organism and of objects directly in contact with the organism, and that all beyond this is acquired; and we venture to add, that the distinction between our original and acquired knowledge might be profitably used by those who defend the doctrine of Natural Realism—it might be maintained that our original perceptions are trustworthy, and that all the apparent deceptions of the senses arise from a wrong application of the rules derived from experience. The distinction which he has drawn between presentative and representative knowledge, is as just as it is important. His view of representative knowledge, as against Reid, seems to be sound, and we may say so without subscribing to all that he maintains in regard to conception. His lectures when published will unfold a most admirable classification of the powers of the mind; at the same time we are convinced that the threefold division which he has sanctioned into the Cognitive, the Conative, and Emotive, will be found imperfect; for, besides that, imagination cannot without straining be described as cognitive, we are sure that the moral faculty cannot be placed under any of the three heads. Under the head of the Cognitive powers will be found in the forthcoming lectures invaluable remarks on the faculties of Memory, Reproduction, Representation, Comparison, and the Regulative Principles, with a revival of curious Leibnitzian disquisitions on latent operations lying beneath consciousness. His exposition of these topics will be found to embrace new facts, and facts lost sight of, fresh quotations from authors of various ages and countries, and admirable divisions, subdivisions, and discriminations. On the subject of the principles of Common Sense, or the Regulative Principles of the Mind, he has done more than any other philosopher, except, perhaps, Reid himself. One in no way given to admiration, and in no way predisposed in behalf of such philosophy, was awed by the famous note A, on Common Sense. "I have been looking," says Lord Jeffrey, "into Sir W. Hamilton's edition of Reid, or rather into one of his own annexed Dissertations 'On the Philosophy of Common Sense,' which, though it frightens one with the immensity of its erudition, has struck me very much by its vigour, completeness, and inexorable march of ratiocination. He is a wonderful fellow, and I hope may yet be spared to astonish and overawe us for years to come." While we look on Hamilton as having vastly advanced this subject, we do not regard him as having completed it. He has no where, so far as we know, pointed out the relation between our necessary and experiential ideas, say our necessary and experiential ideas of space (*for he acknowledges both*), nor the relation between the faculties and these regulative principles. Further, he has not seen that while there are *à priori* principles

in the mind, they are not as principles before the consciousness —all that consciousness is cognisant of is the individual act; and so he has not acknowledged fully that *à priori* principles are after all to be discovered by means of *à posteriori* observation and induction. Above all, he has erred in representing some of them as mere *impotencies* of the mind, whereas they are positive, and about the most essential *potencies* of the human understanding.

The time is at hand when the whole philosophy of Hamilton, the philosophy of the Conditioned or the Relative, must be subjected to a rigid review. The followers of one who has so criticised others, surely cannot object to this. But the time for this will not actually arrive till we have his whole posthumous works before us. As we have already, however, in his published works an epitomized statement of most of his favourite ideas, we may be allowed to specify in an equally brief statement the tenets to which we are inclined to take decided objection, and leave the more formal discussion of them till his views are fully unfolded.

First, we object to his method. It is not in fact, it is not even professedly, the inductive. We are convinced that Hamilton never fully appreciated the Baconian method, and in this respect his disciples do not seem an improvement on the master, for, amid all their abstract discussions, we do not remember of an attempt by any one of them to add to inductive mental science. Often, indeed, did Hamilton refer to induction, but it was always with the ambition of reducing it to a form like the syllogism; and this, we venture to say, can no more be done with the grand practical principles of the Novum Organum than with a father's advice to his Son, or the Sermon on the Mount. Hamilton's own method is professedly an analysis in order to a synthesis. It partakes as much of the critical method of Kant as of the inductive method of Bacon. He tells us, "the first problem of philosophy is to seek out, purify and establish by intellectual analysis and criticism the elementary feelings or beliefs, in which are given the elementary truths of which all are in possession."—(Edition of Reid, p. 752.) If he had said that the business of philosophy is to observe with care, to seek out, to analyse, and classify, *in short, to induct* the necessary convictions of the mind, his account would have been correct. But he has gone over to Kantism, and furnishes a foothold to the later aberrations of Germany, and even to Ferrierism, when he speaks of "purifying" them, and "establishing them by intellectual criticism."

His philosophy is that of the Conditioned or Relative. We acknowledge that he has laid in ruins the philosophy of the Unconditioned. But we may admit this without giving our

adherence to his own theory. Instead of the great *realist*, Hamilton should be called the great *relativist*. Surely there may be a Positive theory (not in the Comtian sense), alike removed from the Absolute and the Relative theories. We maintain that the mind is so endowed that it has a positive, though of course limited knowledge of things—not of relations but of things. We acknowledge that there is a true doctrine of relativity, but it must be separated from the Hamiltonian doctrine. We acknowledge that there is a sense in which knowledge is a relation; even the Divine knowledge is a relation, but the relation arises from the knowledge, and not the knowledge from the relation. Again, human knowledge differs in this respect from Divine knowledge in that it is limited; but when we mean this, why not say this? This limited knowledge of man arises from the limited nature of man's faculties—man knows only what he has the capacity to know (thus the blind cannot see colours), and man is incapable of discerning much truth, which God and angels know; but when we mean this let us say this. If this were all that Hamilton meant, we would offer no objection to his doctrine, except to say, that relative is not the word to express his meaning. But when he affirms that man knows only phenomena as contrasted with things, that man's intuitive knowledge may not be pure, and that the "contents of every act of knowledge are made up of elements and regulated by laws proceeding partly from its object and partly from its subject"—(Notes on Reid, p. 808), we feel that we are fast in the fetters of Kantism, and approaching Ferrier's "Object *plus* Subject." Ferrier might claim to be only "purifying" what is acknowledged to be impure, and establishing by intellectual criticism that in all knowledge there is *subject* along with *object*. We hold (with Mansel) that by self-consciousness we know self; the thing self, the ego, and not a mere phenomenon or relation of self to the knowing subject. No doubt, we do not know the substance apart from the quality; even God himself cannot know this, for our intuitive convictions assure us that mind as a substance cannot exist apart from qualities.

Hamilton has been much commended for his view of Consciousness, as so superior to that taken by Reid on the one hand, and Brown on the other. We do not admit this—till his doctrine is fully unfolded. He has ever the word consciousness in his mouth (as Locke has "idea, and Kant, "*à priori*," and Brown, "suggestion,") but does he always mean the same thing by it? It is not only the recognition of the affections of self, co-existing with all the intelligent exercises of the mind, but it is a "comprehensive term for the complement of our cognitive energies"—(Dis. p. 48, 2d ed.); and again, "all our faculties are only con-

(p. 52); and, again, it is the "universal condition of intelligence" (p. 47); and, once more, "consciousness and immediate knowledge are terms universally convertible" (p. 51). Are all these one and the same? He tells us, that,—"*We know*, and *We know that we know*," while "*logically* distinct, are *really* identical" (Dis. p. 47). Let us expand this statement and view it in a concrete example. *To know this table*, and *to know that we know it*, are, as it appears to us metaphysically, that is, really distinct, and may be logically distinguished, because really different. No doubt they co-exist in the concrete act, but it is as the knowledge of form and colour always co-exist in perception through the eye, they co-exist as cognitions, but we know them to be really different. We are clear, with Reid, that it is desirable to have one word to express our power of immediate cognition through the senses; and another to express our power of knowing of self in all its exercises, whether looking at an object without, or what is equally possible looking at self in a past state, or looking at no separate object at all, as when we are imagining; and it appears to us, that the best word for this latter capacity is consciousness. We are further convinced, that it is of vast consequence with Locke, with Hutcheson, with Reid, with Stewart, to bring out consciousness to the view separately, as a mental attribute, the source of important experiential knowledge, which can be submitted to all kinds of logical processes. The neglect of this truth, degraded the philosophy of Condillac, and passing from him to Kant, has confused the whole philosophy of Germany.

We have not as yet Hamilton's view of Space and Time fully unfolded. He often proclaims, however, his adhesion to Kant's view of them as forms or conditions of the sensibility, but adds, that we have also an empirical knowledge of them.—(See his Edit. of Reid, p. 126, and p. 882.) What relation we wonder do these two notions bear to each other? He has told us expressly, that "space is only a law of thought and not a law of things."—(Dis. p. 607.) We maintain, that our intuitive conviction, declares space to be a thing as certainly as the body contained in space. If we regard it with Kant as a mere subjective form, we cannot save ourselves from the consequence drawn by Fichte, that the bodies perceived in space may also be creations of the mind.

We shall not enter on the discussion of his doctrine of Substance and Quality, inasmuch as he has not expanded it. We shall only say of it, that it seems lamentably defective in representing our conviction of substance as a mere impotency.

His doctrine of Causation has been unfolded and has been pretty generally repudiated. If Brown "eviscerates" the idea (to use Hamilton's phrase), Hamilton decapitates it, making it a

"Law of Thought (not of Things) and merely subjective" (Dis. p. 613). He leaves out in his Analysis and Intellectual Criticism the main element in the intuitive conviction. The phenomenon is this:—When aware of a new appearance, we are *unable* to conceive that therein has originated any new existence, and are, therefore, *constrained* to think that what now appears to us under a new form had previously an existence under others."—(Dis. p. 609.) This is not the phenomenon. The phænomenon is, that when we meet with a new substance, or a substance in a new state, we are constrained to look for a potency in a substance or substances to produce the new substance or the change of the old. His generalization is founded on a narrow view of material objects. It may be all true that "gunpowder is the effect of the mixture of nitre, charcoal and sulphur, which all existed before;" but this is a mere experiential observation in regard to the material cause. But we can conceive this sulphur, or a soul, or a world, springing into being without any previous matter, and what the mind insists on is, that there must have been an efficiency in some substance to produce it. This belief in Causation is not, as he represents it, a mere *mental impotency* or inability, but is a positive conviction, belief, or judgment, that every effect has a cause; and that when the effect is real, say the world, the cause, that is God, must also have a real existence. It is one of the lamentable consequences of this wretchedly defective view of Causation, that it does not entitle us to argue from the world as an effect to God as the cause.

His doctrine of the Infinite has appeared to not a few to be unsatisfactory. We admit that his criticism of the Theory of Cousin is unanswerable, and those who would succeed in meeting Hamilton, must not take up the ground of the brilliant French Eclectic. The business of the philosopher is here faithfully to interpret and unfold our intuitive conviction on this subject, when it will be found that the mind has something more than a mere negative impotency, that it has a positive belief, that to whatever point we might go in space or in time, there is, and must be, a something beyond.

It is in order to establish a great law of Relativity, that he has resolved our convictions as to Space, Time, Substance, Causalty. Infinity (what makes he of a more important one still, Moral Good?) into mental impotencies. But when it is shown that the individual convictions are not impotencies but potencies, the great Law of Relativity is undermined, and with it the whole Alphabet of Thought.

The defective nature of the whole Hamiltonian system comes out in its results. Comparing his philosophy with that of Germany, he says:—

"Extremes meet. In one respect both coincide, for both agree that the knowledge of Nothing is the principle or the consummation of all true philosophy. "*Scire Nihil,—studium quo nos laetamur utrique.*" But the one doctrine openly maintaining, that the Nothing must yield every thing, is a philosophic omniscience, whereas the other holding, that Nothing can yield nothing, is a philosophic nescience. In other words:—the doctrine of the Unconditioned is a philosophy confessing relative ignorance, but professing absolute knowledge; while the doctrine of the Conditioned, is a philosophy professing relative knowledge, but confessing absolute ignorance."—(Dis. p. 609.)

Surely this is a pitiable enough conclusion to such an elaborate process. A mountain labours, and something infinitely less than the mouse emerges.

We suspect that Sir W. Hamilton was wont to meet all such objections, and try to escape from such a whirlpool as that in which Ferrier would engulph him, by taking refuge in belief—in faith. And we are thoroughly persuaded of the sincerity of his faith, philosophic and religious. But it is unsatisfactory, it is unphilosophic, to allow that cognition and intelligence may lead to nihilism, and then resort to faith to save us from the consequences. Surely there is faith involved in the exercises of intelligence; there is faith (philosophical) involved, when from a seen effect, we look up to an unseen cause. We are sure that human intelligence does not lead to absolute knowledge, but as little does it lead to scepticism or to nothing. Of this we are further sure, that the same criticism which pretends to demonstrate that intelligence ends in absolute ignorance, will soon—probably in the immediately succeeding age—go on to show with the same success, that our beliefs are not to be trusted.

The same doctrine of relativity carried out, led him to deny that there could be any valid argument in behalf of the Divine existence, except the moral ones. We acknowledge that the moral argument, properly enunciated, is the most satisfactory of all. We admit that the argument from order and adaptation (the physico-theological) can prove no more, than that there is a living being of vast power and wisdom, presiding over the universe—but this it can do by the aid of the law of cause and effect properly interpreted. The proof that this Being is infinite must be derived from the mental intuition in regard to the infinite. Hamilton has deprived himself of the power of using the arguments from our belief in Causation and Infinity by what we regard as a defective and mutilated account of both these intuitions. He has no where stated the moral arguments which he trusts in. We suspect that the criticism which cuts down the argument from intelligence, needs only to be carried a step

further to undermine the argument from our moral nature. This process has actually taken place in Germany, and we have no desire to see it repeated among metaphysical youths in this country. It is on this account, mainly, that we have been so anxious to point out the gross defects in the account given by Hamilton of our necessary convictions.

The question is started at the close of our survey, are we to have for ever nothing but a succession of schools in mental science,—Hutcheson superseded by Reid, and Reid by Brown, and Brown by Hamilton, and Hamilton superseded, as the author of it would wish, by a new and Ideal school, and in this view is Hamilton to be as much disparaged in the next age as Brown is in this? We reply that Reid and Stewart are not superseded, that they stand as high as they ever did: that Brown so far as he has really added to psychology is not superseded, and that Hamilton, inasmuch as he has given us admirable summaries of philosophic systems, and masterly classifications of mental phenomena, will go down through ages, with the brightest names in philosophy.

All that is solid and permanent in mental science has been reached, in fact, by observation and induction. We must here, however, draw a distinction which has often been lost sight of. When we say that observation is needful in order to construct metaphysical science, we do not mean to say that there are no principles in the mind except these derived from observation and experience. Observation shows that there are principles in the mind, native and necessary, and regulating experience. But these principles acting in the mind as regulative principles are not before the consciousness as principles; all that is before the consciousness are the individual acts and exercises. The law of Causation is not written on the surface of the mind to be discovered by consciousness any more than the law of gravitation is written on the sky to be read by the senses. All that is before the senses, in the latter case, is an individual fact, say an apple falling to the ground, and the law is to be discovered by a process of generalization; and all that is before consciousness, in the former, is a particular mental conviction—the principle of which can be detected only by classification. And so it may be quite true that there are *à priori* principles in the mind, and yet a process of careful *à posteriori* induction may be absolutely requisite in order to discover their nature and their rule, and to entitle us to employ them in philosophic speculation.

In regard to systems which are not built upon inductive psychological proof they are to us all alike; they differ only in respect of the peculiar intellectual character and tendencies of those who have constructed them. The man of genius, like Schelling,

will form a theory, distinguished for its ingenuity or beauty; the man of vigorous intellect, like Hegel, will erect what looks like a very coherent fabric; but until they can be shown to be founded on the inherent principles of the mind by a rigid induction, we wrap ourselves up in doubt, and refuse to give our consent.[1] And we cleave to this principle because of its wisdom, knowing all the while that there are fervent youths (abetted by conceited older men) who, as believing that the next turn in the high *à priori* road which they are pursuing, is to open on the ocean of absolute truth, will feel as if it were turning them back, when the long looked for object were about to burst gloriously on their view.

Nor are we to be seduced into an admiration of these imposing systems, by the plea often urged in their behalf, that they furnish a gymnasium for the exercise of the intellect. We acknowledge that one of the very highest advantages of study of every description is to be found in the vigour imparted to the mind which pursues it. But, whatever may have been the state of things in the days of the schoolmen, it is not necessary now to resort to fruitless *à priori* speculation, in order to find an arena in which to exercise the intellect. Nay, we are convinced that when the research conducts to no solid results, it will weary the mind without strengthening it; the effort will be like that of one who beateth the air; and activity will always be followed by exhaustion, by dissatisfaction, and an unwillingness to make further exertion. Labour it is true, is its own reward; but if there be no other reward there will be the want of the proper incentive;—the vigour imparted is only one of the incidental effects which follow when labour is undertaken in the hope of

[1] Professor Ferrier has endeavoured to introduce into this country an ideal system, which may attain the same notoriety as those of Schelling and Hegel in Germany, but in this he will fail. For, in addition to British good sense, he has the transparency of his own style against him. No man can confute Hegel, for no man is sure that he understands him, and to any professed refutation it will always be competent to reply that he has been misunderstood. But Ferrier's style is as clear as it is often fascinating, and the error is very visible. We may remark, however, that onlookers will often be tempted to think that Ferrier is in the right, if he be met by mere logical distinctions. A few stones from a sling will be felt to be far more annoying to this most dexterous of small swordsmen, than a more formidable weapon. He has given us a pretended demonstration without axioms or definitions. He is no sceptic, and has propositions which he assumes. On what ground we ask him? When he specifies the ground, we show on the same ground, that when we look on a stone, we know the stone to be an object separate from, and independent of the object. He says (Scot. Phil. pp. 19, 20), that "no man in his senses would require a proof *that* it (that is real existence) is." We are glad of this appeal to man's "senses", but we insist that these same "senses" tell us that the stone has an existence independent of the contemplative mind. This cannot be disproved by any pretended demonstration, for the principles assumed in such cannot be more certain than the truth which they would set aside.

reaching substantial fruits. Nor is it to be forgotten that these speculations though fruitless of good are not fruitless of evil. In the struggles thus engendered, there are other powers of the mind *tried* as well as the understanding; there are often sad agonizings of the feelings, of the faith, and indeed, of the whole soul, which feels as if the foundation on which it previously stood had been removed and none other supplied, and as if it had in consequence to sink for ever—or as if it were doomed to move for ever onward without reaching a termination, while all retreat has been cut off behind. In these wrestlings, we fear that many wounds are inflicted, which rankle for long, and often terminate in something worse than the dissolution of the bodily organism, for they end in the loss of faith and of peace, in cases in which they do not issue in immorality, or in scepticism and profanity.

These exercises we suspect resemble not so much those of the gymnasium, as those of the ancient gladiatorial shows, in which no doubt there were many brilliant feats performed, but in which also, members were mutilated, and the heart's blood of many a brave man shed. We fear that in not a few cases generous and courageous youth have entered the lists to lose in the contest, all creed, all religious—and in some cases all moral principle, and with these all peace and all stability.

ART. V.—1. *Letters from the Slave States.* By JAMES STIRLING. London: Parker. 1857.
2. *American Slavery and Colour.* By WILLIAM CHAMBERS. London: W. and R. Chambers. 1857.

TWO nations, in the present era of the world's history, are exercising almost a paramount influence on the world's progress—Britain and the United States of America. They bear the relationship of sire to son. The one in the full prime of life pursues his habitual avocation, exhibiting no symptoms of decay,—the other, having attained to manhood and achieved independence, strides onward in a separate but not altogether dissimilar career. They acknowledge their kindred by terming themselves Anglo-Saxons—a name unknown to the official catalogue of political designations, but one which expresses, in a higher sense than mere political classification, a community of origin, and not the less a community of end, aim, purpose, and destination. Of all races, this Anglo-Saxon race is the most ceaselessly active, the most daring in design, the most indomitable in execution. It is girding the world with its power, from two ends, and carrying into new regions the fruits and labours of civilization more than any, or all other races combined. Geographical considerations have assigned to Britain one course, and to America another course, but the end in view is substantially the same. America, with the same intention as Britain—"to subdue the earth and make it yield its increase"—has obviously a different career from that of Britain, a different destiny over which a different genius presides. Britain departs from a centre, works from a centre, colonizes from a centre, and governs from a centre. Her political action is outward, not less than inward. Her two islands, Britain and Ireland, are all that she has to boast of in the shape of a main land fit to rear a nation. The rest of her home territories are small islands—little dots that stand like children round the father and mother of the family. Seen from the moon by some lunar Herschel or Lord Rosse, Britain would appear to occupy but a small space. The map of the world reveals her territorial insignificance. We see two little spots huddled up into a corner, awkwardly shot off to a side, as it were, yet facing the great sea, on the very verge and lip of the great waste of waters, with nothing outside of them to protect them; not like Greece, or Italy, or Egypt, in a Mediterranean bounded by a surrounding shore to be coasted by timid mariners, but on the very edge and verge of the great ocean, looking out

westward to the expanse. If she launch at all, she must launch with the fearless heart that is ready to brave old ocean—to take him with his gigantic western waves—to face his winds and hurricanes—his summer heats of the dead still tropics—his winter blasts—his fairy icebergs—his fogs like palpable darkness—his hail blasts and his snow. Britain has done so. From her island home she has sailed east and west, north and south. She has gone outwardly and planted empires. The States themselves, now her compeer, were an offshoot from her island territory. Her destiny is to plant out nations, and the spirit of colonization is the genius that presides over her career. She plants out Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape. Ceylon and the Mauritius she occupies for trade. India she covers with a net-work of law framed and woven in her Anglo-Saxon loom. She clutches China, and begins at least to break up the celestial solecism. She lays hold of Borneo, and straightway piratical prahus are seen wrecked and stranded on the shore, or blown to fragments in the air. She raises an impregnable fortress at the entrance of the Mediterranean, and another in its centre, as security to her sea-borne trade. She does the same in embryo at the entrance to the Red Sea. Westward from Newfoundland she traverses a continent, and there, in the Pacific, Vancouver's Island—which may one day become the new Great Britain of new Anglo-Saxon enterprise, destined to carry civilization to the innumerable islands of the great sea—bears the Union Jack for its island banner, and acknowledges the sovereignty of the British crown. At Singapore she has provisionally made herself mistress of the straits of Malacca, and thousands of miles away on the other hand at the Falkland Islands, near to the Land of Fire, the British mariner may hear the voice of praise issuing in the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In addition to this, she has representatives at every court, and consuls at every sea-port. Her cruisers bear her flag on every navigable sea. Europeans, Asiatics, Africans, Americans, and Australians are found wearing her uniform, eating her bread, bearing her arms, and contributing to extend her dominion.

All this may be construed into ambition. We shall not stay to argue that point, but content ourselves with believing that, one service which Britain renders to the world would go far to justify the introduction of her policeman's baton among the tribes of the earth who otherwise would be a prey to lawless force. Britain keeps the police of the ocean. Without the British flag and the British cannon, piracy would make navigation too dangerous to be pursued as an art of peace, and that fact is occasionally overlooked when foreigners charge Britain with ambition. Perhaps, also, there is a deeper and a better truth than the im-

aginary independence of savage tribes or violence-doing chiefs and despots, no less than the brotherhood of mankind, which justifies the strong in protecting the weak. On that point, however, we say nothing. Let us rather turn to America.

America, animated in a great measure by a similar spirit to that of Britain, has entirely a different field for the exercise of her energies. She has no colonies, no foreign empire, no ocean fortresses, nothing out of herself, or out of the line of her own circumference. She has, in fact, no central station from which to flow in all directions. She flows in a mass, not from a centre. She trades largely, because she has large foreign wants, and can supply large foreign demands. Yet, with the exception of the South Sea whale fishery (which, although a maritime pursuit, somewhat resembles a foreign occupancy, from the peculiarity of its arrangements) she has absolutely nothing out of the limits of her own territory to require her attention. Yet her part in the world's drama is scarcely inferior to that of Britain. It is different rather than inferior. Her objects are,—to occupy a continent—to assemble all its countries under a single banner—to prevent war between them—to secure free trade between them —to prevent all custom-house lines of duties and tariffs between them—and to make every man (*white* man at present) within that vast territory a free citizen of the same gigantic nation. She was placed upon the sea-shore, on the outer verge of the great continent, and she must drive back into the wilds, with the axe in her hand and the rifle on her shoulder. British men did not land on New Zealand or at Port Natal without arms; and the west, to America, is what New Zealand or Natal is to Britain— a new colony that is brought under civilized rule, only after the first incidents of adventure, which imply more or less of warfare, disorder, and fatal strife. Instead of the ocean and the far distant settlement, America has had to face the continent—"Westward, Ho!" She has had to pioneer her way—to ascend or to cross rivers—to traverse forests—to ford through swamps—to wander on the prairie—to meet the hostile Indian—to breast the mountains, and to slope down on the far side, where she once more meets the sea, and finds the limits of her journeying westward. More or less perfectly or imperfectly, she keeps the police of this vast region—sometimes with swift Lynch retribution, sometimes with the stricter formalities of law; but, at all events, her ostensible object is to subdue and occupy the continent, to carry law into every territory that acknowledges her sway, and to endow all who dwell within her boundary with the same full rights of free citizenship.

The slave is an exception, and we shall endeavour to exhibit the reason.

Britain, in planting out colonies, or in establishing dominions, is compelled to encounter societies—tribes, nations, or states—in every stage of transition, and in every degree of progressive advancement. Her dominions include almost every known form of society—from the savage idolater, who stalks about armed with a club and clothed in a skin, up to the Asiatic prince, whose jewelled turban flashes in the sunlight, and whose arms are marvels of artistic beauty even in the eyes of our most skilful artificers. The hut of the Australian savage, the wigwam of the Red Indian, and the craal of the Kaffir, are found on British territory; so also are the stockaded fort of the fur trader, and the hill fort of the chief in Bengal; so also are the cottage of the hind, the house of the citizen, the mansion of the lord, and the palace of the duke. But not only do the British territories contain all present conditions of society; they contain representatives of the historic phases through which nations have passed. Were the Queen to summon her subjects before her, she would not only see all conditions of men, from the skin-clad savage up to the peer in his ermine, but she would see a living history of England portrayed in the living representatives of the various stages and aspects of society.

Admitting, then, that Britain combines the utmost diversity in her separate territories, we have only to glance at the distinguishing characteristic of the United States, to remove surprise that institutions, which appear utterly incongruous with civilization, should still be found within the limits of the great Republic. What Britain contains in her diversity of dominions, America contains within the boundary line of her circumference. She could not, it is true, present so great a variety of complexions, such a multitude of dialects, nor such a rare spectacle of outward garb and appearance; but she could furnish variety notwithstanding. The Southern planter, who owns a thousand slaves, contrasts as really with the New England trader, as the Asiatic prince would contrast with the Melbourne merchant; the Indian squaw contrasts with the lady of New York quite as much as the bride of the New Zealander or Hottentot would with the daughters of the English aristocracy; the seminole of Florida would contrast with the senator of Massachusetts quite as much as the wildest Australian savage would with the Prime Minister or the Lord Chancellor of England. True, the United States are under a Federal Government, but under a Government somewhat in the sense that all the colonies, territories, and possessions of Britain are under the same Government—a Government that tolerates, even where it does not establish, the utmost diversity of laws, religions, policies, practices, usages, customs, privileges, exemptions, and so forth. Acknowledge the Crown,

pay your taxes, and commit no breach of the public peace, is almost the only rule of British dictation. In all else, we may find the most discordant elements all mingled together, and all supposed to be under the dominion of the British throne. Slavery, it is true, is exempted. It is the grandest attribute of the empire, that, notwithstanding all its creeds, all its complexions, and all its languages, "the sceptre of Britain cannot touch a slave." But a quarter of a century has not yet elapsed since the same Negro slavery which now prevails in the southern states of the Union, prevailed in our West Indian Colonies and Mauritius; and, more recently, we have been compelled to enforce the truth with a strong hand on our Dutch colonists at the Cape. We have not much to boast of, therefore, in point of time.

The difference, then, between Britain and America, is, that Britain contains, discretely and in separate colonies or dominions, a vast variety of laws and institutions; and that this variety of laws and institutions, or at least a corresponding diversity, is found in the United States brought together within the boundary of the Union. The British dominions are like a family, from which the sons and daughters are first sent to school, and then planted out, in different professions, to shift for themselves. The United States are like a joint-stock company, in which each independent member holds shares, but, at the same time, pursues his own private business after his own fashion. It need not, therefore, be a matter of surprise to the student of political history, that some of the colonies of Britain should have been infected with negro slavery, nor that some of the States of the Union should still continue to perpetuate the evil; but the same duty that impelled the British Government to abolish it, must weigh with the Federal Government of America, as soon as the Free States return a body of directors representing their own principles, or, in fact, representing the true interests of the American Union.

That America derived her slave system from Britain, is an unquestioned fact; and it is needless to argue the greater or less culpability of the two countries. The States, in declaring their independence, did so as colonies of Britain, in which slavery was tolerated and established. They formed a portion of the slave colonies of Britain, and, consequently, were more deeply implicated, and had a longer and more arduous struggle before them than the British Empire at large, where slavery was a local accident, pertaining only to a small portion of the general dominion. Slavery, with Britain, was only the disease of a branch of the empire. With the Declaration of Independence, a diseased branch took independent root, and gradually wrought its

way to a more healthy condition of society. A colony, in separating from the mother country, necessarily retains the impress of its condition at the period of separation; and, though it must ever be regretted that the first constitution did not pronounce boldly for freedom, and terminate the question once for all by law, it must not be forgotten that the States were exclusively absorbed in their struggle for national independence, and had not contemplated the magnitude of the evil that might grow out of their hereditary disease.

Rightly to understand the Slave question of America, therefore, it is necessary to conceive the Union as starting, not from the point of liberty, but from the point of slavery. In 1790—the year of the first census of the United States—two States only, Maine and Massachusetts, were absolutely without slaves; every other free State has been a virtual conquest or acquisition on the part of freedom. What the progress has been, we shall see in detail as we go on; but, before doing so, we must say a word on the leading characteristic of the Union—her genius, as distinguished from the genius of Britain. Britain colonizes or governs; America absorbs and amalgamates. All states and territories, whatever their peculiarities, are absorbed into the Union—amalgamated with it, and form a constituent portion of it. If Britain had ten or twenty slave colonies, she could govern them at a distance. There would be little or no reaction on the character of the Government at home. The colonies send no representatives to Parliament, and, consequently, exercise no direct power on the formation of the Legislature. With America it is different. Her Government is the reflection of herself. The Slave State sends its members to the American Parliament, and the American Parliament rules and governs the Union. Wherever, therefore, America absorbs a new State, she absorbs not only a territory or a population, but a new element into her Legislature; and hence, the strife between slavery and freedom is a perpetual struggle of political parties, in pursuit of political power; and hence, also, the violent struggles that are now occurring to secure for the one side or the other the remaining territories that have still to be absorbed. The contest for Kansas, for instance, has not been merely a contest for the extension or restriction of slavery, but whether more votes in Congress should be added to the party of Slavery or to the party of Freedom; for both are aware that the first time the party of Freedom gains the ascendancy in Congress, a new era must dawn on the history of the Union.

We now, with the volumes on our list before us, enter more particularly on the question of Negro slavery in the United States, and lay down a few of the conditions of the problem, to enable us to detect the influences that are working out the de-

molition of the fatal institution. We are content to suppose that there are some in Britain to whom the subject is almost unwelcome,—some who would pass it by as if it did not concern them, and who wish to hear no more of it. And yet, again this slave question must be faced. The statesman must face it, because it involves some of the most vital questions of national existence; the philanthropist must face it, because it involves an untold amount of human weal and human woe; the Christian must face it, because it involves the principles of his faith and the practices of his daily duty; the economist must face it, because it involves a whole theory of labour and a problem of profit and loss; the traveller must face it, because it intrudes itself hideously on his attention; the novelist must face it, because it involves scenes and characters of specific national interest; the critic must face it, because it involves a literature of its own. Sooner or later we must all face it. Our Anglo-Saxon race is implicated in it—it belongs to our race's history; posterity will paint it into the portraiture of our time and being; we shall go down to posterity with this "dark shadow" hanging about us. True, Britain has cut adrift the shadow, and Britannia has emerged with Freedóm—free to carry freedom far and wide over the broad surface of the world. But history will tell the tale of the Antilles, and the middle passage, and the slave whip, not yet passed out of the memory of living men, and we of Britain shall have our share of the dark colouring not less than our brethren of the West, on whom the shadow has rested a little longer, as if freedom, like the sun, had risen first on us and was now but travelling westward.

Let us, then, look at American slavery as it stands realised.

The population of the United States may be divided into five distinct classes or embranchments. First, the free white population of the Free States, numbering, at the last census of 1850, about thirteen millions; second, the white population of the Slave States, numbering about six millions; third, the slaves of the Slave States, numbering more than three millions; and, fourth, the free persons of colour distributed throughout the Union, numbering less than half a million. But the white population of the Slave States must itself be divided into two classes, namely, the planters and slave-owners, numbering only three hundred and fifty thousand, or, with their families and relatives, say two millions altogether, and the free white population of the Southern States—owning no slaves—numbering about four millions. It was out of this latter class that the Border ruffians were extemporised, apparently without much trouble, and with no great change of habit. The three millions of slaves of 1850 are now, from the estimated rate of known increase, little short

of four millions, the expectation being that they will exceed four millions at the ensuing census.

Assuming, then, that the slave population of the United States reaches, at the present time, nearly four millions, we next turn to the race. The slaves are of African blood but not of African birth. A few there are of the original stock of imported negroes, but the vast majority have been born in America, and have been brought up as children in the presence of white civilization, such as it there appears. The early associations of the American slave are American, not African. The present slave knows Africa only by tradition—a tradition that has ceased to operate as a moving impulse in his character. He knows nothing of Africa, does not regard it as his fatherland, and indulges in no mysterious hope that he may see it before he dies. A *slave* he may be, but he is an American, as much so in fact as his white master, who may date a little further back in the history of his ancestral importation, but who is an importation nevertheless—a man of British, French, or German blood born in America; and as the white race of America has gradually assumed a national type of its own, which has no existence in the lands from which the emigrations have been made, it is certain that the Negro-American has undergone somewhat of a similar transformation, although the extent of the change may be less in his case than in the case of the white American. The Negro-American, under whatever influence it may be—climate, intercourse with the white man, the light of Christianity, shaded and obscured as that light has been—has become a different man from the native African. He has begun to awake from his intellectual apathy—a thought has flashed across his mind that he also is a man; this dark race—down-trodden and slave-driven—has been imperceptibly inspired with an aspiration that has a different birth-place from Africa—that was born in Britain, hewed out by the race of "God's free Englishmen," as John Milton triumphantly calls his countrymen. Into the woolly head this Anglo-Saxon notion has been making its half-uncertain way. This *thought* is the thing that has made the radical difference between the native African and Negro-American. The Negro has begun to think, and, thinking, has become more dangerous; hence the ameliorations that, to some extent, had been made in his condition, have latterly been superseded by a system of more severe restriction. So long as he refrained from thinking he could be trusted; now that he has begun to think he must be looked after, which is, perhaps, the beginning of the end. Nothing that America can now do can prevent the coloured population from acquiring knowledge, and knowledge must ultimately be freedom if it be power.

In race, however, there are gradations. The black blood and the white have mingled. It is reckoned that one-twelfth of the slaves of America are mulattoes, while one-half of the free persons of colour have the blood of the white man in their veins. Here, again, is an essential point of difference between the Negro of Africa and the coloured American. Not only is the coloured man brought into the presence of civilization, such as it is, and of even a beclouded Christianity, but his physical conformation has received an admixture of the nervous temperament and the progressive brain to which intelligence is a native necessity. Farther and farther from the native African the coloured American is removing, generation after generation. With the free black there may still be the fact of lineal descent, but the whole man is changed. His thoughts, his associations, his hopes, his habits, his whole outward and inward universe have undergone a transformation. As a freeman, he is no longer the stultified and uneducated serf and bond labourer, but an intelligent man—not rarely now—with the habits and the education of a gentleman; a man who, as merchant, lawyer, physician, or clergyman, can hold his place respectably, even when brought into competition with the pale faces of the old world or of the new.

The elevation of the free black is a point of the highest importance. The free black is a perpetual object, if not of envy, at least, of curious speculation to the slave; and the more the free black makes progress, and puts himself on an equality with the white man, the more often will the question recur to the slave,—"Why cannot I do so likewise?" This influence is the more effectual, from the circumstance, that the free blacks are located in the very States where their example may be most conducive to the cause of freedom. If they were congregated on the borders of Canada, they would be beyond the region of slavery; if they were all located on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, they would be beyond the region of freedom. On the contrary, they are placed in greatest number on the verge of the line that separates the Slave States from the Free States. Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, the three Eastern States that border on the British possessions, contain very few free blacks, only 2500 altogether. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, lying to the south of Vermont, contain 20,000 free blacks. New York contains 50,000—but the State of New York is exceptional, as it affords an easier market for the labour of black servants, waiters, porters, and occasional workmen.—New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, the three Free States that border on the Eastern Slave States, contain 100,000, while Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, the four Slave States that border on the line of freedom, contain 170,000.

North Carolina, which is next to Virginia, contains 28,000, while South Carolina, a remove farther from the line of freedom, contains only 9000. The most Southern State, Florida, does not contain 1000, and Texas does not contain 500. Louisiana, like New York, is exceptional, on account of the city of New Orleans, and its vast traffic. It contains 18,000 free blacks. We thus see, that the great mass of the free blacks are distributed along the line that separates the Free from the Slave States. And it is there, we presume, that the spectacle of their freedom, restricted as it is, in some respects, can be of most avail for influencing their fellows who are held in slavery. This influence may be imperceptible from day to day, but it becomes abundantly evident after a period of years, and is now acknowledged to be one of the most powerful agencies for the amelioration of slavery in the States that border on the line of freedom.

We now turn to the legal condition of the slave. The slave is, by law, a thing, and not a man; but, as laws cannot be altogether consistent when based upon erroneous principles, it is not legal to put a slave to death—evidently a logical absurdity—for, if the slave be "goods and chattels," the owner should be at liberty to slay him, but not to *torture* him, as that would be an offence against the laws relating to cruelty to animals. With the exception, however, that he cannot legally be slain, the slave has virtually no rights conferred or secured by law. He cannot contract a legal marriage, and can have no family that he can call his own. His wife may be given to another husband, and his children may be sold in the customary routine of business. He can hold no property, unless by the continued consent of his master; that is, he cannot hold property at all, in a legal sense. He cannot raise a suit at law, and cannot claim damages for injury. He cannot testify in a court of justice against a white man. His owner may beat him, flog him, brand him, and punish him; or, if *punishment* be supposed to imply a reasonable being, we should rather say, "torture" him, and the slave has no remedy. He is a thing, and not a person. Such is the legal position of the slave. But, if the master were allowed to "do what he likes with his own," the master might *educate* the slave on the same principle that he would teach his dog to dance, his parrot to talk, or his monkey to play tricks. The law, therefore, introduces more logical confusion, and forbids the master to educate his slave; he must not, in that particular, "do what he likes with his own." This restriction shows, that the laws are not made in the interest of the master, but in the interest of the institution of slavery. In some States, in fact, it is a penal offence to teach *free* coloured children to read.

One peculiarity of the American laws is not to be overlooked,

as it forms the characteristic feature of the American system. The slaves are not entitled by law to any holiday, period of rest, nor even to a Sabbath. This peculiarity is one of the greatest hardships that could possibly be imposed on the afflicted race—one of the greatest obstacles to the slaves' improvement, and an effectual barrier to self-emancipation. In the British West Indies the slave was allowed a patch of ground, with a certain portion of time that could be devoted to its cultivation. In Brazil and Cuba at the present time the same system prevails, and if that system had been adopted by the Slave States of the Union, there can scarcely be a doubt that, under the example of American energy, it would have reacted most powerfully on the whole slave population of the South. As it is, all that a slave has belongs to his master—all that he can possibly do must, by law, be done for his master. True, it is customary not to work the slave on Sabbath, and it is usual to allow him a holiday at Christmas. This, however, is merely an alleviation of his wretched condition. It does not animate him with the prospect of freedom purchased by his own exertion. On the other hand—if the slave had had a certain portion of the week secured to him by law, and if the proceeds of his labour could have been safely deposited and registered for the purchase of his own freedom or that of his family—the moral impulse would have inspired the more intelligent slaves with a resolve to achieve their liberty, and the process—continually calling forth the exercise of foresight, prudence, economy, self-denial, and self-reliance—would have rendered the struggle a moral education for the man, and would have left him, when he had achieved success, a trained and disciplined citizen who, under adverse circumstances, had learnt to perform with credit the social duties of a freeman. It may be too late now to speak of a weekly holiday secured to the slave by law, and other means must probably come into play for the settlement of the question; but we have the firmest conviction that, if a Saturday holiday had been instituted at the period of the Revolution America would now have been without a slave, or at least that the remnants of slavery would have been wearing themselves out in the remoter regions of the Southern plantations, and fading gradually away before a course of continual emancipation. A weekly holiday would have involved the two greatest social requisites of the slave—the possibility of education and the possibility of freedom, procured by the training of voluntary and systematic labour, combined with the practice of prudential saving.

As regards their social condition, the slaves must be divided into three classes—the plantation slaves, the farm slaves, and the household slaves. The plantation slave is the lowest and most

miserable of the whole. Treated essentially as a labouring animal, he is reduced to the last condition of unrequited toil. He is lodged in a slave hut, fed on plantation provisions, and clothed in slave garments of the meanest uniformity. He is driven a-field in the morning and driven back to his quarters at night. No humanizing influence comes near his dwelling—nothing to alleviate when his work is over. He belongs to a gang and is under a driver, over whom is the white overseer, the sole and undisputed master of the whole establishment. The proprietor is usually absent, or, if present, does not interfere with the management of the slaves.

The farm slave is placed in a condition of comparative respectability. He is brought into more immediate contact with his master's family. He works with his master and his master works with him. With the exception of his bondage, he occupies a position somewhat similar to that of a farm servant; and, where the master and mistress are endowed with tolerably even tempers, a community of feeling grows up in the family, even where there is little direct community of interest. Association, that powerful tie which binds all men more or less to habitual circumstances, creates in him a virtual and genuine belief that he belongs to the family in the same manner perhaps that an old servitor of an English family persists to the last that he belongs to it, even after he has ceased to serve and may now receive only charitable aid. These are the slaves that are said to be "well off," and whose condition is sometimes contrasted with that of our poorer labourers at home—with those, for instance, who are subjected to the abomination of the bothy system. Materially they are well off—sufficiently fed, sufficiently clothed, and tolerably well cared for, so far as their material wants are concerned. At the same time, they are exposed to the ill-treatment of savage masters, or—worse—may be sold at a moment's notice—they, their wives, or their children—to the hopeless plantations of the South, and the "regions of drudgery till death."

The third class consists of the household slaves, or house servants, who are even more immediately connected with the family; who have easier work, and that of a domestic kind, and who, so long as they remain in the house, really know little of the genuine hardships of slavery. These slaves, subject as they are of course to cruel treatment or to sale, are treated in many families with a species of indulgent familiarity, that perpetually recalls the difference of race—as if they were children of a larger growth, and were indulged because they were inferior, and could not compromise the dignity of the white proprietor. The position of these slaves, although in favourable circumstances offering little outwardly to shock the moral feelings, is altogether

detrimental to the Negro character. A foolish childishness is encouraged by the master, and artfully adopted by the slave, who intentionally sinks his manhood in habitual cunning, and adopts an artificial imbecility, that he may the more easily prey on the weakness of his white master.

Difficult as it would be to assign the numbers of slaves in each of the above classes, it is still easy to determine that the numerical strength of the planters is less than might have been imagined, seeing that they possess the greatest share of political power, and monopolize for their party most of the offices of State. The "planters," according to the returns of the last census, are set down at 27,005; but, as this return depends on the use of a name which might be arbitrarily adopted or rejected, we may employ another method of arriving at their probable number. The whole slave-owners of the United States are set down at 347,525, and, if we assume that the possession of at least twenty slaves must be necessary to entitle the holder to the name of "planter," and deduct from the above number those who hold less than twenty slaves, we arrive at the limits within which the planters must necessarily be confined. The proportions then should be as follows:—

Total slaveholders,		347,525
Owners of 1 slave,	68,820	
„ less than 5 slaves,	105,683	
„ less than 10 slaves,	80,765	
„ less than 20 slaves,	54,595	
		309,863
Total owners of 20 slaves and upwards,		37,662

It is thus certain that the great slave-holding interest, which at present rules the political destinies of the States, is confined to less than 40,000 persons. But we could no more argue the weakness of the slave power from the smallness of the number of the planters, than we could argue the weakness of a European aristocracy, from the still smaller number of its members. In fact, the condensation of aristocratic interest and influence appears to have increased the security of the position in both cases. The material has become stronger in becoming more condensed; that is, it has, in the meantime, assumed a more precise and definite form of interest, and has become more manageable as a political power. The slave interest is precise, and consequently works with advantage towards a given point, amid a mass of vague general interests. Condensation, compactness, and a comparatively small number of slave ownerships, are rather advantageous than otherwise to the slave party. In

every age, and in every country, six men ten feet high would meet with more consideration than twelve men five feet high, and, in the social or political world, ten planters who own a thousand slaves each, will make a stronger party, and exercise more political influence than a thousand small cultivators, who own ten slaves each. Each of the ten planters could become a politician and legislator, whereas each of the thousand small cultivators would require to stay at home and attend to the culture of his crops. Hope for the slave, therefore, is not to be found in the smallness of the number of planters, unless, indeed, a catastrophe were to come, and the question were to be tried by force.

These planters, in fact, constitute the oligarchy of the Union, which, so far from being a Republic, is the co-partnery of a democracy in the north with an aristocracy in the south,[1] a form of government unknown to the older States of Europe, and not likely to continue permanent, at least in its present form.

Next comes the geographical question—the question of latitude and climate. Running down the United States from north to south—from Maine to Louisiana—we may say roughly that we pass through a region of timber, a region of grain, a region of tobacco, a region of rice, a region of cotton, and a region of sugar. Into the timber State of Maine slavery never found its way; from the grain region, slavery has already disappeared; it is loosening its hold in the tobacco States; its stronghold is in the rice field and the cotton plantation; the sugar cultivation of the South is unsuccessful, and the sugar planters are looking to Cuba, not so much for the purpose of extending slavery, as for the purpose of preserving their capital from exhaustion, and it may be themselves from ruin. In 1780 Pennsylvania, the seat of the pacific Quakers, and Massachusetts, the seat of northern intelligence, abolished slavery. In 1784 Connecticut and Rhode Island, the trading and sea-going States, followed the example. In 1792 New Hampshire, the northern neighbour of Massachusetts, was ranged on the side of freedom. In 1799 New York, the virtual metropolitan State, declared for emancipation, and in 1825 achieved the abolition. In 1804 New Jersey was added to the roll of the Free States. The plan was that all born after the respective dates should be free, while the actual slaves were allowed to die out in the course of nature. In 1820 there were left in Rhode Island 48 slaves, in Connecticut 97, in New York 10,088, in New Jersey 7657. In 1840 there were in Rhode Island 5, in Connecticut 17, in New York 4, and in New Jersey 674. In 1850 the whole of these Northern States were clear, with the exception of New Jersey, which still retained 236 in the character of apprentices. The most northern Slave State on the sea-

[1] Stirling, page 60.

board is Delaware, which contains only about 2000 slaves, and must soon be added to the number of the Free States. We see here the "dark shadow" flitting off from north to south, from the land of industrious enterprise and success to the land of luxurious indolence and decay.

The question, then, is, will this process continue? and the answer must be extracted from the present condition of the Slave States that border on the line of freedom. Next to Delaware is Maryland; and Maryland, at the last Presidential election, forsook the South, and voted for the anti-slavery candidate. Next to Maryland is Virginia; and the "Old Dominion" is already so divided, that the West Virginians, who, as whites, are more numerous than the white population of East Virginia, have threatened to split the State into two, because they are outvoted by the slave representation of the East—every five *slaves* counting for three white votes. Tennessee, again, has its two parties, and two classes of population. East Tennessee partakes of the character of West Virginia, and is, at least, preparing to discover that, with only 8 per cent. of slaves, it is disadvantageously allied with the western district, that contains 31 per cent. Next to Virginia is Kentucky; and in Kentucky abolition meetings have already been held; and next to Kentucky, westward across the Mississippi, is the State of Missouri, which is so unquestionably verging towards freedom, that the last election for governor was announced to be in favour of the anti-slavery candidate. The border States are evidently becoming imbued with views and feelings that must sweep slavery still farther south; and if to this we add, that manumission and flight are going on in them, at a much higher than the average rate, there can scarcely be a doubt that several of these States must soon be numbered in the ranks of freedom. In the old States, there is a perpetual crumbling of the wall of separation. The edifice of slavery is giving way before the progress of industry, and the more modern necessities of a civilization which rushes onward too rapidly for the slave system. In the Northern Slave States—those which touch the line of freedom—the system is perishing, simply because it cannot keep pace with the progress of society.

To make this even more clear, let us look at the following fact:—

In 1790, there were *five* States in the Union that contained no slaves, or less than 1000. In 1800, there were *seven* States that contained less than 1000 slaves. In 1810, there were *ten* such States; and, in 1820, there were still ten. In 1830, there were *twelve;* in 1840, there were *fifteen;* and, in 1850, there were *sixteen*—fifteen of these being absolutely free of slaves altogether, and the other being New Jersey, a Free State, with 236

apprentices. It is impossible to affirm that a continuous course of this kind is without a definite meaning. It means, that if no new Slave States had been added, the causes which have presided over the above progress would have terminated slavery. But—including the newer States, Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas—slavery (or rather, the slave population) is increasing in fourteen States.

How, then, is it that, ever and anon, there should be such fierce struggles to carry the institution of slavery into the new territories of the Union? If slavery has died out of the Northern States, and is dying out of the States that border on the line of freedom, what is the real motive for carrying a seemingly worn out institution into the new districts, that, from time to time, are thrown open to the scrambling enterprize of the adventurous citizens? If slavery was a failure in New York and Pennsylvania, and was abandoned because it was a failure, why carry it into Texas, Missouri, or Kansas? If it is dying out in Maryland and Delaware, what possible advantage could attend its introduction into Utah or Nebraska? If the system is evidently doomed, why extend it at all?

In her westward race from the sea to the Mississipi, and again from the Mississippi to the mountains and the sea, America had two starting points—the Yeoman States of New England, and the aristocratic plantations of the South—a starting point of freedom, and a starting point of slavery. Her object has been to absorb, to grow wider and wider—to take in territory after territory, and State after State. Her institutions she has carried with her. She had no central Government to direct the flowing of her people; but, with the one proviso, that all new States should be Republican, and should adopt a Republican form of rule, she allowed the stream to flow westward, clear or turbid, as it might be. At the Revolution, she had no traditional government to start with, and no sufficient power to establish a central and dominant authority. She was compelled to throw around the States a few loose rules, which formed the Confederacy into a Union. The common danger, and the common triumph, bound her independent countries—for independent countries they were—into a formal, and at first almost a nominal, unity. She scarcely knew that she was inaugurating the establishment of a central government, which must eventually absorb her separate governments, and subject the whole to a uniform system of laws, policy, and administration. Two generations have passed, and the central government is still labouring and gasping, oppressed with the gigantic enterprize, and suffering, in the meantime, from a plethora of liberty. The States have flowed, as it were, by accident, and in a mass. If slave owners planted themselves

out in the new territory, the territory became a Slave State; if freemen, the territory became a Free State, by the law of "squatter sovereignty," which allows the people of a new territory to adopt any institutions, and to enact any laws, provided it only adheres to the one essential of republicanism. The race westward, therefore, is a struggle between North and South which party shall possess the new territories; and, consequently, the New States; and, consequently, the votes in Congress; and, consequently, the power. The North attempts to thrust the slave line as far south as possible; the South attempts to thrust the line of freedom as far north as possible. Hence the racing and running of the two parties into Kansas, that the State might be voted, black or white. Then must come New Mexico, then Utah, and then the race is well nigh ended, and the play over, for California, as a Free State, intercepts the extension to the ocean. This race can scarcely be called the "extension of slavery," or of freedom. It is merely that the Union flows, as a mass, almost geographically, and carries its institutions with it, such as they are, for the time being.

In this race across the continent may possibly be found what, for want of a better name, may be termed the natural termination of slavery in the United States. Any accident may, of course, produce a change in the position of parties. The slave system, like a steam boiler, may give little warning before it bursts and is blown to atoms. But we mean that the extreme limits of American slavery, as regards duration, are possibly or probably to be found in the absorption of the remaining territories. As soon as the territories are occupied and have become States, the strife changes its character. It is no longer a race westward, but a trial of the permanent capability of slave institutions, or of free institutions, to stand in the presence of modern civilization with a progressive people. Slavery might possibly stand so long as the American nation was hurrying onward to new ground, but it must fall when the progress ceases to be onward and becomes upward. It can stand in a country of nothing but plantations,—hence the desire to get it into new ground,—but it stands no longer when exposed to the tidal wave of competitive commerce, which is certain to follow the plantation period. First hunting, then pasture, then agriculture, then commerce, manufacture and art. Commerce kills slavery, because slavery cannot keep up with its requirements,—hence at New Orleans and St Louis, trade is converting the slave into a semi-freeman, taking off the shackles, even though it has not yet accorded the deed of manumission.

We now turn to the volumes before us, to record the impressions of two British writers who have recently visited the States.

Believing as we do, that slavery in America will be made to disappear quite as much by the enlightened opinion of Europe and the advance of catholic truth, as by the efforts of abolition organizations, we welcome every work on the subject that can pretend to even a moderate amount of intelligence and impartiality. Much more do we welcome the works before us. If British writers had always written of the States with the good sense that characterises the letters of Mr Stirling, and the criticisms of Mr Chambers, our trans-Atlantic friends would have had little reason to complain of literary injustice, even though their evil practices may be exposed and rebuked more effectually by the condemnation that arises after inquiry than by the flippant sarcasm that originates in a wounded self-esteem. Both authors approach the Republic with a just appreciation of her worth,—both give her credit for what she has done,—both are willing to recognise whatever she contains of great, good, useful, or true, and both arrive at an unmitigated, absolute, and total condemnation of her slave system. With a clear and rapid style, Mr Stirling's letters combine the rarer element of proportion. He does not wish to dwell on the cruelties of the slave system, nor on the crimes it generates. He does not find an "Arrowsmith" tragedy in every railway train, nor a Legree in every plantation. But he finds enough of truth to make romance unnecessary, and setting the truth into a well-proportioned composition, which portrays the social aspect and countenance of the States, he brings out the cancerous blemishes of slavery, and shows how they disfigure the features that should have beamed with the health of freedom. Slavery, according to Mr Stirling, is not a pathological preparation to be studied in a museum of horrors, but a cancer on the brow of freedom. He draws it as it stands, not bottled up in cases and instances, but as it stands upon the brow of life—shows how it contrasts with vitality, and how, unless handed over to sharp excision, it must spread its malignant fibre until the whole tissues of society being invaded fall into the hideousness of corruption. He shows how it ramifies through the various classes of society, and how injurious it is to all—how it degrades the South, and robs the North of its integrity—how its nature is at all times vile, and its influence everywhere destructive. Such is a summary of the convictions of an observer who does not pretend to devote more attention to slavery than exactly as much as slavery demanded at his hands while drawing the portrait of the States through which he travelled. We should do injustice to the "Letters," however, were we not to mention that they contain a most ably drawn delineation of the Union; for, though the author devotes his descriptions to the slave States, he does so with a perpetual stream of comparison

running through his narrative, which proves incontestably the superior success of the northern institutions. He sketches rapidly, but often with the happiest touches, and always with a freedom that renders his work attractive. The shrewdest remarks are scattered about with seeming carelessness, as if the author had sharpened his pen in New England before he commenced his tour through the South, while now and then he winds up a paragraph with a figure so concise and apposite, that the reader is startled into admiration. We question whether the progress of America has ever been better hit off than in the following passage:—

"When I attribute superficiality to American civilization, the charge does not apply equally to all parts of the Union; and its applicability to any part varies from day to day. This qualification, indeed, should modify every judgment on American affairs. It is this varying aspect of the social phenomena of America that makes it so intensely difficult to form an accurate estimate of her progress. Everything varies, and everything is in flux. The phenomena change with every step you take, and with every hour you continue your observations. The East differs from the West—the North differs from the South; and all are different to-day from what they were yesterday, or will be to-morrow. You have to daguerrotype a scene that is at once a moving panorama and dissolving view."—*Letters*, 192.

We do not profess to give even the slightest summary of Mr Stirling's Letters, because they are certain to be read universally by all who take an interest in the subject. He has given us a work that will enlighten Britain and produce a most powerful impression on the States—a work full of faith, hope, and charity, good taste and discrimination. We wish rather to devote our remaining space to the influences that are in operation for the emancipation of the slave, and, in so doing, we shall weave in a portion of Mr Stirling's materials. We must say a few words, however, on Mr Chambers' volume, which, as its title indicates, is devoted more exclusively to the treatment of the slave question. Mr Chambers gives us the pathology of the slave question—its history (since the Revolution)—its nature—its influence on the body politic—its economy, and its probable termination. His history is excellent, his facts well selected, and his integrity beyond question, yet we scarcely incline to the belief that Mr Chambers makes a just estimate of the course of slavery, or of the process by which it is to be finally abolished. As a book of facts, *American Slavery and Colour*, is thoroughly conscientious, but we question whether its inferences and anticipations would not be more correct if they were more hopeful. We object to all works, however well written, that treat any department of man's social history on the plan of a Newgate calendar. Crime

cannot be seen in its proper and most instructive light except when contrasted with rectitude, any more than disease can be understood unless when contrasted with health. In a crime like slavery we can fall back with almost unlimited confidence on the historic teaching of past time. We can see how slavery has perished out of the most advanced nations of the earth, and feel the firmest assurance that it will also perish out of America with the advance of catholic civilization. We may even take analogous institutions and trace their fate. We can see in *their* history, that there was a period of growth, when the evil was becoming every day more and more gigantic, when it seemed laden with portentous disasters, and no man could see the end. Yet we have only to look a little further down the page of history, and behold the evil is obliterated. It has fallen into decay, or has removed further outward to the edges of civilization. On the frontiers of civilization we find not only the habits but the crimes of past centuries. Society, in fact, flows like the sea with the turbid wave always in front, only to be followed by the clear water when the turmoil of advance has ceased.

And here we must note, as Mr Chambers well observes, that the question is no longer one of *Negro* slavery. The old argument, that Negroes are an inferior race, and ought therefore to be slaves, has fallen to pieces, partly from the circumstance that the coloured Americans have shown themselves capable of education, and partly because they have received so large an admixture of white blood, that the argument bears a contradiction on the face of it. The doctrine now is, that slavery in itself, whether black or white, is a good and proper thing, and a wise and legitimate institution. "We do not adopt the theory that Ham was the ancestor of the Negro race," says Mr Fitzhugh, a southern writer, quoted by Mr Chambers "Slavery, black or white, is right and necessary." The argument is beginning to move, and the institution must move also, although not exactly in the same direction. The advocates of slavery are searching for a new line of defence, and thereby beginning to acknowledge the weakness of their cause. But they have leapt from the argumentative frying-pan into the argumentative fire; and this new doctrine of a universal white slavery, is only one of the pangs and throes that betoken dissolution.

But while Mr Chambers takes a view of the case scarcely, as we think, sufficiently hopeful, though, after all, his view may prove to be correct, he does what is more valuable. He throws the whole weight of his moral judgment against the American slave-system. From Mr Chambers we expected moderation, impartiality, and an unbiassed estimate of the system. America would expect the same. But he has given us more. He pronounces indignant judgment, washes his hands from all possible

contamination, and tells America that if she will not root out the curse she will have a revolution or an insurrection. No slave-owner will quote the name of William Chambers as affording the slightest pretext in favour of slavery, no slave will hear of that name except as the name of a friend. And this, we presume, is one of the influences that work directly towards the abolition of the atrocious system—atrocious in reality, and in the eyes of Europe, though not yet atrocious in the eyes of the Southern slave-holders, nor even in the eyes of Northern traders. The more the mind of impartial Europeans is brought to bear on the question, the more must the mind of America be brought to see that her Negro-slavery is the miserable accident of a locality, a moral swamp and fever-breeding pestilential marsh that must be drained of its waters of iniquity, before the air can be purified for the use of honest men. America will see reflected in European opinion the coming doom of the accursed evil, and will be ashamed of the foul blot that makes Europe point the finger of scorn at all her professions of liberty. What can America dare to say to Italy, when the clank of the chain in the Italian dungeon is answered by the echoing shriek in the Southern slave plantation? What can America dare to say to Poland or Hungary, when the knout sounds the key note of brutality, and the slave whip takes up the infernal theme, and draws blood from the American born as fiercely and as fiend-like? What can America dare to say to any down-trodden nation, when millions of her own people writhe hopelessly in the agony of bondage? The South may bluster for a time, but the freemen of the North cannot continue to live on in an atmosphere of contempt.

Nor, indeed, is it necessary that the United States should much longer endure the sarcasms of Europe, for there are causes at work which must lead to the emancipation of the slave. The fact of emancipation we regard as an indubitable certainty. It will come as a matter of course with the advancing tide of civilization, and the specific causes, each of which would entail its overthrow in a longer or shorter period, can be pointed out. It might even be possible to conjecture the duration of slavery were the causes to work separately; but when many causes work together in the same given direction, and react upon each other, we cannot know how soon emancipation might take place. In four or five States it might arrive to-morrow. But if even four States—Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Missouri—were to pronounce for freedom, the present balance of parties would be so changed, that it would be impossible to predict the result. The Federal Government might then venture to take the whole subject into its own hands, and there

can scarcely be a doubt that the first time the Federal Government fairly approaches this one great master evil of the American organization, it will be for the sole purpose of effecting the destruction of slavery—by a process longer or shorter, as the case may be supposed to require.

We give Mr Chambers' conclusion:—

"Slavery, we repeat, is seemingly destined to push far beyond its present limits. Is no check practicable?

"The Constitution—it can do nothing.

"The Republicans—they possess little political power, and, besides, they propose to act solely through the Constitution.

"The North—the majority of its representatives faithless; confidence in politicians gone.

"The Anti-slavery Societies—a scattered body, with unfashionable views and no political weight.

"Enlightened Opinion—suppressed by mob, violence, and outvoted, the less opulent and more numerous classes being democrats and supporters of the slave power.

"The South—resolute in maintaining its institutions, and master of the situation.

"Patience—the next decennial census will add to the number of members in Congress from the Free States; the Free States will be increased in number by Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, and Washington. . . ."—P. 177.

"To be quite Plain—there appear, at least on the surface, to be but two expedients by which this fearfully embarrassed question is to be solved—Revolution, Insurrection—both to be earnestly deprecated. . . ."—P. 179.

"One trembles at the fatal alternative—Revolution—Insurrection. Can insurrection be avoided either way? Revolution would produce insurrection. Successful insurrection would be followed by revolution, for we can scarcely expect that the North would remain in union with a nation of blacks."—P. 181.

And now for Mr Stirling's conclusion:—

"I put no faith in political or philanthropic nostrums. If the South is to be regenerated, it must be by economical influences. Slavery will be abolished now as heretofore, simply because slavery is unprofitable. An unworthy motive some may say. True; but it is the way of God to bring good out of evil, turning even our unworthy motives to His own good ends."—P. 302.

We would fain hope that Mr Chambers has taken too dark a view of the alternatives. Mr Stirling's conclusion we regard as too hastily expressed, unless the terms "economical" and "unprofitable" are taken in such a wide signification as to include all possible elements—Christianity and education as well as dollars and danger. We hope, and indeed expect, that the good sense of the States will discover some other termination than

revolution or insurrection. But we cannot suppose that slavery in the Southern States will gradually die away, merely because it is unprofitable, or that it can be abolished without violent agitation and the application of, perhaps, very strong "political nostrums." It might die out of the North, because the North was peopled with yeomen who were themselves willing to labour, and to whom slavery was an encumbrance and a nuisance, as well as a degradation. But it cannot die out of the plantation districts in a similar manner or from a similar cause. Labour has there become traditionally dishonourable, and the whites would on no account encounter the drudgery of the fields. The political pressure of the North must come into play; and if the planters saw that the North was really serious—which it has not yet been, or is only beginning to be—they would feel the necessity of capitulation, to escape what to them would be a greater evil—Separation. There is a vast substratum of power in the North that has never been brought into action, namely, the power of the yeomen proprietors, the strongest body of freemen in the world out of the British islands. If these men were fairly roused, their voice would startle the Union from end to end, and the slippery politicians, who have been playing fast and loose with slavery, would quail when they heard the manly voice of Anglo-Saxon freemen pithily, but unmistakeably, declaring that the name of slavery should no longer be branded on the reputation of their free country. Yet these men have not taken their side. They scarcely even vote at elections. In the State of New York, there are 300,000 electors (about a third of all the electors of England) who do not use their franchise, and in Massachusetts, nearly two-thirds of the electors stay away from the polls.

The causes at work for the abolition of American slavery, we are inclined to enumerate as follows:—

First, Christian civilization. Second, The education and social elevation of the coloured American. Third, The moral aversion of the Northern States to the system. Fourth, The public opinion of Europe. Fifth, The commercial as distinguished from the plantation and agricultural period of society. And, Sixth, The proven inferiority of the slave system to the free system.

We shall take these causes of abolition or emancipation inversely, and offer a few observations on each; but before doing so we may remark, that pecuniary compensation, or the purchase of the freedom of the slave population, is utterly and totally out of the question. Britain could afford the outlay, because the empire was only negotiating the affairs of some small colonies; but the New Englanders would as soon think of buying up the Pope and Cardinals as of buying up the slave rights of the planters. The extradition of the blacks is also hopelessly absurd.

They are there in the Southern States, and there they must remain to cultivate the land.

First, The proven inferiority of the slave system to the free system. What was formerly suspected is now proven, and the more the proof is known, circulated, canvassed, and reflected on, the more does it become a valid argument and a moving power. Let us, in the first place, contrast the Free States with the Slave States in the following table:—

FREE AND SLAVE STATES, 1850.

	Population.		Industry.						Public Works.		Education.		Representation.	
			Agriculture.								Illiterate Whites.			
	Density per Square Mile.	Annual Increas. 1790 to 1850.	Improved Lands.	Average Value of Lands.	Average Value of Agricultural Implements.	Produce per Acre. Wheat.	Produce per Acre. Maize.	Agricultural and Manufacturing products per head of Population.	Canals per Million of Population.	Railways per Million of Population.	Native.	Foreign	1790.	1850.
	P. Cent.	P. Cent.	P. Cent.	Dollars.	Dollars.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Dollars.	Miles.	Miles.	P. Cent.	P. Cent.	P. Cent.	P. Cent.
Free States,	21.91	9.71	14.72	19.00	.77	12.4	31.1	105.85	274	1500	2.40	6.37	53.8	61.5
Slave States,	11.35	6.59	10.00	6.00	.36	9.8	19.6	65.67	116	500	8.37	9.19	46.2	38.5

Stirling, 338, mpil from De Bow's *Compendium of* 853.

This table proves that in every single item, without exception, the Slave States are inferior to the Free States. But listen to Mr Stirling, "Marvellous as has been the progress of the Northern States of the Union, it is, I am persuaded, nothing compared with that which is in store for the South, so soon as she shall have the virtue and wisdom to remodel her institutions in the spirit of freedom."—(247.) Leaving the above table to speak for itself, we turn to the question of slave and free labour, with the same population before and after emancipation. This, in fact, is the real question, and the following quotation will suffice to show in what sense the West Indies have been "ruined:"—

"The impression, we believe, prevails among the American planters that the British West Indies are rapidly returning to a state of nature, and especially are fast abandoning the sugar cane, as too much for the energies of free labour. Happily, the commercial returns dispel this ridiculous illusion. Slavery was abolished by the Act of 1833, the system of forced labour being still continued for some years, under the name of apprenticeship, and the monopoly by differential duties remaining unbroken until 1845. If we take the produce of the three years, 1835, 1845, and 1855, we shall see at a glance, 1st, The latest achievements of the slave system with protection duties; 2d, The result of free labour without free trade; 3d, The most recent operation of a system doubly free. In the first of the three selected years, our Slave-Colonies (West Indies and Mauritius) furnished for home consumption, only 178,000 tons of sugar and molasses; in the second, 180,026; in the third, 211,631. Thus the free produce, instead of dwindling away in obedience to prediction, has increased about 19 per cent."—Chambers, p. 160, from *Anti-Slavery Advocate.*

Second, The commercial as distinguished from the plantation period of society. Plantation agriculture implies little more than animal labour. Commercial industry implies the growth of intelligence. Wherever commerce prevails over mere agriculture, the bonds of slavery are relaxed, and ultimately are broken. If commerce could undermine the feudalism of Europe, it can have no great difficulty in rooting out the slavery of America, which, after all, is only black feudalism. Hear Mr Stirling:—

"Further, among the commercial class of the South there is much concealed hostility to slavery. This is particularly the case in the large trading towns of the frontier States; in Wheeling, Virginia; in Louisville, Kentucky; and above all, in St Louis, Missouri. In St Louis there are about 30,000 Germans, all to a man opposed to slavery. Indeed, slavery in St Louis exists only in name. When the time comes, the party of freedom in the Slave States will find itself suddenly endowed with unlooked for strength. Two-thirds or

three-fourths of the commercial business of the south are carried on by northern men, or foreigners. At present these men hold their peace—they bide their time. But many of them hate the system they are forced to endure."—P. 821.

Hear, again, the American correspondent of the "Times:"—

"The soil of Missouri, its climate, and its productions, are as much adapted to free as to slave labour. Hemp, tobacco, and Indian corn, are its staple agricultural products, but its commerce and its manufactures promise to be of greater value than its agriculture. St Louis, the depôt of the former, is near the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi, with an inland navigation of thousands of miles in every direction, with great accumulated wealth, a large tonnage, and promises to become the great city of the interior of this country. The mountains of Missouri are full of mineral wealth, and want only to be struck by the hand of well-directed industry, to yield a stream of wealth. The population of the eastern part of the State is young, and largely from the Free States. *It is easy to see that all these causes might bring about in Missouri a feeling in favour of emancipation not shared by the other frontier States.*"—(*Times*, Aug. 29, 1857.)

Third, The public opinion of Europe. Perhaps the greatest achievement of civilization, is the triumph of catholic opinion. What is the catholic opinion of the civilized world? On some subjects we are compelled to answer, "The civilized world has not yet arrived at its conclusion"—with regard, for instance, to the mode of political government. But where it has done so, as in the case of piracy and slavery, we acknowledge that the catholic opinion must prevail—must be reduced from a form of opinion to an overt act, and from an overt act to an outward condition of society. Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Italy, countries where slavery once prevailed, have given in their declaration on the side of freedom. Even Russia is coming rapidly over to the common conviction, and Turkey is at least on the way. All nations that join in the community of civilization must necessarily abandon slavery, or must at least expel it to colonies; and this common, habitual, effortless, but invincible influence, is bearing most powerfully on America. So long as they retain slavery, the States cannot be admitted *on terms of equality* into the community of nations; and the Americans know and feel this fact with ever-growing acuteness. The black stain is always present; and, until it is removed, America knows that she cannot take her place at the council-table of nations, except as the tolerated representative of a new society, that has not yet been moulded into form—exactly as we tolerate a Californian with a revolver in his belt, although the European gentleman has given up the habitual use of arms.

America feels not merely the sarcasms of British writers, but far more intensely she feels the moral weight of British consistency and political rectitude. She feels beaten, not by the enterprise of Britain, but by the honesty of Britain. She feels robbed of her place in the world's estimation, because there is another country that bears a free flag, and carries it fearlessly before all—before high and low, rich and poor, bond or free—a flag which her very slaves are taught to reverence in their childhood—a flag that is not draggled one day in the blood of Negroes, and next day flaunted in the face of foes—but a flag that covers every man, woman, and child born in the British dominions, and gives them the same right to the full protection of the British crown. She knows that whatever her strength, her population, or her territory, she can never attain to a similar estimation in the eyes of the world, until the curse of slavery is rooted out; and thus the opinion of Europe, and of the world, is perpetually disintegrating her slave system, perpetually exposing its rottenness and worthlessness, and perpetually passing a sentence of condemnation, from which no escape is possible, except by the surrender of her black institution, and by the coming over of America to the side of freedom.

Fourth, The moral aversion of the Northern States to the slave system.

This feeling on the part of the inhabitants of the Northern States, is every day becoming more widely diffused, and every day deepening in intensity. The Fugitive Slave Law brought the reality of the system home to the door of the North, and created a revulsion which first rendered that law a total failure and an impracticable absurdity, and then began to express itself in "struggles for Kansas," and other similar efforts. The North is not yet alive to the full degradation of its own position, and, consequently, exercises less weight than really belongs to it; but every day the progress is towards more decisive action; and, though the foolish prejudice against colour complicates the influence which the North undoubtedly possesses, all the more recent proceedings of the Free States prove that the North is gradually tending to a European style of thought, by which slavery must ultimately be condemned. Even while we write, it is announced that the State of Maine—the northernmost State, and one that never had slaves—has admitted persons of African descent to the franchise of citizens, and entitled them to vote for Governor, Senator, and State Representative. Here we see, commencing at the extreme north, the second course of Freedom's progress—the first course being the abolition of slavery without conferring the right of citizenship.

Fifth, The education and social elevation of the coloured

American. So far as regards the slave, we may quote from Mr Stirling:—

"The elevation and the emancipation of the Negro must go hand in hand. Now, the ennoblement of the slave can only be effectual by reversing those influences which have degraded him. High motives of action must be substituted for low ones. Free will must rule instead of force, and voluntary contract take the place of the cowhide. By giving the slave an interest in his labour, we shall stimulate his energies, and raise him in his own esteem. His labour will cease to be a degrading and irksome drudgery. The idea of property, with all its civilizing influences, will be awakened within him, and the consciousness of voluntary exertion will gradually lead to that development of the power of will which lies at the root of all human ennoblement."—*Letters*, p. 240.

The elevation of the slave, however, *during the time he is a slave*, is not the quarter to which we look for amelioration. We look rather to the elevation of the free coloured American. If the men of African blood be capable of standing on a footing of equality with the white races, the coloured American must prove it by the actual, tangible, realized fact. He must become a man of education, a man of wealth, and a gentleman. If he can do so, he has won the battle of his race; if he cannot do so, in a free country, and with the fair field of honourable competition open before him, then we should be compelled to conclude, that there was some inherent inferiority which nothing can eradicate, and that he must remain, even if free, a hewer of sugar canes and a drawer of molasses. The Jew—against whom prejudice during the middle ages in Europe was incomparably stronger than the vulgar prejudice of present Americans against the yellow and black complexions—has won his place in European society; but won it, not by the elevation of the Jews of Poland, or of the old clothesmen of London, but by the manful competition of the Rothschilds, fairly launched in the open market of the world, and winning the battle of mercantile life; taking the guineas from the very teeth of the christian Jews, and daring them to their faces in a free encounter in the lists of money. Let the coloured Americans do the same in any department whatever of man's social existence; let them do it in the fear of God, as the highest duty they owe to their race, and Providence, that fails not to the brave, will show them at length the fruits and harvestings of their endeavours ripening in the respect of the world. No race has worked so hard for its place as the Anglo-Saxon; none has paid down the price of success with such constant and untiring punctuality, in all quarters of the globe, and under all circumstances of earth or ocean. Is it,

then, too much to ask, that those to whom the Anglo-Saxon accords full freedom, with all its hard-won benefits, bought by centuries of unflinching toil, shall not be entitled to assume social equality until they have at least proven themselves worthy workers in the world's great cause? Let the coloured American once win his place, and the Anglo-Saxon will secure it to him in perpetuity, in the midst of a civilization which the dark man could not have attained without the white man's aid. Already this process is at work, and the next generation will see a vast change in the position of the coloured American. Lawyers, doctors, editors, manufacturers, and others, on the way to the higher platforms of society, are now seen clothed in the cloud of Africa—painted black by nature for nature's purposes, but not the less endowed with the immortal spirit of man, that may live for ever.

Sixth, Christian civilization. Modern civilization is so essentially the result of Christianity, that we cannot separate the one from the other. Paganism can civilize man up to a certain point—it can make him an artist—but it leaves the moral world a wilderness, with fiery serpents in it. Civilization is the outward and worldly expression of the spiritual truth of Christianity; and Christianity and civilization are both essentially antagonistic to slavery. This is proven by the historic course of Christianity, which has gradually lifted the veil from the eyes of nations, and gradually swept slavery out of the older societies of Christendom. It is useless to aver, that, in the Slave States, Christianity appears under a corrupted form, and even preaches slavery. It does so; but the preaching of a few half educated and interested men, placed in the worst of circumstances, can no more affect the historic evidence, that Christianity bears freedom on its wing, than the secession of a few renegades to the Moslem faith can prove the decay of Christianity, and the advance of Mohammedanism. Take up a map of the world, and plant your finger on the Christian countries, one after another: you have planted them on the countries where slavery has been abolished. Plant your finger on the countries where slavery is thoroughly rooted out and forgotten: you have planted your finger on the countries that are most peculiarly Christian. Nor has this result been the impulse of accident: it has been the universal and constant tending of Christianity to elevate man as man—to draw him upward into intelligent freedom, where he shall be able to rule and guide himself under the administration of just laws, framed by the living conscience of society for the welfare of all. Christianity is so fatal to the very essence and being of slavery, that slavery dies before it; and though a Christian nation may begin, like Bishop Meade of Baltimore, by preaching slavery, it

will infallibly end, like Bishop Meade, in the emancipation of its slaves. The historic course of Christianity is in no degree affected by the utterances of a few tortuous-minded men, who seek for sophistry to defend a surrounding evil. The progress of Christianity is independent of all such local and temporary hindrances. It will sweep slavery, not only out of the States, but out of the world itself. Its very nature is to make man a free spirit, under the laws of God. Christianity walks with the seed of truth in one hand, and the seed of freedom in the other; and she sows broadcast the two together, as the twin blessings with which she endows the earth.

Such are the causes that are working out the demolition of American Slavery; and the result we regard as altogether indubitable. Slavery is doomed, and must die. The future is, of course, inscrutable; but we shall venture to hazard an anticipation. The next census—of 1860—will so alter the position of North and South, of Free States and Slave States, that the election of an anti-slavery President, in 1861, may be reckoned as not improbable. Should an anti-slavery President find himself installed in the chair at Washington, the slave question must be brought to an issue, so far as the extension of slavery is concerned. If slavery can then be confined to limits, and no longer allowed to enter new territories, its domestic demolition becomes a matter of detail, as it cannot be perpetuated if confined to definite boundaries.

Art. VI.—1. *Memoir of John Dalton*, D.C.L., F.R.S., Instit. (Acad. Sc.;) Paris; Socius, President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, etc., etc.; and History of the Atomic Theory up to his Time. By Robert Angus Smith, Ph.D. F.C.S., Sec. to the Lit. and Phil. Soc. Published also as Vol. XIII. New Series of the Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. Pp. 298. Lond. 1856.

2. *Memoirs of the Life and Scientific Researches of John Dalton*, Hon. D.C.L., Oxford; LL.D., Edinburgh; F.R.S.; President of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Manchester; Foreign Associate of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Paris; Member of the Royal Academies of Science of Berlin and of Munich, and of the Natural History Society of Moscow, etc. etc. By William Charles Henry, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of the Chemical and Geological Societies, and Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Turin. Printed for the Cavendish Society. P. 250. Lond. 1854.

3. *The Life and Discoveries of Dr John Dalton.* By George Wilson, M.D., etc., etc. (Brit. Quarterly Rev., Vol. I., p. 157, Feb. and May 1845.

Among the great men who have illustrated the passing century, there is no brighter name than that of John Dalton. Among the Watts, the Cavendishes, the Herschels, and the Youngs of his own country, he occupies a distinguished place; and foreign nations have not hesitated to crown him with the honours which they so readily and so impartially concede to original genius. It is always instructive to trace the steps by which "Industry and Genius" lead their possessors to brilliant discoveries; but there are cases of a peculiar interest, where the provincial sage has been ill equipped for his arduous enterprise, or where the path of research has been encumbered with the failures of unsuccessful rivals. Ingenuity and patience may sometimes procure for the apprentice philosopher the materials and the instruments of study, which an academical or more opulent rival can command; but the sage who first reaches the goal, and carries off the prize, is often doomed by contemporary injustice, and the ignorance of the historians of science, to wear for a while a mutilated laurel. From both of these misfortunes Dalton was destined to suffer. Without pecuniary means he was compelled to carry on his researches under the harness of professional labour, and with the cheapest and most imperfect apparatus; and when he had

triumphed over all the difficulties which had beset him, and achieved a European reputation, his claims to originality were keenly contested by the very rivals whom he had outstripped in the race of discovery. But though thus pursued under difficulties, the studies of Dalton had a prosperous issue. The laws of proportion and combination, the foundation and the nucleus of the Atomic Philosophy, with which he enriched the science of chemistry, were as firmly established as if he had occupied the most favoured position; and, while his competitors in discovery have received their meed of praise, his independent claims have been ratified by the acknowledged arbiters of European fame.[1]

In no event of his career has Dr Dalton been more fortunate than in the biographers who have appreciated his labours, and in the fellow-citizens who have done honour to his name. Within a comparatively brief period since his death, three eminent individuals have published Memoirs of his Life and Discoveries, and in the wealthy and enterprising city which he adorned, a massive tombstone of granite has been placed over his grave, a statue erected to his memory, and a new street inscribed with his name.

Dr William C. Henry, one of his pupils, and the accomplished son of the late Dr Henry, was appointed by Dr Dalton his literary executor, and in a well written volume has given an interesting sketch of the life of his friend, and an able account of his writings and discoveries.

Considering chemical literature as demanding a more minute history of the Atomic Theory, up to the time of Dalton, than has been given in the works of Dr Kopp and Dr Daubeny, Dr Angus Smith has been induced to draw up a New Memoir of its Author, and to make the distinctive feature of the volume a history of our ideas of matter, bearing on modern chemistry, until the time when Dalton flourished. This important task has been ably executed, and the future historian of chemistry will find valuable materials in Dr Smith's excellent work.

So early as 1845, before any of these biographies were undertaken, and only a few months after the death of Dalton, Dr George Wilson, drew up for the "British Quarterly Review," an able article on his Life and Writings. This brief memoir was, for nine years, the only biography of the philosopher, and the only just appreciation of his discoveries; and we need hardly say, that it does much honour to its distinguished author.

John Dalton was born at Eaglesfield,[2] a small village 23 miles

[1] "Much," says Dr Smith, "has been said of the Atomic Theory. Some have given credit to Dalton, some have taken it from him; most writers have even confusedly mixed him up with others."—*Memoirs*, p. 3.

[2] The first meeting-house of the Society of Friends in England was erected in this village.

south-west of Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 5th of September 1766. His father, Joseph Dalton, occupied a small cottage on the estate belonging to the family, and having only two small rooms, "one of which was ten feet square, and the other still less." He earned a scanty subsistence by weaving common country goods, while his wife, Deborah Greenup, eked it out by selling paper, ink, and quills. On the death of his elder brother, he succeeded to the family property, and removed to the larger house, which is described as one of the better class of farm-houses. This small copy-hold estate, which measured about 60 acres, came into the possession of the philosopher in 1834, upon the death of his elder brother, who had increased it considerably by purchase; and it afterwards passed into the hands of his cousins on the mother's side. Deborah Greenup, through whose mother the property came, was the third daughter of a family, of one son and seven daughters, who resided at Greenrigg, Coldbeck. Upon the death of the only son, who practised as a barrister in London, the Greenrigg estate went to his unmarried sister Ruth, who left it to Jonathan and John Dalton, and their cousin John Bewley, who in 1827 sold it for L.750.

On his mother's side Dalton was connected with many families in the neighbourhood; but of his relations on the father's side, very little is known. The philosopher himself was anxious to learn something of his ancestors; and in his latter years, when he had been honoured with a national recognition of his services, he traced as well as he could the history of his family. In a parchment pedigree, surmounted with armorial bearings, he records the alliances of the Daltons with the Greenups, yeomen or "statesmen of the lake district," and also with the Fearons, who possessed property at Eaglesfield, in the reign of Elizabeth.

Jonathan Dalton, the grandfather, was the first of the family who joined the Society of Friends, a connection which was kept up by his descendants. Joseph Dalton and Deborah Greenup had three children, Jonathan, John the philosopher, and Mary. Although in narrow circumstances, Joseph was anxious to give his family a good education, and he is said to have instructed both his sons in mathematics. At the same time he sent them to the school belonging to the Society of Friends, then taught by Mr Fletcher, under whose tuition John remained till he was 12 years of age, imbibing all the knowledge which qualified him to be Mr Fletcher's successor. To be able to teach at the age of 12, indicated some superiority over the other inmates of the school, and we have no doubt that our young philosopher was fitted for the task; but to maintain authority over pupils, many of whom were his elders, required powers which he was not likely to possess. We, accordingly find, on the authority of one of his scholars, that

he struggled hard to maintain order in the school. Many who surpassed him in age, refused to obey him, and some of them went so far as to challenge him to fight in the burying-ground in which the school was placed. We are not told that the physical powers of teacher and taught were thus tested; but it is very probable that the man of peace would take other means of maintaining his authority. We know that he locked up the most refractory of the rebels, and made them learn their tasks, while he went to his dinner; but this punishment proved rather expensive, as he often found the windows broken on his return. During the summers of the two years in which our philosopher wielded the birch over the refractory community, he wrought hard as a labourer on his father's farm, and he himself informs us that "afterwards (that is after he had left the school) he was occasionally employed in husbandry for a year or more."

Previous to his debut as a teacher, even at the early age of ten, Dalton was led to study the relations of space and number, in which his mathematical tastes were developed. A distant relative who, at this time, took a kind interest in him, Mr Elihu Robinson, was a man of property as well as education. He had in his service a youth of the name of William Balderstone, whose taste for knowledge, Mr Robinson, and his wife, who was an accomplished woman, did everything in their power to encourage. Dalton shared in the instructions given to his young friend, and they became rivals in the solution of various problems which occurred in their studies. Dalton had previously evinced a want of acuteness in answering a question submitted to him by some mowers in a hay field. He at first decided that *sixty yards square*, and *sixty square yards* were the same, but a little reflection soon satisfied him that he was wrong. When any difficult problem in mathematics was proposed, Dalton encouraged his companion to undertake it, in the dialect of the country, "you might do it;" and on one of those occasions, when Balderstone proposed to settle a mathematical dispute, by betting a sixpence, Mr Robinson interfered, and proposed that the loser should supply the other with candles for their evening studies during the winter. Without understanding the difference between betting in candles and betting in sixpences, it is sufficient to state that the suggestion was adopted, and Dalton won the bet. Poor Balderstone, in place of losing sixpence, was thus subjected to the severer forfeit of half of the candles which the tyros consumed during their winter studies. In this mathematical rivalry Dalton soon outstripped his companion, who does not seem in his future life, to have occupied any distinguished position. In 1834, when Miss Johns and Dr Dalton visited him, he was ninety years of age. The visit gave him much pleasure, and he expressed the opinion,

that he was not only a great but a good man who, after having been introduced to the King, could visit one so humble as himself!

In 1781, when Dalton had quitted the school at Eaglesfield, and was only fifteen years of age, he went to Kendal as assistant to his cousin George Bewley, who, with the assistance of Jonathan Dalton, conducted a boarding school for members of the Society of Friends. It does not appear how long Dalton occupied the humble position of an assistant. George Bewley, the principal master, gave up the school in 1785; and we find, in a printed notice, quoted by Dr Henry, that the school would be re-opened on the 28th of March 1785 by Jonathan and John Dalton, "where youth will be carefully instructed in English, Latin, Greek, and French; also Writing, Arithmetic, Merchants' Accounts, and the Mathematics." Mary Dalton, their sister, came to give her assistance in taking care of the boarders; and their father and mother often went to visit them, walking in one day, "over mountain and slack," a distance of forty-five miles.

Having no capital for such an establishment, the two Daltons were obliged to borrow money from George Bewley, and also from their father and sister and other friends; but, being very economical and good managers, they repaid these loans out of their first year's earnings, which amounted to L.107,—an income which they eked out by a few pounds received for "drawing conditions," "collecting rents," "making wills," and "searching registers." About the middle of 1786 they issued a second circular, announcing a more extended plan of instruction, embracing, in addition to English, Latin, Greek, and French, no fewer than *twenty-one* subjects in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and their applications.

In addition to these duties, John, who had now reached his twenty-first year, announced a series of lectures on Mechanics, Optics, Pneumatics, Astronomy, and the use of the Globes, giving their general contents in a syllabus, and fixing half-a-guinea (or one shilling per lecture) as the fee for the course.[1] The syllabus ends with the Latin quotation,—

"Ex rerum causis supremam noscere causam."

Miss Johns informs us that when this syllabus, with another of the later date of 1792, came accidentally under Dalton's notice, "he burst out into a loud laugh;" astonished, no doubt, with the vast range of science which, with such slender acquirements, he had undertaken to teach. It is interesting to learn how John performed his part as a teacher of about sixty boys and girls, especially after hearing of his doings in the village school. The

[1] This course was repeated in 1791; the fee being reduced to five shillings, or sixpence for each lecture.

two masters, having seen little of society, were "uncouth in their manners," and maintained a "system of great sternness and formality." John was the gentler and more popular of the two. During school hours he was occupied with his own studies, making mathematical calculations on scraps of paper; so that it is probable that the faults of the scholars escaped his notice from his being less vigilant than his brother. Corporal punishment was inflicted only once upon three boys. John held the culprits, while Jonathan administered the whip so sharply as to draw blood, and render necessary the assistance of a surgeon. This severity of discipline occasioned much discussion, and its victims would have been withdrawn from the school, "had not a strong interest been manifested in support of the masters."

During the twelve years which John spent at Kendal, he made great progress in his scientific studies. Almost every branch of science seems to have occupied his attention. He not only made barometers, thermometers, and hygrometers for his own use, but also for sale. He collected butterflies and ichneumons for Mr Crosthwaite. He studied the changes in caterpillars, and the power of a vacuum, or immersion in water, to destroy or suspend vitality in snails, mites, and maggots. He prepared books of dried plants, consisting of two quires, which he proposed to sell for half-a-guinea; and he completed a *Hortus Siccus*[1] in eleven volumes, now in the possession of Mr T. P. Heywood of the Isle of Man. In one of his botanical excursions with a friend, he narrowly escaped from the attack of a bull "by climbing into a tree or over a wall."

Having at one time thought of studying medicine, and practising it as a profession, he performed an elaborate series of experiments on his own *ingesta* and *egesta*, with the view of ascertaining the weight lost by insensible perspiration. An account of these experiments was read at the first meeting of the British Association at York; and the writer of this article, who was present, will never forget the peals of laughter which were elicited by the peculiarly grave and solemn manner with which the author detailed the various operations which were rendered necessary in such an inquiry. The scheme of relinquishing the profession of a schoolmaster and entering upon the study of law or medicine, was not encouraged by the friends whom he consulted. Mr Greenup bluntly told him that these two professions "were totally out of the reach of a person in his circumstances," and recommended to him the "more humble sphere of

[1] The first of these volumes contains the following general title-page:—*Hortus Siccus, seu Plantarum diversarum in Agris Kendal vicinis sponte nascentium Specimina, opera et studio Johannis Dalton collecta, et secundum classes et ordines disposita*, 1[illegible]

an apothecary or an attorney," while Mr Elihu Robinson considered him "well adapted for his present profession," and disapproved of his abandoning "the noble labour of teaching youth." This last advice he adopted, and the rest of his life was spent in the diffusion, as well as in the advancement, of science.

During our philosopher's residence in Kendal, he contributed largely to the *Gentleman's and Ladies' Diary*, two periodical works which often called forth the talents of some of our best English mathematicians. His name is attached to many solutions of mathematical and physical questions in the volumes which were published in the years 1784–1794. He proposed several questions and answered them himself. In 1787 and 1788 he was peculiarly successful in his solutions. He solved correctly *thirteen* out of the *fifteen*, including the prize question, proposed in 1787. In the "Gentleman's Diary" for 1789, he solved correctly seven of the mathematical questions; and in the "Ladies' Diary" for 1790, he gained the highest prize for his masterly solution of the prize question.

His great success in solving mathematical and physical problems induced him, in 1791 and 1792, to try his hand as a moralist; and we accordingly find, in a list supplied to Dr Henry by Dr George Wilson, some amusing queries and solutions in questions not connected with mathematics. One of these cannot fail to amuse the reader.

"*Query by Mira.*

"Is it possible for a person of sensibility and virtue, who has once felt the passion of love in the fullest extent that the human heart is capable of receiving it (being, by death or some other circumstance, for ever deprived of the object of its wishes), ever to feel an equal passion for any other object?

"*Answered by Mr John Dalton of Kendal.*

"It will be generally allowed that, in sustaining the disappointments incident to life, true fortitude would guard us from the extremes of insuperable melancholy and stoic insensibility, both being incompatible with your own happiness and the good of mankind. If, therefore, the passion of love have not acquired too great ascendancy over the reason, we may, I think, conclude that true magnanimity may support the shock without eventually feeling the mental powers and affections enervated and destroyed by it; and, consequently, that the query may be answered in the affirmative. However, if this passion be too strong, when compared with the other faculties of the mind, it may be feared that the shock will enfeeble it, so as to render the exercise of its functions in future much more limited than before."

During our philosopher's residence at Kendal he became ac-

quainted with Mr John Gough, a man of high scientific attainments, whose memory has not been duly honoured by his countrymen. He was the son, as Dr Dalton tells us, of a wealthy tradesman who lived at Middleshaw near Kendal, and had the misfortune of losing his sight by the small-pox when about two years of age. He is, perhaps, he continues, one of the most astonishing instances that ever appeared of what genius, united with perseverance and every other subsidiary aid, can accomplish, when deprived of what we usually reckon the most valuable sense. He is a perfect master of the Latin, Greek, and French languages, understands all the different branches of mathematics, and solves the most difficult and abstruse problems in his own head. He is an adept in every branch of Natural Philosophy. He knows, by the touch, taste, and smell, almost every plant within twenty miles of this place;[1] he can reason with astonishing perspicuity on the construction of the eye, the nature of light, of colours, and of optic glasses; and was a good proficient in astronomy, chemistry, medicine, and other branches of knowledge. His father supplied him with books, instruments, and every thing he required; and, had he wished it, would have sent him to the University. His brothers and sisters wrote and read for him; Dalton drawing diagrams, and making for him mathematical calculations. For these good turns, Dalton was amply rewarded. Gough taught him Latin, Greek, and French, of which he knew nothing when he came to Kendal; gave him the use of his library and scientific apparatus; and freely imparted to him his "stores of science." For this interchange of kindness, Gough "was above receiving any pecuniary recompense," and Dalton has acknowledged that the balance was always in his own favour. Gough, who was two years older than Dalton, lived to an advanced age. He is said to have "prepared Dr Whewell and several other distinguished wranglers for their contests." He was much respected by all who knew him, and sat for the following portrait to his friend and admirer Wordsworth :—

Methinks I see him, how his eye-balls rolled
Beneath his ample brow, in darkness framed,
But each instinct with spirit, and the frame
Of the whole countenance alive with thought,
Fancy, and understanding; whilst the voice
Discoursed of natural or moral truth,
With eloquence and such authentic power,
That, in his presence, humble knowledge stood
Abashed, and tender pity overawed.[2]

[1] Mr Gough's brother-in-law, Mr Thomas Harrison of Kendal, himself a philosopher and botanist, informs us that Gough possessed the best collection of plants in Cumberland.—See *Nicholson's Journal*, 8vo, vol. xi., p. 237.
[2] The Excursion.

We should like to know the history of Gough, and his relations with Dalton during the nine or ten years which followed their separation in 1793, when Dalton removed from Kendal to Manchester. We have traced his history from the end of 1801 to the middle of 1810, in twenty volumes of "Nicholson's Journal," now before us. In each of these there is one paper, and in many of them, two or three, from his prolific pen. The papers are mathematical, chemical, and physical; and now and then on subjects in Natural History and general Science. We find him in controversy with Dr Thomas Young on the theory of compound sounds,[1]—with Professor Barlow[2] on polygonal members,—and even with his bosom friend Dalton, and Dr Henry senior, on the subject of mixed gases. In this last controversy, Dr Henry junior alleges that Gough employs some asperity of language, and that Dr Dalton replied with unruffled kindness; but this appears to us to be too strongly stated against the blind philosopher. Having maintained the chemical union of water and air, and also the homogeneity of the "atmospherical gas,"[3] Gough says that, on further prosecuting the inquiry, he was "compelled to make an open attack on his friend Mr Dalton, and his new convert Mr Henry. He promises to conduct the dispute fairly, which he says "is due to friendship, as well as the obligation of truth."[4] As the dispute advances, the teacher and his pupil denounce each other's arguments as unsound and untenable. What is called theory by the one, is called hypothesis by the other. The pupil implies in his arguments that his opponent is ignorant of chemistry, and uses illustrations so homely as to be offensive. Mr Gough, exaggerating these blossoms of temper, alleges that his pupil has amused the superficial reader rather than convinced the reasoner; that he treats *the subject* (not the author) with acrimony and ridicule; and that the simile of the philosopher, cottager, and sieve, is more calculated to promote ridicule than truth. In replying to this letter, Dr Dalton promises "to avoid as much as may be" the two charges of "acrimony and ridicule;" and in answering a dynamical argument against his theory, he observes, with much good feeling, "that, having himself studied the principles of Dynamics, as well as those of many other mathematical and physical sciences, under the tuition of Mr Gough, he feels under strong obligations to him; but these, he will readily grant, do not bind him to subscribe to his opinions when he cannot per-

[1] Mr Gough's paper with this title was published in the Manchester Memoirs. The controversy is not noticed in Dr Peacock's life of Young. Dr Young's reply is in Nicholson's Journal, 8vo, vol ii., p. 264. See also vol. iii., p. 39, 145; vol. iv., p. 1, 139, 152.

[2] Id. id., vol. xxi., p. 118, 241; xxii., p. 33.

[3] Id. id., vol. viii., p. 243.

[4] Id. id., vol. ix., p. 52, 89, 107, 126. 160, 269. See also vol. x., p. 20,

ceive them to be well-founded."[1] Mr Gough replies to this letter on the 3d December 1804,[2] under the feeling that his friend has tried to expose his ignorance of chemistry; and thus closes a controversy which, like all similar ones, derives any bitterness it may possess from mutual misapprehension. Had Mr Gough lived long enough, he would have been proud of the distinguished honours conferred upon his pupil.

After having abandoned the idea of following any of the learned professions, Dalton seems to have devoted himself to a regular course of scientific inquiry. Meteorology was the subject to which he most diligently applied himself. Mr Gough had set him the example of keeping a meteorological journal at Kendal,[3] and he commenced one himself on the 24th March 1787. This journal was continued till 1793 at Kendal; and from 1793 till the evening before his death at Manchester. The very first entry in it is the notice of an aurora on the evening of the 24th March, another having occurred three nights before; and it is probable, as Dr Henry conjectures, that he was induced by this remarkable meteor to study and record meteorological phenomena. For nearly six months his observations were limited to general remarks on the state of the weather; but he afterwards records the indications of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, by means of instruments of his own construction.

Towards the close of 1792, before he left Kendal, he resolved to publish his Meteorological Journals; and they accordingly appeared in 1793, under the title of "Meteorological Observations and Essays." The work is divided into two parts, in the first of which he treats of the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, and rain-gauge, adding tables of the daily pressure, temperature, and moisture of the air, with the quantity of rain which fell at Kendal and Keswick between the years 1787 and 1793. The observations at Keswick were made by Mr Crosthwaite, with instruments procured from and made by Dalton; but their value, as corresponding ones with those at Kendal, is greatly diminished by not having been made at the same hours. Those of Dalton are defective from other causes. They were made at hours which do not give by their average the mean temperature of the day; and, what is worse, they were not made at the same hours throughout the year. "The morning observations were taken *between* 6 *and* 8 *o'clock;* the mid-day observations *about* 12 *or* 1; the night observations at Kendal *about* 9 *or* 10, but

[1] Nicholson's Journal, vol. ix., p. 274. [2] Id. id., vol. x., p. 20.

[3] This journal does not seem to have been published. An abstract of his journal in 1807 and 1808 is published in "Nicholson's Journal." With Lex's thermometer he found the mean temperature in lat. 54° 20′ to be 46°·2.

at Keswick, at 6 in summer and 4 in winter." Our author notices this irregularity in the observations of his friend as "a circumstance which makes the mean temperature of Keswick too high compared with that at Kendal;" but he does not seem to be aware of the defects in his own times of observation. He subsequently tells us, however, the important fact, which vitiates so many meteorological registers—and many made in the present day—"that the time or times of the day at which the observations ought to be made, in order to determine the true mean, has not, that I know of, been ascertained."[1] Among the other observations in this part of the work, those of Crosthwaite on the height of the clouds, and of Dalton on the aurora borealis, are the most important. Out of 5381 observations, 2098 made the clouds above 1050 yards high. In heavy and continued rains, the clouds were generally below the summit of Skiddaw, whose height is 1050 yards above Keswick; but it frequently rained when the clouds were entirely above it. After noticing the winds, the frosts, and the falls of snow, and describing what is called the *Bottom Winds* on Derwent Water, he devotes two sections to the aurora borealis, and its influence on the magnetic needle.

The second part of this work consists of eight Essays—on the Constitution, Figure, and Height of the Atmosphere; on Winds; on the Variation of the Barometer; on the relation between Heat and other bodies; on the Temperature of different Climates and Seasons; on Evaporation, Rain, Hail, Snow, and Dew; on the relation between the Barometer and Rain; and on the Aurora Borealis, which is treated of in six separate sections.

Among the new ideas contained in this volume, its author placed a high value upon his theory of the trade winds, his discovery of the influence of the aurora on the magnetic needle, and his explanation of the lengthened sound of thunder. But, as he himself tells us, he was anticipated in them,—a mortification which falls to the lot of every ardent cultivator of science, and one which, to some extent, awaited him in reference to his greatest discoveries.

To the second edition of this work, published in 1834, he has added an appendix of forty-seven pages, in which his attention is especially called to Humboldt's celebrated Memoir on *Isothermal Lines*, in which this distinguished philosopher refers to Dalton's explanation of the great variations of temperature in different parts of the same parallel of latitude. This explanation "he unfolds a little," to make it more "generally intelligible," and he is disposed to refer the fact to the existence of two cold poles in the arctic region.

[1] This important point in Meteorology has been fully treated in this Journal, vol. v., pp. 494-503, in our Review of "Humboldt's Central Asia."

"If the idea," he says, "suggested by Sir David Brewster, in the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh,' vol. ix., 1821, be correct (and there seems great reason to believe it to be so), namely, that *there are two poles of greatest cold in the Northern Hemisphere,* the above observations will enable us to see the natural cause of this remarkable fact; . . . and it would be a curious coincidence if Professor Hansteen's two supposed northern magnetic poles should be found (which they nearly are) in the same position as the two poles of extreme cold."[1]

It appears, from his "*addenda*" to the Essay on the Aurora Borealis, that he attached great value to his observations and speculations on the subject. The present work, indeed, he tells us, "was published originally with more especial reference to this peculiar matter;" and he is, therefore, led to give a list of auroras observed in Britain, from 1793 to 1834, distinguishing those which he had himself observed. He continued to maintain the opinion, that the beams of the aurora were of a ferruginous nature; that in the higher atmosphere there is an elastic fluid, having the properties of magnetic steel; that, like vapourised air, it is an imperfect conductor of electricity; that rings of this fluid encompass the magnetic pole; that the beams are arranged in equidistant rows round the same pole; and that the free electricity, in a disturbed electrical state of the atmosphere, runs along these beams and rings, from one quarter of the heavens to another, exhibiting the phenomena of the aurora.

When the "Meteorological Essays" were in the press, Dalton left Kendal, and took up his residence in Manchester. Dr Barnes, the Principal of the New College in that city, the offspring of the Warrington Academy, having asked Mr Gough for a suitable person as the teacher of mathematics, he recommended Dalton, who gladly accepted of the office. He lived in the establishment, and continued for six years to teach a class of not more than twenty-three students. Small as this number was, Dr Smith remarks that, "although Manchester is now multiplied by four, it cannot show the same number;" and he "fears that the love of external things has overpowered the love of science."

On the 3d of October 1794, Dalton was elected a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, and on the 31st, he read his celebrated paper, entitled "Extraordinary Facts relating to the Vision of Colours." The facts were, that he himself and several persons[2] had that peculiarity of vision now called *colour blindness,* from their distinguishing "only two,

[1] Appendix, pp. 215, 216.

[2] Dalton's brother, and one or two others in the neighbourhood of Eaglesfield, had the same defect.

or at most three, colours," which "they call yellow and blue, or yellow, blue, and purple;" his "yellow comprehending the red, orange, yellow, and green of other persons, and his blue and purple coinciding with theirs."

Without attempting any experiment on his own eyes, or those of his brother, our author, with his usual boldness in the suggestion of causes, does not scruple to assert, that "*it is almost beyond a doubt* that one of the humours of his eye, and of the eyes of his fellows, is a coloured medium, probably some modification of blue." This hypothesis, strange to say, was severely tested and disproved by the condition of his own eyes after death. Dr Ransome, his physician, conducted the examination of them with much skill and sagacity. "He sacrificed," as he remarks, "one eye to the determination of the colour of the three humours. The *aqueous*, collected in a watch-glass, from a careful puncture of the cornea, and viewed both by reflected and transmitted light, was found to be *perfectly pellucid and free from colour. The vitreous humour and its envelope* (the hyaloid membrane) *were also perfectly colourless*. The *crystalline lens* was slightly amber-coloured, as usual in persons of advanced age. The tunics, retina, choroid, and sclerotic, with their subdivisions, presented no peculiarity. In the other eye, the posterior part being removed by a vertical section in a plane at right angles with the axis, with as little disturbance as possible of the humours, we were able to see objects as through a lens; and thus objects of different colours, both by transmitted and reflected light, were examined *without any appreciable difference*. I did not omit to place scarlet and green together, as I knew that the Doctor was not able to discover any difference between the colour of the scarlet geranium flower and its leaves; but to my eyes, the contrast of the colours, seen through the medium of the greater portion of the humours, was as great as ever. Sir David Brewster visited me shortly after this examination, and I endeavoured to keep the humours in a state for his inspection and experiment; but he suggested nothing further, as he agreed with me that the imperfection of Dalton's vision arose from some deficient sensorial or perceptive power, rather than from any peculiarity in the eye itself."[1]

From these causes, Dr Dalton's paper on Colour Blindness has a peculiar interest; but we cannot agree with Dr Smith in characterizing it as "in reality a discovery." The same visual defect had been previously described; and the subject has been recently pressed upon the attention of the public, in a new and important aspect, by Dr George Wilson, in his admirable work on Colour Blindness. We have already had occasion to direct

[1] Letter from Dr Ransome to Dr Henry, *Memoirs*, p. 202.

the attention of the reader[1] to the interesting contents of this volume; but we fear that the valuable suggestions which it contains respecting the use of coloured signals on railways and at sea, have not excited the attention which they merit; and that the suggestion, made in the Review referred to, that persons who are colour blind should neither be chemists and druggists, nor the manufacturers of food and beverages, nor soldiers or sailors, nor witnesses in a court of justice, has never been attended to by those whom it most concerns.[2]

After he had been five years in Manchester, Dalton communicated to the Philosophical Society, in 1799, his "Experiments and Observations to determine whether the Quantity of Rain and Dew is equal to the Quantity of Water carried off by the rivers, and raised by evaporation; and on the Origin of Springs." In this paper he decides, on grounds somewhat questionable, that the two quantities are equal; and on the subject of springs, he maintains that they are derived solely from rains. In this volume, he first distinctly announces his theory of aqueous vapour,—"that it is an elastic fluid *sui generis*, diffusible in the atmosphere, but not chemically combined with it;—that temperature alone limits the maximum of vapour in the atmosphere; and that there exists at all times, and in all places, a quantity of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere, variable according to circumstances." This paper was immediately followed by one "On the Power of Fluids to conduct Heat," in which, after ascertaining the point of maximum density of water, he draws the conclusion, in opposition to that of Count Rumford, that water conducts heat a little, and that its expansion is the same both above and below its point of maximum density. In fixing this point he adopted 36°, and afterwards 38°. Dr Hope made it between 39½° and 40°, a very accurate result, which has been confirmed by the more recent experiments of Dr Playfair and Mr Joule, who found it to be 39°·001.

In May 1800, Dalton was elected joint-secretary with Dr Hull to the Manchester Society, in the room of Dr William Henry; an office which he retained till 1808, when he succeeded Dr Roget as vice-president of that body. In the month of June of the same year, he submitted to the Society his "Experiments and Observations on the Heat and Cold produced by the Mechanical Condensation and Rarefaction of Air." In this ingenious paper, he shows that the changes of temperature referred to, are much greater than had been supposed, the expansion of gases amounting to nearly one-tenth of their volume for 50° of

[1] See this Journal, vol. xxiv., pp. 325-358.

[2] Since Dr Wilson's book, and the review of it, were published, three new cases of colour blindness have been described.—See *Titan*, September 1857, No. CL., p. 344.

heat; and that a compression to one-half its volume raised the temperature 50°. He pointed out the insufficiency of the mercurial thermometer as a measure of such evanescent changes, and describes a simple and ingenious contrivance for approximating to the quantity of heat evolved or absorbed. He adopts the theory of Lambert, that a vacuum has its proper capacity for heat, and contains an absolute quantity of it.

In the month of March 1801, he published an English Grammar, which excited no notice, and of which almost no copies were sold; and in October of the same year, he communicated to the Manchester Society his important "Experimental Essays on the Constitution of Mixed Gases; on the Force of Steam or Vapour of Water and other liquids, in different temperatures, both in a Toricellian Vacuum and in Air; and on Evaporation, and the Expansion of Gases by Heat." The following are the general results at which he arrived:—

1. When two elastic fluids, A and B, are mixed, there is no material repulsion among their particles, those of A not repelling those of B as they do one another.

2. The force of steam from all liquids is the same, at equal distances above or below the several temperatures at which they boil in the open air; and that force is the same under any pressure from another elastic fluid as it is in vacuo.

3. The quantity of any liquid evaporated in the open air, is directly as the force of steam from such liquid at its temperature, all the circumstances being the same.

4. All elastic fluids expand the same quantity by heat, and this expansion is very nearly in the same equable way as that of mercury.

The Essay on the Force of Steam contains the results of his experiments made between the temperatures of 32° and 212°; but though they were to a certain extent confirmed by other observers, yet they have been superseded by the more accurate results obtained by MM. Dulong and Arago, Regnault and Magnus.

In January 1803, he read a paper "On the Tendency of Elastic Fluids to Diffusion through each other,"—a subject begun by Dr Priestley, and more successfully pursued by Professor Graham; and in October of the same year, he read another paper, "On the Absorption of Gases by Water and other Liquids,"—a remarkable paper, in which he first gives a table of atomic weights, or the weights of the ultimate particles of gaseous and other bodies—the foundation of that theory of the constitution of matter with which his name will for ever be associated.

Both Dr Henry and Dr Angus Smith have collected some notices of the social life of Dalton, which are too few in number

to give us an idea of the habits and manners of the philosopher. During the eleven years that he spent in Manchester, Dalton occupied rooms in the apartments of the Manchester Society. In the autumn of 1804, however, Mrs Johns, the wife of his colleague, the Rev. W. Johns, having accidentally met him when passing her house, asked Dalton why he never came to see them: He immediately replied, "I do not know; but I will come and live with you, if you will let me." Mrs Johns thought at first he was in jest, but finding that he was in earnest, she desired him to call next day, after she had seen her father. He accordingly called; and having learnt that his offer was accepted, he took possession of the only spare bedroom in the house. Here he lived for twenty-six years, until Mr Johns gave up his school, and retired to the suburbs of the town. He rose at eight o'clock in the morning; went to his laboratory with his lantern to light the fire in winter, and came back to breakfast when the family had nearly finished theirs. Returning to his experiments, he staid till dinner-time, "coming," as Dr Smith says, "in a hurry when it was nearly over, eating moderately, and drinking water only. Went out again, and returned at about five o'clock to tea, still in a hurry, when the rest were finishing. Again to his laboratory till nine o'clock, when he returned to supper; after which he and Mr Johns smoked a pipe, and the whole family seems to have enjoyed this time of conversation and recreation after the busy day." On the afternoon of every Thursday, he played a few games at bowls at the "Dog and Partridge," then outside the town. When he had played a fixed number of games, he took tea at the inn, smoked his pipe, and returned to his studies. About mid-day he read the newspapers at the Portico; but he was so silent and uncommunicative, that his political opinions were only matter of conjecture. He was said to be a Conservative, although he always voted with the Liberals.

In summer, in the month of June, his great delight was to wander among the Cumberland hills—the scenes of his early studies—collecting air, gases, and minerals for analysis. He had ascended Helvellyn *thirty* or *forty* times; and during these and other excursions, he always walked rapidly, outstripping generally his companions, even when younger than himself.

During the year 1803, Dalton accepted an invitation to lecture at the Royal Institution in London. Not knowing the nature of the lecture, nor the kind of apparatus at his disposal, he went to London in a great measure unprepared; but notwithstanding these disadvantages, he seems to have acquitted himself to his own satisfaction as well as to that of his audience. In addition to the usual assemblage of "from one to three hundred of both sexes," including many persons of rank and official position,

"several gentlemen of first-rate talents" were among his auditors; and, as he himself informed his brother, his eighteenth lecture on heat and the laws of expansion was received with the greatest applause. "The one that followed," he adds, "was on *mixed elastic fluids*, in which I had an opportunity of developing my ideas that have already been published on the subject more fully. The doctrine has, as I apprehended it would, excited the attention of philosophers throughout Europe." In his lecture on optics, he amused his audience with an account of his colour blindness, a defect which rather amused than annoyed him. "I got six ribbands," he says, "*blue, pink, lilac, red, green,* and *brown*, which matched very well, and told the audience so. I do not know whether they generally believed me to be serious, but one gentleman came up immediately after, and told me he perfectly agreed with me; he had not remarked the difference by candle-light."

On this occasion Dalton became acquainted with Mr Davy, who was very kind to him. He advised him to write and to "labour" his first lecture, as his audience would form their opinions of him from it. He accordingly devoted nearly two days to its composition; and on the evening before the lecture, Davy took him to the theatre of the institution, and, seating himself in the most distant corner, made him read the whole of it. Davy then read it to Dalton as the audience, and the two philosophers concluded the rehearsal with criticising each other's method of lecturing,—a process in which Dalton, no doubt, got useful advice, as we may infer from his own account of his appearance on the real stage. "Next day," he says, "I read it to an audience of about 150 or 200 people, which was more than were expected. They gave a very general plaudit at the conclusion, and several came up to compliment me on the excellence of the introductory. Since that I have scarcely written anything; all has been experiment and verbal explanation. In general, my experiments have uniformly succeeded, and I have never once faltered in the elucidation of them. In fact, I can now enter the lecture-room with as little emotion, nearly, as I can smoke a pipe with you on Sunday or Wednesday evening."

In the month of February 1805, Dalton went to London to purchase apparatus for his lectures. In passing through Birmingham, he dined with James Watt, "that veteran in science, with whom he spent some hours most agreeably." In the summer of the same year, he delivered a course of lectures at Manchester, which were attended by about one hundred and twenty subscribers "at two guineas each." He was occupied in the winter of that year principally in teaching in private families, many of whom resided in the country, which "afforded him a pleasant

walk, very conducive to his health." At this time he contemplated a repetition of his lectures during the winter, and he was occupied in preparing for the press the first part of his "New System of Chemical Philosophy," which, however, did not appear till May 1808; the other two parts, which completed the work, were not published till 1810 and 1827. The first part, the most important of the three, was favourably received by the French chemists. "About two months ago," he says, in a letter dated December 11, 1809, "I received a very handsome present from Berthollel, in return for mine sent him (a copy of Part i.). It was *Mem. de la Societe D'Arcueil,* being the most recent transactions of the Parisian chemists. It contains some very valuable papers. They speak very respectfully of my first part."

Having succeeded so well as a lecturer in the Royal Institution, and before a metropolitan audience, Dalton offered to deliver a course of lectures in Edinburgh, in the spring of 1807. This offer, which must have been made to Dr Thomas Thomson, then a distinguished extra-academical lecturer in Edinburgh, was accepted; and after "announcing his intention by advertisement of handbills, and visiting the professional gentlemen in connection with the College, and others not in that connection, a class of eighty appeared for him in two days." When his five lectures had been finished, and he was about to return home by Glasgow, he was requested to deliver a second course. He accordingly issued an advertisement, announcing that his second course would commence on the 22d April; but neither of his biographers informs us whether or not a sufficient number of subscribers came forward. The writer of this article had the pleasure of attending the first of these courses of lectures. They were delivered in Dr Thomson's class-room, and were attended by Professor Leslie, Dr Hope, Mr John Murray, the lecturer on chemistry, and many other persons then of high reputation in Edinburgh. As a lecturer, Dalton did not shine. The homeliness of his manner—ungraceful, and even repulsive—the simplicity of his apparatus, and the awkwardness with which he used it, were not calculated to rivet the attention of his audience; but the originality and importance of his views, the clearness with which he explained them, and the singularity of a humble, and at that time unknown, member of the Society of Friends coming to enlighten the philosophers of Modern Athens, gave an interest to his lectures which they would not otherwise have possessed.

In general society he was grave and silent; but among persons who were either the cultivators of science or its admirers, he took an active part in the conversation, and was as willing to

receive instruction as he was to impart it. During his visit to Edinburgh, we had an opportunity of enjoying his society at a tea-party given by Mr Cruickshank, a member of the Society of Friends, well known and much esteemed for his benevolence and philanthropy.

So favourable was the impression which he had made upon a London audience, that he was a second time invited to lecture at the Royal Institution. He accordingly went to London in December 1809; and in January and February 1810, delivered three lectures a-week to the learned and fashionable audience which then assembled in Albemarle Street. Dalton's reputation was now widely extended by the publication of his "New System of Chemistry," and he was received with much distinction by the eminent men who then adorned the Royal Society of London. At Sir Joseph Banks' Sunday evening parties, he met with Cavendish, Davy, Wollaston, Marcet, Roget, Blagden etc., and thus found himself, as he describes it, "in the focus of the great and learned of the metropolis." He dined also with the Chemical Club, where he discussed chemical subjects with Wollaston and Davy, and was delighted to find "that Davy was coming very fast into his views on chemical subjects."

In the month of November 1810, he published the second part of the first volume of his "New System of Chemical Philosophy," which was dedicated to Mr Davy and Dr Henry, "as a testimony to their distinguished merit in the promotion of chemical science, and as an acknowledgment of their friendly communications and assistance." During the eight or ten years which followed the publication of this work, the studies and movements of Dalton have not been minutely recorded by his biographers. He was no doubt occupied with his usual inquiries, and much of his precious time wasted in the drudgery of tuition, and in lecturing, when invited, in various parts of the country. From these professional engagements he allowed himself a week or two in summer for relaxation, and he generally spent the time "in breathing the salubrious air of the mountains and lakes near his native place in the North of England." In these excursions, his object was to ascertain, by observations at different heights, whether or not there was an aqueous vapour atmosphere distinct from the general atmosphere, and decreasing in density upwards in a geometrical progression. These observations were continued for seventeen years, from 1803 to 1820, and they were published in an interesting memoir, entitled, "Observations on Meteorology, particularly with regard to the Dew-point, or quantity of Vapour in the Atmosphere, made on the mountains in the North of England." The general result of these observations was, "that the quantity and density of vapour

is constantly (or with very rare exceptions) less, the higher we ascend."

In the journeys during which these observations were made, our philosopher was accompanied by Mr Jonathan Otley of Keswick, the author of a "Descriptive Guide to the English Lakes," who has given an interesting account of the various excursions which he and Dalton performed almost annually between 1812 and 1836. Otley, who was born in the same year with Dalton, though a guide who was paid for his services, was treated as a friend, and was of great use to the philosopher as an active and intelligent auxiliary in his inquiries.

The discoveries and writings of our author were now well known throughout the scientific world, and honours of various kinds were liberally conferred upon him. In the year 1816, the Academy of Sciences of the Institute of France elected him one of the fifty corresponding members on the subject of chemistry,—"an honour," he says in a letter to his brother, "that has been conferred only on one other person in this kingdom, I believe on Dr Wollaston, Secretary to the Royal Society."

In 1818, Sir Humphry Davy offered him the appointment of Natural Philosopher to the Arctic Expedition, which was about to sail from England; but though the salary, during the voyage of from two to three years, was about L.400 or L.500—a much larger sum than Dalton realized by lecturing and teaching, he declined to accept of the offer.

In 1822, our author was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London; and in the summer of the same year, he visited Paris in company with Mr Benjamin Dockray, the accomplished author, we believe, of Egerie, and Mr W. D. Crewdson. Having called upon M. Breguet, the celebrated watchmaker, for the purpose of having one of his own watches repaired, he received the warmest welcome, and was invited with his two companions to dinner, where they met M. Arago, M. Fresnel, and other eminent savans. The elder Breguet having seen the Marquis De Laplace at the Board of Longitude, and mentioned to him the arrival of Dalton in Paris, he was charged with an invitation to him and his two companions to dine with the Marquis at Arcueil on the following Sunday.

On Saturday the 6th of July, he was visited by M. Bonsdorf and M. Nordenskiold, distinguished pupils of Berzelius. On Sunday he attended the chapel of the British Embassy, and on the same day he dined at Arcueil with Laplace. The following interesting account of the dinner has been preserved by Mr Dockray, and published by Dr Henry:—

"At four in the afternoon by a coach with Dalton to Arcueil, Laplace's country seat, to dine. Engaged the carriage to wait for our return at nine. On alighting we were conducted through

a suite of rooms, where in succession, dinner, dessert, and coffee tables were set out;—and onwards through a large hall, upon a terrace commanding an extent of gardens and pleasure grounds. There was a sheet of water in front, a broad spreading current pouring into it from some rocks, where was seen a sculptured figure—an antique—found in the locality, representing the genius of the place. It is in these grounds that are still remaining the principal Roman works near Paris—the vestiges of Julian's residence, as Governor of Gaul. Avenues, pastures and lawns, terraces and broad gravel walks, in long vistas of distance, are bounded by woods and by higher grounds. As yet we had seen no one, when part of the company came in view at a distance: a gentleman of advanced years, and two young men. Was it possible not to think of the groves of the Academy, and the borders of the Ilyssus? We approached this group, when the elderly gentleman took off his hat, and advanced to give his hand to Dalton. It was Berthollet! The two younger were Laplace's sons, and the Astronomer Royal, Arago. Climbing some steps upon a long avenue, we saw at a distance Laplace walking uncovered, with Madam Biot on his arm; and Biot, Fourier, and Courtois, father of the Marchioness Laplace. At the front of the house this lady and her grand-daughter met us. At dinner, Dalton on the right hand of Madam Laplace, and Berthollet on her left. Conversation on the Zodiac of Denderah in Egypt, Berthollet and Fourier having been in Egypt with Napoleon; the different æras of Egyptian sculpture; the fact, that so little at Rome—of public buildings—is earlier than Augustus, etc. After dinner, again abroad in the beautiful grounds, and along the reservoir, an aqueduct of Julian. These curious works, after falling very much into decay, were restored by Mary of Medicis. Dalton, walking with Laplace on one side, and Berthollet on the other, I shall never forget. Such men, in their personal attentions, respect in each other the dignity of science herself—the great interpreter of nature and leading star of civilization; something which is beyond the honoured individual, which yet attends him, impressing a sense of homage that is elevating to him who feels it. Laplace is an uncommon union of simplicity of manners and an essential dignity of character. His collected and serene air realizes to the observer the tranquillizing influence of philosophy. We may well conceive that such a man feels for the interest and honour of science something like a religious regard."

Dalton himself seems to have preserved some brief notes of his agreeable trip to Paris. After characterizing his introduction to Laplace as agreeable and interesting, and his villa at Arcueil

as beautiful, he gives an account of his visit to other persons and places in Paris:—"*Monday, 8th July*—Walked down to the arsenal; saw Gay Lussac for half an hour; went to the Jardin du Roi; saw the wild beasts and anatomical preparations, etc.; took coach home; and then went to the Institute, about 100 persons present; was introduced by Biot, and placed in the square adjacent to the officers; was announced by Gay Lussac (as president) as a corresponding member (English) present. The sitting was from three to five o'clock. After my announcement, my two companions were introduced to the same bench during the sitting. *Sunday, 14th*—Gay Lussac and Humboldt called and spent an hour on meteorology, etc. Took coach to Thenard; breakfast *a la fourchette* with him, family, and Dr Edwards. Went to the laboratory near M. Biot's, and saw a full set of experiments on the deutoxide of hydrogen, most curious and satisfactory. M. Thenard then went with us through the laboratory; showed us the new theatres for chemistry, physique, etc.; and then went to M. Ampere's, who had previously prepared his apparatus for showing the new electro-magnetic phenomena. Saw a set of these experiments, which, with the aid of Dr Edwards, were made intelligible to me. *15th*—Took coach to the arsenal; spent an hour with Gay Lussac in his laboratory; saw his apparatus for specific gravity of steam, vapours, etc.; also M. Welter's, the improver of chemical distillation, etc. Walked to the Jardin du Roi; *dejeuner a la fourchette* with Monsieur and Madam Cuvier and youngest daughter. M. Cuvier went with us to the museum, and accompanied us for some time, and then left a gentleman to attend us through the museum, being himself engaged, but occasionally meeting us; spent two hours in the museum—the most splendid exhibition of the kind in the universe,—it beggars description. Left after two, and took a coach to the Institute; took a cup of coffee, etc., and then entered the library; saw and spoke to M. Edwards, Biot, Cuvier, Laplace, Berthollet, Breguet, etc.; entered the Institute; heard papers by Edwards, Biot (on the Zodiac of Denderah,) Fourier on the Population of Paris; after which, notice was given for strangers to withdraw, when Gay Lussac called to me to stay if I chose, being a member, which I did. The business was about the election of members, and lasted nearly half an hour, after which we broke up. Saw M. Pelletan on coming out, who kindly inquired of me my health, etc. Went with Vanquelin in a coach to dine, when my companions met me; saw M. Payant, a young chemist of promise."

Although the talents and discoveries of Dalton had been exhibited to distinguished audiences in the metropolis, and were

well known to the men who had the capacity to appreciate, as well as the power to reward them, yet no attempt was made to raise him from his obscurity, and withdraw him from the professional drudgery to which he had so long been doomed. "For a long series of years," says Dr Henry, sen., "he bore neglect, and sometimes even contumely, with the dignity of a philosopher who, though free from anything like vanity or arrogance, yet knows his own strength, estimates correctly his own achievements, and leaves to the world—generally, though sometimes slowly just—the final adjudication of his fame."

Even at the advanced age of fifty-two we find him still gaining a small and miscellaneous income as a professional chemist, a lecturer and teacher of chemistry and mathematics; sometimes giving evidence in courts of justice on subjects connected with the arts, and sometimes assisting the manufacturer, by answering his inquiries and removing his difficulties. But, however congenial a few of these occupations may have been, they withdrew his attention from those grand and original researches which he was destined to pursue, and compelled him to sacrifice for inferior ends those precious hours which science demanded as her own. It was fortunate, under these circumstances, for Dalton that he had no domestic cares to ruffle the serenity of thought—none of the sharp anxieties which so painfully afflict the parental and the filial heart—no aged relative to cherish and maintain—and no prattlers at his knee to feed and clothe, and prepare for "the neglect and contumely which he had himself endured." Thus, more of the man, and less of the philosopher, we should have beheld him in the social conflict, and admired him no less when struggling against adverse tides, than we now do in his serene and peaceful passage to the grave.[1]

Thus situated, we can readily understand how much Dalton was gratified with the warm reception which he met with in Paris. He returned "refreshed and invigorated in mind." He formed a high estimate of the character and talents of many of the celebrated men with whom he had associated; and he repeatedly spoke of his French visit as one of the most pleasing events of his life. The appreciation of his merits by competent and impartial judges, raised him even in the estimation of his best friends at home; and the dispensers of honours and of fame were roused from their apathy to a due sense of the duties which they had neglected.

[1] It would be unjust to Mr Strutt of Derby, himself distinguished by his scientific acquirements, not to state that, about the year 1818, he offered to Dalton, through Alderman Shuttleworth of Manchester, a laboratory and a home at his house, with a salary of L.400 a-year, and perfect freedom to spend his time in any way he might think agreeable. A love of independence, however, induced Dalton to decline the offer.

The Royal Society, as Dr Smith states, had paid him no attention, standing, as he adds, more in the condition of a reservoir than a fountain. This, however, is a defect which attaches more to the constitution of the body than to the Fellows who compose it. In Foreign Academies, the members, who are the governing body, are responsible for the institution to which they belong; but the Royal Society is conducted by its office-bearers and council, the members of which have no permanent standing, and therefore no personal responsibility. The council of the present year is not the council of the next; and the president, the most permanent and responsible office-bearer, has been so often changed, that within the last forty years seven or eight individuals have held that honourable office.

So early as 1810, Mr Davy had offered to propose Dalton as a member of the Society; but there is reason to believe that he declined the honour on account of the heavy entrance fee, and the annual payment which it involved. In 1822, however, he was proposed and elected without his consent; and, in 1826, the president and council awarded to him the first of the Royal medals, of the value of fifty guineas, which had been founded by George IV. in the previous year. In presenting this medal to Dalton, "for the development of the chemical theory of definite proportions, usually called the Atomic Theory, and for his various other labours and discoveries in physical and chemical science," Sir Humphry Davy, then president of the Society, conceded to him the distinction, which others had denied, of first unequivocally calling the attention of philosophers to that important subject. He compared his merits to those of Kepler in astronomy; referred to his disinterested and painful labours for a quarter of a century; and pronounced the award of the Royal Medal to be an "anticipation of that opinion which posterity must form of his labours."

In August 1827 the first part of the second volume of his "New System of Chemical Philosophy" was given to the world; but it did not add to his reputation, and did not, as Dr Henry observes, even adequately represent the existing state of chemical knowledge. He was always unwilling to change his opinion, and to adopt those which chemists of his own rank had placed beyond a doubt. He hesitated to acquiesce in the then universally received doctrine of volumes; and, in his reformed tables of atomic weights, he clings with obstinate tenacity to his early determinations, though they had been unanimously rejected by every living chemist.

By the death of Sir Humphry Davy, in 1829, the place of one of the eight Foreign Associates of the French Academy of Sciences became vacant; and Dalton was raised, in 1830, from

the class of corresponding members to this, the highest honour which the Academy could bestow—an honour, as Cuvier remarks, " for which all the philosophers of Europe compete, and of which the list, beginning with the names of Newton, Leibnitz, and Peter the Great, has at no period degenerated from its original lustre."

Highly appreciated as were Dalton's recent honours, both by himself and his friends, he was still working for his bread, and sacrificing in uncongenial labour those precious hours which would otherwise have been devoted to the service of his country and of mankind. With small means and economical habits he had saved a little money, but not sufficient to support him during his probable term of life. His friends were therefore " anxious to secure for him an old age less laborious than his life had been," and various circumstances concurred to bring about so desirable an event. Lord Brougham, before his elevation to the Woolsack, had obtained from the Duke of Wellington, when Premier, the first pension that had been given to science, and is therefore entitled to the honour of having introduced this national appreciation of scientific discovery. When the British Association was organized in 1831, one of its avowed objects was to advocate the national support of literary and scientific individuals who were prevented by professional occupations from making their genius and talents useful to the State;[1] and, as Dr Smith has remarked, " it was perhaps not one of the least services rendered to science by the first meetings of the British Association, that it brought before the notice of his countrymen the merits of Dalton." He himself took an active part at its first meeting in York, and attended its annual reunions while his health permitted him. In Mr Babbage's interesting " Reflections on the Decline of Science in England," published in 1830, he stated, that " if knowledge was valuable, it was bad policy to allow a genius like Mr Dalton's to be employed in the drudgery of elementary instruction;" and, in a review of that work in the " Quarterly Review," Sir David Brewster remarked, " that if the Royal Society of London, on whom the obligation lay, had represented to the proper quarter the pre-eminent services of Mr Dalton and Mr Ivory, these great men would have held a more comfortable and a more prominent position in the eyes of their countrymen." These suggestions, urgent as they were, produced no immediate effect; but they were pondered, as we know, in the mind of one statesman at least, who afterwards became a patron of science.[2] The Royal Society did not feel the obligation thus imposed upon them, and Dalton, now in his 67th year, on the verge of life's appointed term, had received no mark of

[1] See this Journal, vol. xiv., p. 242. [2] Id. Id., vol. xiv., p. 245.

national liberality. On the occasion, however, of the second meeting of the British Association, which was held at Oxford in 1832, his merits were more specially brought into public view. Dr Daubeny, who had boldly, and without the concurrence of the university authorities, invited the association to Oxford, interested himself in obtaining for its most active members a warm and hospitable reception. Rooms were provided for Dalton in Queen's College; the most courteous attentions were shown him by the resident Fellows of the college; and, on Dr Daubeny's recommendation, the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him, when the same degree was given to Mr Faraday, Mr Robert Brown, and Sir David Brewster. Dalton was proud of this honour. He went to church in the red gown, the drapery of a Doctor of Laws, and, we believe, was the only one of his compeers who wore it in Oxford. As it appeared to him of the same modest colour as the foliage around him, he was not aware of the brilliancy of his plumage, though he often jocularly referred to his incapacity of appreciating it.

When thus prominently placed in the public eye, the friends of Dalton availed themselves of the opportunity of again urging his claims upon the Government. Mr Babbage, who had first suggested the grant of a pension, made a formal application (accompanied by an admirable letter from Dr Henry, senior) to Lord Grey, and also to Lord Brougham, who was ever ready to urge the claims of intellectual merit. The application was successful. A pension of L.150 per annum was granted to him, and was first announced at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge in 1834. The honour of doing this was, with good taste, given to the president of the Association, Professor Sedgwick, who, in discharging the agreeable duty, at a public meeting in the Senate House, pronounced an eloquent eulogium upon his friend. During the ministry of Lord Melbourne in 1836, the pension was increased to L.300; and as the death of his brother Jonathan had, two years before, put him in possession of the paternal estate, he was now comparatively rich.

Thus elevated in the social, and occupying an exalted place in the intellectual world, the friends and neighbours of Dalton thought the time had arrived when some public mark of its esteem should be shown by the town of which he had so long been the ornament. His declining years suggested the idea of a permanent memorial; and accordingly, in 1834, a marble statue of him was subscribed for, and executed by Chantrey. This statue has been placed in the entrance of the Royal Institution of Manchester; and out of a subsequent subscription raised to do him honour, L.1000 was devoted to a bronze statue, copied from Chantrey's marble one, which is now erected at the right

hand of the centre of the Infirmary, the most open and public place in the city, and beside the statues of other distinguished men.

In the year 1834, when the British Association held its fourth meeting at Edinburgh, the degree of LL.D. was unanimously conferred upon him by the University; and, in the same year, he was presented at court to King William IV. by Lord Brougham, then Lord High Chancellor of England. On this occasion Mr Babbage taught him, in a rehearsal at his own house, how he was to conduct himself in the royal presence; and it appears, from Mr Babbage's account of the presentation, that he performed his part with sufficient correctness and formality.[1] The grave Quaker and venerable sage appeared in the scarlet dress of a Doctor of Laws, as more appropriate than the court drapery, garnished with bag-wig and sword; and in such a costume, not usual at levees, he attracted general notice. "The prevailing opinion," says Mr Babbage, "was, that he was the mayor of some corporate town that had come up to get knighted. I informed my inquirers that he was a much more eminent person than any mayor of any city; and, having won for himself a name which would survive when orders of knighthood should be forgotten, he had no ambition to be knighted. At a short distance from the presence-chamber, I observed, close before me, several dignitaries of the Established Church, in the full radiance of their vast lawn sleeves; the Bishop of Gloucester (the late Dr Monk) accidentally turning his head, I recognised a face long familiar to me from its cordiality and kindness. A few words interchanged between us, and also by myself with the rest of the party, the remotest of whom, if I remember rightly, was the Archbishop of Dublin. The dress of my friend seemed to strike the Bishop's attention; but the quiet costume of the Quaker beneath his scarlet robe was entirely unnoticed. I therefore confided to the Bishop of Gloucester the fact, that I had a Quaker by my side; at the same time assuring him that my peaceful and philosophic friend was very far from meditating any injury to the Church. The effect was electric upon the whole party: episcopal eyes had never yet beheld such a spectacle in such society, and, I fear, notwithstanding my assurance, some portion of the establishment thought the Church really in danger. We now entered the presence-chamber, and, having passed the King, I retired very slowly in order that I might observe events. Dr Dalton having kissed hands, the King asked him several questions, all which the philosopher duly answered, and then moved on in proper

[1] See Mr Babbage's letter to Dr Henry, in which a very amusing account is given both of the rehearsal and of the performance.—*Memoirs*, etc., pp. 185–189.

order to join me. This reception, however, had not passed with sufficient rapidity to escape jealousy; for I heard one officer say to another, who the —— is that fellow, whom the King keeps talking to so long?"

Dr Dalton attended the meeting of the British Association which was held at Dublin in 1835, and officiated as vice-president of the chemical section, to which he always attached himself. He was present also at the meeting of the same body which assembled at Bristol in 1836, when he occupied the same office in the section of chemistry; but though he took part in the discussions, he communicated no paper of his own. Although his mental faculties were undecayed, yet his intellectual vigour had waned. That spring of mind which carried him over the region of atoms was now beginning to unbend; and that elastic step had begun to fail, which scaled the peaks of Helvellyn, and bounded over the fells of Cumberland. Paralysis, the malady of minds overwrought, attacked him on the 18th April 1837, and a second and a third seizure followed in a few days. After having recorded the state of the barometer and thermometer, he fell suddenly on the floor; and though he wrote some memoirs after this attack, he never entirely recovered from its effects.

In June 1837, he had regained sufficient strength to be able to send to the Royal Society his "Sequel to an Essay on the Constitution of the Atmosphere," which was printed in the *Philosophical Transactions* for that year. In September 1837, the British Association met at Liverpool; but, though Dalton had been chosen one of the vice-presidents, he was not able to attend the meeting. He communicated, however, a short paper "On the Non-Decomposition of Carbonic Acid by Plants;" and as it was said to have been written during the convalescence of its illustrious author, it was listened to with the most marked attention. His absence was feelingly alluded to in the Presidential Address of the Earl of Burlington, who expressed his own gratification, and that of the public, at the rewards and honours, late though they were, which had been conferred on the philosopher. This convalescence, however, was of brief duration. A new paralytic attack, on the 15th February 1838, left him much enfeebled; and from that time he required constant attendance, although he had no other illness till near the day of his death.

Although both his mind and body were now seriously weakened, he still devoted himself to his usual studies. In 1840, he communicated to the Royal Society an Essay on the Phosphates and Arseniates, which is said to have been "throughout obscure, and in parts scarcely intelligible." The Council of the Royal Society declined to publish it; and Dalton was so much mortified

by their decision, that he procured a copy of the essay from the archives of the Society, and printed it in a separate form, with the indignant comment, "Cavendish, Davy, Wollaston, and Gilbert are no more." Dr Henry has expressed the opinion that, "in declining to publish this essay, the Royal Society were governed by a true regard to Dalton's lasting reputation."[1] In this sentiment we cannot concur. The Royal Society did not show the same tenderness for Wollaston's name when they published some of the latest productions of his pen; and we venture to say, that the reputation neither of Wollaston nor of Dalton has suffered the least blight by the publication of the feeblest of their productions. The earliest and the latest achievements of a great mind have an interest beyond their value to science. In its blossoms, and in its falling leaves, as well as in its ripened fruit, human genius appears in unmutilated grandeur. The God of Day is not shorn of his meridian brightness, because he may have shone feebly at his rise, and feebler still at his decline.

In the year 1842 the British Association assembled for the first time at Manchester; but though the office of president would have been unanimously conferred upon him, yet his defective articulation, and the infirm state of his health, would have prevented him from accepting it. The situation of vice-president, which involved no duties, was therefore conferred upon him; and it was most gratifying to his friends that he was able to be present at the Presidential Address of that accomplished nobleman, Lord Francis Egerton (the late Earl of Ellesmere), who thus gracefully referred to the claims of Dalton,—"These, with a host of other local reasons, might well justify the selection of Manchester as a place of scientific assemblage. It has, in my opinion, a claim of equal interest as the birth-place, and still the residence and scene of the labours, of one whose name is uttered with respect wherever science is cultivated,—who is here to-night to enjoy the honours due to a long career of persevering devotion to knowledge, and to receive, if he will condescend to do so from myself, the expression of my own deep personal regret, that increase of years, which to him, up to this hour, has been but increase of wisdom, should have rendered him, in respect of mere bodily strength, unable to fill on this occasion an office which, in his case, would have received more honour than it could confer. I do regret that any cause should have prevented the present meeting, in his native town, from being associated with the name of Dalton as its president. The council well know my views and wishes in this matter; and that, could my services

[1] As in all similar cases, Dr Dalton printed the paper at his own expense; and therefore its rejection by the Royal Society as worthless, was a blow given to the reputation of its author.

have been available, I would have gladly have served as a door-keeper in any house where the Father of Science in Manchester was enjoying his just pre-eminence."[1]

To the meeting of the chemical section our author presented three Essays, "on Microcosmic Salt;" "on the Phosphates and Arseniates;" and "on a New and Easy Method of Analysing Sugar." The second of these, which he had previously printed, is the paper which the Royal Society had rejected. The Essay on Microcosmic Salt, and the one on the Analysis of Sugar, had also been printed along with other two, "on the Mixture of the Sulphate of Magnesia with the Biphosphate of Soda," and "on the quantity of Acids, Bases, and Water in the different varieties of Salts, with a new method of measuring the Water of Crystallization, as well as the Acids and Bases." In this last paper, and in that on Sugar, we find, as Dr Henry remarks, a discovery of great importance. "He found that certain salts, rendered anhydrous by heat, *when dissolved in water, caused no increase of volume*" (the salt entering into the pores of the water); "and also that salts containing water, when dissolved in a measured quantity of pure water, increased the volume of the solvent by a quantity precisely equal to their constituent water—the solid matter, as before, entering the pores of the water. . . . The solid matter adds to the *weight*, and the water only to the *bulk*." In the paper on Sugar, Dalton remarks, "that this fact was new to him, and he supposed to others;" and "he considered it the greatest *discovery* that he knew of, next to the Atomic Theory." Applying the principle to the analysis of sugar, he dissolved 100 grains of sugar in 100 of water, which just melts it. He then found that the two together made precisely 157 grains. The 57 grains of pure water arose out of the sugar, and the 43 grains of sugar remain in, buried invisibly in the pores of the water. The analysis of sugar by Gay Lussac, and Thenard, and Prout, are in accordance with the views of Dalton, which have also been confirmed subsequently by the fine researches of Dr Lyon Playfair and Mr Joule.

During the session 1843-4 of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, Dalton occasionally attended; but he was hardly able, even when leaning on the arm of his friend, Mr Peter Clare, to walk from his own house in Faulkner Street across the two intervening streets. Another slight attack of paralysis occurred on the 20th May 1844, but he was still able to record his meteorological observations. A few weeks after this, he received a vote of thanks from the Literary and Philosophical Society, of which he had been president for twenty-seven years; but his malady speedily returned, and proved fatal

[1] Report of the Twelfth Meeting of the British Association, p. xxxii.

on the 27th July 1844, when he was about to enter his 79th year. On Friday, the 26th of July, he went to his room about nine o'clock, recorded the state of the barometer, thermometer, etc., at that hour. About half-past nine he retired to bed, spent a restless night, but appeared not worse than usual, when his attendant left his bed-side at six o'clock in the morning. Though he had been warned to remain in bed, yet he seems, in making an unavailing effort to rise, to have fallen backwards, and was found with his head on the floor quite lifeless.

With an appreciation of intellectual merit which few communities in England have exhibited, the municipal body and the principal inhabitants of Manchester resolved to honour the memory of their eminent fellow-citizen with a public funeral. Although the Society of Friends, to which he belonged, objected to the measure, the conduct of the funeral was intrusted to the authorities of the town. The remains, deposited in a lead coffin enclosed in one of oak, were placed in an apartment in the Town Hall, hung with black drapery and artificially lighted. Upwards of 40,000 spectators passed through the apartment for some days, many of them but little cognizant of the claims of their deceased townsman.

The funeral took place on the 12th of August. A procession of a hundred carriages, and many hundred persons on foot, accompanied the body to the Ardwick Cemetery, on the south-east side of the city. The streets and the windows were crowded with numberless spectators; 400 of the police were on duty, each wearing a badge of mourning; and nearly all the shops and warehouses in the line of the procession were closed. The grave, to which the remains of a humble and simple philosopher were thus magnificently conducted, was surrounded with a strong railing, enclosing a space about twenty feet square. A tombstone, consisting of a solid red granite pediment and overhanging slab, wit the inscription, JOHN DALTON, in large letters, and the date of his birth and death in smaller ones, was erected some years after his death, when the sum of L.5312 was raised by subscription for this and other purposes. He himself had originally set aside L.2000 to establish a chair of Chemistry at Oxford, from which the Atomic Theory, as propounded by himself, should be explained; but a desire to repair the losses sustained by Mr Johns, to show his gratitude to his affectionate friend, Mr Peter Clare, and to Mr Neild, to whose table he had for many years been regularly welcomed, induced him to alter his will. In place of employing any part of the subscription to establish a chair at Oxford, his friends decided upon applying it to an analogous purpose. Owen's College having been founded in Manchester since his death, a large part of the fund has been devoted to the establishment of two Dalton chemical scholarships of L.50, for two years; two Dalton

mathematical scholarships for the same time; Dalton prizes from L.10 to L.25; and a Dalton natural history prize of L.15,—all of which were advertised for competition in 1856.

In his personal appearance Dr Dalton was of middle stature, and of a vigorous muscular frame. A portrait of him by Allen, taken in 1814, in his forty-eighth year, represents him in his manhood. The bust of Chantrey exhibits him at a more advanced age; while a successful portrait by Mr Phillips shows him "when his features had lost much of their chiselled firmness." He has been thought to have had a considerable likeness to Sir Isaac Newton. In their mental powers, too, there were many points of resemblance. With but little imagination or genius, all their discoveries were the result of industry and patient thought. Experiment and observation were their never-failing guides; and when they did venture into the regions of hypothesis, it was with the resolution of subjecting their speculations to the severest scrutiny. In their religious and moral character, too, their resemblance was considerable. In the creed of both are found the great truths of Christian doctrine. Their faith, too, shone in their works; and in their moral nature, justice, generosity, and Christian charity were conspicuous.

Having devoted so much of our space, as we wished to do, to a popular sketch of the life of Dr Dalton, we must endeavour very briefly to give some account of the great discovery with which his name will be for ever associated.

Various opinions have been entertained respecting the constitution of body or matter. Democritus, Epicurus, Bacon, and Newton, have regarded it as composed of indivisible atoms placed at a distance from each other. Boscovich discarded atoms altogether, and regards the elements of matter as physical points which are inextended, and which are the centres of attractive and repulsive forces. This singular hypothesis, though maintained by so distinguished a philosopher as Mr Faraday, is not likely to have many supporters.

In the Atomic hypothesis of Dalton, the particles of bodies are ponderable and indivisible, and they have length, breadth, and thickness, and therefore form; and that hypothesis consists in showing how these particles are combined in various bodies susceptible of chemical analysis. Assuming that every compound body invariably consists of the same components, the first law is that of *definite* or *constant proportion*. Water, for example, from whatever source it be derived, is composed invariably of 8 parts in weight of *oxygen*, and 1 of *hydrogen*; and common salt, or muriate of soda invariably contains 35 parts of *chlorine*, and 22 of *sodium*. If any other matter is contained in the water or in the salt, it is uncombined or only mechanically mixed with the

water or the salt. This law was known to Bergman, Cavendish, Lavoisier, and others; but was demonstrated by Wenzel, Richter, and Proust.

The *second* law of the Atomic hypothesis is that of *multiple proportion;* a mode of combination in which the higher numbers are multiples of the lowest,—that is, if 8 parts of oxygen combine with any body, 8½ or 8¾ cannot combine with the same body: 16 parts of it, or 24 or 32, multiples of 8, must be combined with it before it is saturated. The five compounds of nitrogen and oxygen afford a fine example of this law.

Nitrous oxide consists of	14 nitrogen	and	8 oxygen.	
Nitric oxide	,,	14	,,	16
Hyponitrous acid	,,	14	,,	24
Nitrous acid	,,	14	,,	32
Nitric acid	,,	14	,,	40

This law of multiple proportion was certainly discovered by Mr Higgins, Professor of Chemistry in Dublin; but Dalton was not aware of what had been done by his predecessor, and had the merit of establishing the law by numerous analyses, and applying it to various theoretical and practical purposes.

The *third* law of combination has received the name of *reciprocal proportion,*—that is, if 16 parts of sulphur combine with or saturate 8 of oxygen, and if 27 parts of iron saturate 8 of oxygen, 16 parts of sulphur will saturate 27 of iron. This law was discovered by Wenzel, and published in 1777, and was confirmed by numerous analyses by Richter.

The *fourth* law of the Atomic hypothesis is that of *compound proportion;* according to which the combining number, or proportion, of the compound body is the sum of the combining numbers, or proportion, of its components. The combining number of *water,* for example, is 9; but 9 is the sum of the components of water, namely, 8 parts of *oxygen* and 1 of *hydrogen.* In like manner, the combining proportion of *marble* is 50, which is the sum of its components, viz., 22 of carbonic acid, and 28 of lime.

These views of chemical combination presented themselves to Dalton in 1803. They were first adopted and explained by Dr Thomas Thomson, and afterwards cordially by Wollaston, and reluctantly by Davy. In France they were welcomed by Gay Lussac, who, in 1809, discovered the law of volumes according to which the gases combine in equal or multiple volumes; and wherever chemistry is studied, the Atomical hypothesis of Dalton, as we are entitled to call it, is universally received and admired "on the twofold ground," as Dr George Wilson remarks, "of its beauty as a method of expressing the order and symmetry of material nature, and its value as a means of apprehending and inculcating great chemical truths."

ARTICLE VII.—1. *Œuvres Complètes de Béranger.* Paris, Perrotin.

2. *Mémoires sur Béranger, recueillis et mis en ordre par Savinien Lapointe.* Paris, G. Havard.

3. *Quarante-cinq lettres sur Béranger, et détails sur sa vie publiés par Madame Louise Collet.* Paris, Librairie Nouvelle.

ANECDOTE-MONGERS and collectors of gossip are already busy with Béranger. The French public is anxious to know as much as possible respecting a man with whom they all felt thoroughly identified; they are conscious that the great *chansonnier* was the true embodiment of their thoughts, their passions, and their sympathies; and they almost expect to discover in the secret of his every-day life the spell which made him so essentially, so exclusively—we might say—*the* poet of France. A few facts have already been collected in the brochures of Madame Louise Collet and M. Savinien Lapointe; a few more may be found scattered hither and thither in the *feuilletons* of the daily newspapers, and, without waiting for the publication of the posthumous works, which M. Perrotin, the bard's editor and friend, has now in the press, we think that we have before us elements enough from which we shall be able to draw, for the benefit of our readers, a sketch of Béranger's life and influence.

Yes, "Béranger," and not "De Béranger"—although the latter appellation is the one sanctioned by the parish-register—but the singer of the French *bourgeoisie* dropped the aristocratic particle at a very early period. We have not been attracted to this article by any great love for, or by warm admiration of, Béranger. His works, however, will long continue to keep alive and to control one of the most powerful political forces now at work in France, which is as surely destined, in the future, to influence the moral condition of that great country, as it has done in the past. And even, as in the case of Burns, when the higher mind of France shall turn away from the loose and licentious effusions of the *chansonnier*, they will continue to influence the lower classes of society, which have ever played such an important part during crises in French politics. It seemed good, then, to devote a few pages to the works quoted above.

The Boswells of the transcendental school are remarkably fond of discovering something symbolical, mysterious, and ominous in the least particulars of a great man's life. Thus they have endeavoured to form a Béranger according to their own pre-conceived notions, and to explain, after the approved formulas of

their dim philosophy, a character than whom none was ever less qualified to discuss metaphysics. We shall not attempt such high-flown notions, but ask from the poet himself the plain truth respecting the year and place of his birth:—

> Dans ce Paris plein d'or et de misère,
> En l'an du Christ mil sept cent quatre-vingt,
> Chez un tailleur mon pauvre et vieux grand-père,
> Moi nouveau-né. . . .

In plain prose, Pierre-Jean de Béranger was born in Paris, Rue Montorgueil, on August 19th, 1780. Whilst his father was engaged in financial speculations, which seem to have deadened even his parental feelings, the "grand-papa" Champi—a notable tailor by-the-bye—watched over the child, took charge of him entirely, and packed him off to Auxerre under the care of a Burgundy nurse.

It has often been remarked, that the incidents of early childhood leave on our mind a deeper impression than the events of a comparatively later date. Béranger's recollections of his nurse were never very vivid; but, on the other hand, he always remembered his foster-father's care, and found in him the same generous, disinterested affection which characterized the old tailor of the Rue Montorgueil.

"I was five years old," says the poet, "when I returned home. Grand-papa Champi owed several months' nursing; I even think it was more than one year. The foster-father did not ask for his money. On the day when he received the letter which apprised him of our separation, I remember that the intelligence threw the whole cottage into the greatest consternation. The girl cried. There was between the father and mother a rather long discussion on the subject of knowing who should take the child back to Paris. Both declined the task. At last the *père nourricier* accompanied me. John deposited me upon the tailor's work-table, shed a flood of tears as he gave me a parting embrace, and refused to pocket the money which was due to him —'No,' said he to grand-papa Champi, 'it seems as if I were selling you the child.' It was very difficult to comfort the poor fellow."[1]

We are unable to ascertain what causes had lessened the receipts of Monsieur Champi, the *maitre tailleur*. Things in general were declining from bad to worse; gloomy forebodings had got possession of every mind; and it is highly probable that few people could go to the expense of providing a satin waistcoat, when famine, bankruptcy, and civil war were threatening France with utter destruction. The fact is, that young Pierre-Jean

[1] Lapointe, p. 22.

was left to do very much as he liked,—that is to say, to neglect his books, *cut* school, and spend his time with the *gamins* of the neighbourhood, playing at marbles, commenting upon the latest pranks of Monsieur de Mirabeau, or gathering the intelligence about the approaching session of the States-General.

"Papa Champi"—we quote from the same authority—"who had been unusually harsh with his own children, treated his grandson with the greatest weakness, or rather indulgence. He would not allow anybody to contradict me; every one was to be at my beck and call, ready to execute the commands of *Monsieur son petit fils*. The reason he alleged for such kindness was my extreme debility. The fact is, that I was weak, although a good-looking child; therefore my grandfather had no difficulty in making the whole family acquiesce in his opinion. I was sent to a school in the *cul-de-sac* de la Bouteille. As my grandfather's house was opposite, I had only the street to cross. The class was held on the first floor. I felt no inclination for books, and often pretended to be ill, in order that I might be kept away. 'My head aches,' I used to say, and that was enough; papa Champi, thoroughly frightened, made me stay with him, or perhaps sent me out for a walk, just as I felt inclined, and this infallibly brought about my cure."[1]

If history had not recorded for our benefit the experience of other lads who became illustrious men without going to school, we might well grieve over the truant dispositions of young Béranger. The lad, who was to be in after times Sir Walter Scott, used to spend his time in composing and relating to his companions tales of chivalry, not very long before the period when Champi's grandson roamed through the streets of Paris in quest of fun. Fun! there was not much of it to be had then; and one day, the rolling noise of artillery, the deafening shouts of the victorious *Gardes Françaises*, and the crash of the gates of the Bastille as they fell, never to rise again—such was the scene which the scholar of the *cul-de-sac de la Bouteille* was called upon to witness.

Pour un captif, souvenir plein de charmes!
J'étais bien jeune; on criait: Vengeons-nous!
A la Bastille! aux armes! vite aux armes!
Marchands, bourgeois, artisans, couraient tous.
Je vois pâlir et la femme et la fille;
Le canon gronde aux rappels du tambour.
Victoire au peuple, il a pris la Bastille!
Un beau soleil a fêté ce grand jour.

The first step in the career of the French Revolution was

[1] Lapointe, pp. 23, 24.

soon followed by that well-known series of events which led to the "Reign of Terror." It had become rather unsafe for a child to run about the streets of Paris, when the cry of "à la lanterne" was the order of the day, and when summary execution was soon to be the lot of all those whose republican sentiments had not been thoroughly vouched for by competent *sans-culottes*. Rather than see his grandson swing from a lamp-post, M. Champi made up his mind to part once more with him; and accordingly the boy was despatched to Péronne, where lived an aunt of his, by name Madame Bouvet. This lady, although attached to the principles of the Revolution, was a woman of good principles. Her occupation (she was an *aubergiste* or inn-keeper) left her time to cultivate her taste for literature; and she had a small library, to which her nephew enjoyed free and unrestricted access. Unfortunately, together with the works of Racine, Fénelon, and Corneille, this collection contained the more objectionable productions of Voltaire; and young Béranger devoured these with all the avidity of a boy who had been taught to hail in the *philosophe de Ferney*, the regenerator of the human race. The now hackneyed anecdote of the storm proves how speedily freethinking principles can take root in the heart, and blight, under their withering effect, every sentiment of awe for the power of God.

In the meanwhile, the doctrines of Voltaire and of the "Encyclopédie," reduced into practice by the Lycurgi and the Dracos of the French Republic, had given rise to a style of literature which was assiduously cultivated by all the young generation. "Patriotic institutes"—species of debating societies—were springing up on all sides. In the "Patriotic Institute" of Péronne, the young alumni were taught the "Rights of Man," the "Republican Calendar," and the art of composition, illustrated by addresses to Tallien, Robespierre, and Collot d'Herbois. Béranger seems to have in a very short time qualified himself as an accomplished club-orator; and it is said that he was sadly annoyed when his aunt removed him from the patriotic care of *citoyen* Ballue-Bellanglise, the founder of the club, to the less noisy but more useful protection of a printer, M. Laisney, who, together with the means of earning an honest livelihood, gave him the opportunity of completing, or rather, of carrying on, his education.

> J'ai fait ici plus d'un apprentissage,
> A la paresse, hélas! toujours enclin.
> Mais je me crus des droits au nom de sage,
> Lorsqu'on m'apprit le métier de Franklin.

"I had," says Béranger, "such an idea of a printing-office,

that I entered it, as I would have done a temple, bare-headed. But the leaders of the locality not possessing either all the peaceful virtues or the classic language which I fondly imagined they had at their command, I was obliged to modify very much my opinion of them; I could not get reconciled to kicks and cuffs. *Maman Bouvet* took me away. I had learnt very little of the printer's craft, except the art of making paper caps, in which I was pre-eminently successful."

In the meanwhile, matters had gone on rather doubtfully with M. de Béranger *père*. Deeply engaged in the Royalist movement, and firmly convinced of the approaching return of the Bourbon family, the old gentleman was anticipating the total discomfiture of sans-culottism, and for himself, as a small acknowledgment of his services, an appointment at Versailles—some wand of office, with, perhaps, the rights of *grandes* and *petites entrées*, and what else besides? In the midst of all these dreams, down tumbles Pierre-Jean, the journeyman printer, quite as deeply enthusiastic for the cause of the Republic, most clever at making paper caps, singing "*le chant du départ*," and repeating with marked emphasis the famous lines of his favourite poet:—

"Les prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense;
Notre crédulité fait toute leur science."[1]

The progress of the Revolution speedily overturned the Royalist's hopes. Instead of enjoying the *entrées* both great and small, he was arrested and ignominiously thrown into the prison of the Temple, as many others had been before him; and when he was at last released, it was only to have the mortification of seeing General Bonaparte at the Tuileries, and himself totally ruined. He died soon after, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. Such a catastrophe would have damped the spirits of any other but the *chansonnier in posse:* after the visions of twenty franc pieces piled up in neat little columns, and bank-notes spread out in layers twelve or fourteen deep, to fall down to a dry crust of bread and a glass of water! Why, *citoyen* Ballue-Bellanglise himself, with all his patriotism, could not have stood it. Fortunately, by the interests of Arnault, whose friendship he had made, he got an appointment to an office, to which a small salary was attached.

But before the appointment of Béranger to a clerkship in the offices of the University, he had already attracted the notice of Lucian Bonaparte, whose independent character, at a time when moral degradation was the general rule, cannot too much be praised. He sent for Béranger; talked with him for a long time on his position, his wishes, and his works; encouraged him to

[1] Voltaire.

persevere in the career of literature; and when his own liberal opinions had brought down upon him the displeasure of the Emperor, and obliged him to withdraw to Rome, he made over to Béranger the salary he received as Member of the French Institute, accompanying the kind present with the following letter:—

"Je vous prie d'accepter mon traitement de l'Institut, et je ne doute pas que si vous continuez de cultiver votre talent par le travail, vous ne soyez un des ornements de notre Parnasse. Soignez surtout le rhythme; ne cessez pas d'être hardi, mais soyez plus élégant."

We need scarcely say that Béranger never forgot the Mecenas whose timely and considerate assistance had shed a bright light over the beginning of his literary life, and relieved him from the pressure of actual want. "The recollection of my benefactor," said he, "will follow me to the tomb."

Our readers, of course, will ask, What were the songs which Béranger had composed at that period—what were the subjects of his satire? Against what abuses in Church or State had he directed his shafts? Béranger was not yet a *chansonnier*,—at least he was not known as such. His first production, "The Garland of Roses," published at Péronne in 1797, consisted of small pieces in the style of Parny and Dorat. Besides that, he had begun an epic poem on the subject of Clovis, and composed several odes on religious themes, written in a style which, certainly, would not have led any one to anticipate in their author the same Béranger who was shortly afterwards to compose *Paillasse, le Marquis de Carabas,* and *Les Révérends Pères.* M. de Chateaubriand had published his *Génie du Christianisme,* and it is curious to notice the influence upon a writer whose greatest reputation is unfortunately derived from a systematic contempt for religion. The following lines, reprinted in the preface to the Complete Works, and taken from a poem, entitled *Meditation,* strike us as exceedingly interesting. The reader, in order to appreciate them better, must bear in mind, that at the time when they were written (1802), M. de Lamartine had not yet begun to sing, and that the artificial and flimsy poetry of Delille was still considered as the *ne plus ultrà* of fine writing.

Au milieu des tombeaux qu'environorait la nuit,
Ainsi je méditais par leur silence instruit.
Les fils viennent ici se réunir aux pères
Qu'ils n'y retrouvent plus, qu'ils y portaeint naguères,
Disais-je, quand l'éclat des premiers feux du jour
Vint du chant des oiseaux ranimer ce séjour.
Le soleil voit, du haut des voûtes éternelles,
Passer dans les palais des familles nouvelles;
Familles et palais, il verra tout périr!

Il a vu mourir tout, tout renaitre et mourir,
Vu des hommes, produits de la cendre des hommes,
Et, lugubre flambeau du sépulcre où nous sommes,
Lui-même, à ce long deuil fatigué d'avoir lui,
S'éteindra devant Dieu, comme nous devant lui.

These lines, and such as these, were running through Béranger's imagination, whilst twice a-day he walked over the distance which separated his small *appartement de garçon* from the office, where his services as a clerk were remunerated at the rate of eighty pounds per annum;[1] and sometimes, as he met on the way the then king of song, Desaugiers, with an expression half of contempt, half of jealousy, he was wont to mutter between his teeth: "Well! well! I could write songs quite as well as you do, if I liked; only there are those poems of mine!"

One morning, M. de Fontanes, grand-master of the French University under Napoléon, received an anonymous letter, in which he was warned that one of his clerks, Béranger by name, instead of earning conscientiously the salary bestowed upon him by the munificence of Government, spent his time in composing songs. And *what* songs! The notorious *Roi d'Yvetot* was enclosed as a specimen. It seemed certainly bold in a young man, circumstanced as Béranger then happened to be, to read a lecture of moderation to Napoleon-le-grand. The cautious M. de Fontanes thought so; he forthwith took the manuscript and submitted it to his Imperial Majesty.

The date of "*le Roi d'Yvetot*" is 1813. Napoleon had gained the victories of Lutzen and Bautzen, but still he saw that his power was waning; and it is by no means unnatural to suppose that at that time he found it prudent not to disregard that longing for peace which was manifesting itself throughout the country. At all events, Béranger, tacitly allowed to rhyme just as he pleased, followed up his satire on the Emperor by another set of stanzas called *Le Sénateur;* and when the dignitaries of that grave body complained to Napoleon of the liberty taken with their character and morality, the answer was:—"Gentlemen, I have had no objection to the *Roi d'Yvetot;* you have permitted it to be sung. May I, in my turn, ask the same favour for *le Sénateur*?"

The sarcastic spirit of Béranger was not satisfied with the opportunity supplied by poetry, and the natural accompaniment of a popular time. It must needs express itself in plain prose, and reflect on the excesses of despotic power in the very drawing-room of M. de Fontanes. One evening a rather obsequious *employé*, anxious, no doubt, to make a strong profession of imperialism, exclaimed:—"Alexander alone could tame Bucephalus;

[1] He began with forty-four pounds, and never rose higher than a salary of two thousand francs.

no one but Napoleon the Great would be able to rule over France." "Oh! oh!" answered Béranger, who had overheard the remark, "do you compare France to Bucephalus? A donkey would have been a better simile; for then it would tell you, perhaps, on what part the saddle galls it." This was carrying plain speaking somewhat too far; the chansonnier received a sound lecture in consequence.

Whilst the star of the victor of Austerlitz was thus sinking gradually below the horizon,—whilst the general anxiety was increasing, and disaffection and treason were surely hastening the disorganization of the empire,—songs still sparkled at intervals, and *chansonniers*, when not engaged in rhyming about political subjects, would run riot in bacchanalian strains, too often without the slightest respect for the laws of morality and religion. The celebrated societies which met at the *Caveau*, the *Cadran bleu*, and the *Moulin de beurre*, had not yet assumed a political character; they were merely festive associations, periodical gatherings of free-livers, who amply proved that they deserved the celebrated qualification of Horace, *Epicuri de grege porcum*. There Desaugiers, Armand Gouffé, Dumersan, and a thousand others, used to meet; twelve hundred persons busily plied the knife and fork around tables spread out in the open air; and when the chairman had given the signal towards the end of the repast, Anacreons sprung up in every direction, under the influence of champagne and chambertin, and song followed song in quick succession.

Some persons may perhaps accuse us of being unnecessarily squeamish, because we decline, in this review, even alluding to those licentious effusions which have disgraced the genius of Béranger. But we would ask this plain question, in the words of a modern critic:—"Can a man sing what he would not dare to say, and is rhyme a sufficient safe-conduct for licentiousness?" We are still wondering how men, whom their talent raises above the multitude—men of noble sentiments, if we can judge from the average of their writings—could degrade themselves so far as to disclose to the public, without any shame, the secret of their most ignoble thoughts! What dignity can *he* show in private life who has thus surrendered himself, and who, to speak like Phædrus, *stulti nudavit animi conscientiam?* It is in vain for Béranger to tell us, as an excuse, that "les gens véritablement sages, toujours indulgents, pardonnent des écarts à la gaité, et permettent à l'innocence de sourire;" we are still of opinion, with the same critic, that "bad words, to whatever tune they are sung, are bad actions." Molière, La Fontaine, are also often adduced as authorities; but the talent which these great writers have unfortunately shown in describing objectionable scenes, and casting ridicule upon the most sacred ties, only serves to prove how

generally the consciousness of morality has been deadened and blunted in France. That Molière's *Amphitryon* should have been performed under the sanction of Louis XIV., and that La Fontaine's *Tales* should have been the favourite book of the fine ladies of that monarch's court, cannot be quoted as the justification of Béranger. We quite resign ourselves to the imputation of over-strictness, when we say that morality would gain much, and literature would sustain little loss, were all the *chansonnier's* Anacreontic effusions destroyed.

"Mes chansons, c'est moi," said Béranger. We find, therefore, as one of the constituent parts of his moral character, a kind of refined Epicurism, which forms the subject of most of his early productions, and which led him to consider life as a sort of dream, which we must while away as pleasantly as possible. This feature, however strongly marked in the first *recueil*, became gradually weaker and weaker; the satirical element, on the contrary, acquired more extension, until it pervaded the whole of the latter songs; and Béranger could say at last, with much truth,—

> Ma gaité s'en est allée ;
> Sage ou fou qui la rendra
> A ma pauvre âme isolée ;
> Dieu l'en récompensera.

Here we may note a striking difference between Béranger and the *chansonniers* who immediately preceded him. In the works of Desaugiers, Panard, Collé, and Vadé, there are certainly here and there some satirical passages—a few stanzas which evidence great powers of observation, and an unquestionable talent for seizing and jotting down the ridicules and vices of society; but still with them the song, taking it as a whole, is merely the effusion of a voluptuary. Béranger, on the contrary, goes further and deeper: he begins with a song, he goes on with a satire; he first puts on his head a chaplet of roses, but speedily exchanges it for the warrior's helmet; instead of the bauble which he first sported with, we find in his hand a drawn sword, or the avenging whip of Nemesis. In a word, Béranger, like Paul Louis Courier, his contemporary and his perfect parallel, was the most complete embodiment of what has been called *l'esprit Gaulois*,—that indescribable assemblage of qualities in which we find united the voluptuous tendencies of Chaulieu, the wit of Voltaire, and the *frondeur* disposition of every *bourgeois de Paris*. Béranger's poems form the most interesting and curious collection of documents on the history of France since the Restoration; and the philosophical reader can study in them the struggle between the Liberal opposition and the government of the Bourbons, quite as

accurately as he can trace, in the celebrated *Recueil de Maurepas*,[1] the feeling of the nation towards the absolutism of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., the irritation of the parliaments, and the corruption of the court. Molière's Mascarille speaks of "mettre en madrigaux toute l'histoire Romaine;" Béranger's Recueil might properly be entitled, "The history of my own time set to music."

Our poet had never felt any sympathy for the brilliant though heavy despotism of the Empire; and his song of Le Roi d'Yvetot proves how opposed he was to that spirit of conquest and of ambition which ended in Waterloo.

But when the disasters of 1814 brought into France the allied armies,—when, after a long and desperate conflict, the Bourbon rule was re-established, and, along with it, all the reactionary principles, all the musty old traditions which the people had thought gone for ever since the storming of the Bastille,—then Napoleon's unbridled ambition was forgotten; his name became the watch-word of the Liberals, who acknowledged in him, as Béranger says, "le représentant de l'égalité victorieuse;" and the French people, always so fond of military glory, contrasted the triumphal progress of the tricolor flag with the ridiculous pretensions of those effete *gentilhommes*, who had carried back from the land of exile nothing but their prejudices and their utter ignorance of the political wants of the nation. The celebrated song, *les Gaulois et les Francs*, written in 1814, was launched forth as an appeal to union against the occupation of the country by foreign troops.

Even during the first months which followed the accession of Louis XVIII., Béranger advocated a system of conciliation. He saw very clearly all the difficulties which the King had to contend against, and he perceived that, personally, the monarch was determined to secure for the country those inviolable rights which the Charter itself proclaimed, and which had been purchased at the cost of so much suffering:—

Louis, dit-on, fut sensible
Aux malheurs de ces guerriers,
Dont l'hiver le plus terrible
A seul flétri les lauriers.
Près des lis qu'ils soutiendront,
Ces lauriers reverdiront.

But the prestige was not of long duration. The *émigrés* of the reactionary coterie, surrounding the king, and overpowering the cabinet, were loudly calling for the recovery of their privileges, and parading about their scutcheons, newly furbished up.

[1] This curious MS. collection of songs and squibs is about to be published by the well-known projector of the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*, M. Jannet.

Who is that pompous-looking personage, with knee-breeches, a bag-wig, and a laced three-cornered hat, elbowing his way through the *salons* of the Tuileries, and looking down superciliously upon a Conegliano, a Gouvion Saint Cyr, a Macdonald? Béranger will tell you:—

> Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
> Gloire au Marquis de Carabas!

The moment could not better be chosen for a satirist. Béranger began by sending in his resignation of the post he still occupied at the University, and then issued his first *recueil de chansons*. King, ministers, fleurs de lys, white flag, State religion, Jesuits, and Bourbon government, were unsparingly held up to the ridicule of the nation. Béranger was twice tried for attacks upon the Government, and offences against public morality. The first time, he was condemned to three months' imprisonment and to a small fine,

> Malgré l'éloquence sublime
> De Dupin qui nous parla!

"Oh!" remarked some friend, "it is very kind of you to call Dupin's eloquence *sublime*." "Certainly," was the answer, "Dupin often rises to the sublime. Yes, he does get up to the clouds; only, I don't know how he manages, for when he comes down, he is always covered with mud." Seven years after, Béranger selected for his counsel M. Barthe, who became Minister of Justice under Louis Philippe. Still, condemnation was unavoidable, and the court pronounced a sentence of nine months' imprisonment, and a fine of 10,000 francs (400 pounds). This sum was immediately paid by M. Bérard and a few other friends of the poet.

Meanwhile the celebrated songs had speedily found their way into the heart of the whole population. Napoleon's veteran grenadiers shed tears whilst repeating the stanzas of "*le Cinq Mai*;" the song of the "Sacre de Charles Simple" was whistled about the streets by the impudent little "*gamins*," in defiance of the judicial verdict.

Béranger had evidently struck the right cord. And here let us notice other strongly marked features of his productions, and which are essentially French. The first is that longing after political equality—the dream of "Young France." In this respect, as in many others, Béranger had identified himself completely with the majority: he was their spokesman; his songs were the living expression of their feelings, and for that reason his name had become "a household word."

Why was Béranger so enthusiastically fond of Napoleon?

Why did he sing so constantly "le petit caporal," and take "la redingote grise" as his guiding star? It is because he saw in the dictator's rule the triumph of equality.[1] "Comme l'égalité," he said, "visible sous les uniformes et les croix d'honneur était à l'armée occupée à faire le siège des vieilles aristocraties de privilège et de droit divin, le peuple suivait avec amour ce soldat victorieux, porté sur le pavois de la Révolution."

In his view of the relation in which we stand to another world, Béranger was essentially French. You will find nothing in Montaigne, Molière, La Fontaine, and the *popular* writers of France, but a vague Deism, which, rising occasionally to the expression of truly noble sentiments, is more usually of a very sensual character, and easily reconcileable to that Epicurism which sees everything, even the tomb, *couleur de rose*, through the sparkling transparency of a bottle of champagne. The famous song "*Le Dieu des bonnes gens*," may be said to contain the articles of the *chansonnier's* creed; and what creed! or rather, what utter inability to understand the great questions about God, the soul, and eternity!

When some serious voice talks to him of the last day, and of the dissolution of all things, does he then at least reflect a little, and examine whether after all the teaching of religion is not likely to be true? No! "quelle erreur!" he exclaims:—

> " . . . quelle erreur! Non, Dieu n'est point colère;
> S'il créa tout, à tout il sert d'appui."

The great mistake in unbelievers has ever been, the identification of Christianity with that corrupt form of religion which has mixed with the truth the grossest errors, and enforced subscription to these errors by terror and violence. Unfortunately, in France there have been very little means of ascertaining that the identification is not real; and when an allusion is made to the doctrines of the Bible, the immediate answer is, What! believe that the consecrated wafer has been transformed into God himself!—that the *capucins indignes* are the pillars of the Church!—that the doors of purgatory can fly open at the trifling expense of a couple of crowns!—We are, it is true, ordered to accept these doctrines not only as the decrees of the Church, but also in our capacity as private citizens. If we do not attend mass regularly, gensdarmes will drive us thither; if we cannot prove that we have received the priest's absolution, we shall lose our office or our employment; if we eat eggs and butter in Lent, beware of Sainte Pélagie and of Monsieur le Procureur du Roi!—Well, we shall conform to all this; we shall subscribe the doctrine of

[1] Lapointe, p. 49.

transubstantiation, frequent the confessional, lay in a stock of salt fish for proper seasons; and, with all that, we shall, like true *frondeurs*, repeat that

Des deux clefs de notre bon pape,
L'une du ciel ouvre la trappe;
Et l'autre aux griffes du légat
Ouvre les coffres de l' état.[1]

In countries where an enforced State-religion is the exclusive rule, unbelief and profanity often, or rather generally, become the necessary elements of political opposition.

We must hasten with the few remaining observations we have to make respecting Béranger's biography. During the period extending from 1820 to the end of his life, he was the real monarch in France, for he had on his side public opinion; and the opposition which he carried on was the expression of the wishes of the multitude. He saw that the government of the Bourbons had in it no element of stability, because it was conducted in defiance of the spirit of the age; and the intriguers, who aimed at ruling in the name both of Louis XVIII. and of Charles X., utterly disregarding the new direction given to ideas by the principles of 1789, were dreaming of a return to worn-out institutions and customs. Whilst Paul Louis Courier in his "Simple Discours," his "Pamphlet des Pamphlets," and his other brochures, was reviving in all its point and pungency the spirit of Pascal,—whilst the palmy days of the Provincial Letters seemed to have returned with the lampoons of the Tourangeau vigneron, Béranger knocked down the pillars of the Old Monarchy as it were in sport, and the echo of his strains caused the worm-eaten institutions to fall to pieces. His strong common sense served him more than his very genius; and he had over Courier the advantage which rhyme gives, even merely considered as a help to memory. It is impossible to sing a pamphlet; but put a lampoon into verse, adapt it to a popular tune, and, like the electric spark, it flies in a minute from one end of the country to the other.

Béranger was the poet of the bourgeoisie. When the Revolution of 1830 had brought the bourgeoisie to the throne, he understood that his political career was finished, and remained silent. After that time he might easily, had he thought proper, obtained every dignity which the most ambitious can covet; but he knew too well the price of independence, and he preferred remaining unfettered, enjoying the right of his *franc-parler*. M. Lafitte offered him the most brillant situation; his friend Manuel left him his heir; he received propositions equally

[1] Les chantres de paroisse.

honourable to the persons who made them, and to him who was the object of them. But all in vain :

Un ministre vet m'enrichir,
Sans que l'honneur ait à gauchir,
Sans qu'au *Moniteur* on m'affiche.

This last trait refers to an anecdote related by M. Lapointe in his biography. General Sebastiani, then Minister of War, and dangerously ill, received one day a visit from Béranger. "Ah! my dear friend," said the old soldier to the poet, "I am very ill. Come, my dear Béranger, we must do something for our friends. I declare to you that I shall not die quietly if I leave you in poverty behind me. Madame de Praslin has a fortune of her own; therefore it will not be doing any injustice to my children. Listen; I have there in my bureau a few small savings, about two hundred thousand francs, let us divide them. It is an old friend, an old soldier, who offers you this; and I swear, on my cross of honour, that no one shall know the pleasure you will have done me in accepting this small present." The poet refused.

Béranger, it is well known, was twice elected a member of the Legislative Assembly which met in consequence of the events of 1848, and twice he declined the honour bestowed upon him.

The last years of the chansonnier's life were spent by him in the enjoyment of the reputation he had earned by his writings, and in the practice of acts of kindness and munificence which, in the case of candidates to literary fame, were uniformly accompanied by a few words of excellent advice. M. Lapointe's volume is full of interesting anecdotes of that description; and although want of space prevents us from indulging in any further lengthened quotation, we cannot help transcribing, for the benefit of young *littérateurs*, the following sensible piece of advice:—"Beware of illusions; write, compose poetry, sing, but take some employment, and never forsake work. Let poetry be for you only a recreation, a *passe-temps*. Unless a man is helped on by circumstances of an extraordinary nature, he gains by writing nothing beyond a foolish reputation, which leads him to the work-house or the arms of misery."[1] On the 16th of July Pierre-Jean de Béranger breathed his last, and, true to his old views, declined receiving the sacraments of the Church to which he nominally belonged.

From the remarks we have made, our readers will have no difficulty in perceiving what opinion we entertain of Béranger's songs. As literary compositions, some of them have already taken their place amongst the masterpieces which genius has

[1] Lapointe, p. 242.

produced. Each chanson is a complete drama in itself, well-proportioned, and finished off with all the care of a consummate artist.

The *chansonnier* was self-taught, and the only poet with whom we can fitly compare him is Burns. The Scottish minstrel, however, had a far finer perception of the beauties of nature, and far deeper sympathies with the highest aspirations of the soul, than Béranger.

To conclude. Literary powers, poetic genius, and a classical taste, are not all that we should look for, even in a writer of songs. Victor Hugo says somewhere, that "a poet has also the cure of souls." This, we believe, is true; and, if it be true, what must we think of him who disregards the most common ideas of morality? What must we think of the patriot who, after having celebrated in his strains the ennobling love of the father-land, condescends to disgrace his pen by appealing to the grossest passions and most degrading appetites? As an excuse, Béranger says, that "sans ce folles inspirations de la jeunesse, mes couplets politiques n'auraient per aller si loin." For our part, we refuse to think so ill of our neighbours as to suppose that they cannot accept patriotism unless when it walks hand in hand with licentiousness. The imputation is an insult; but if it were true, it would only lower our opinion of the French, without increasing our esteem for Béranger.

ART. VIII.—1. *Early Travels in Palestine, comprising the Narratives of Arculf, Willibald, Bernard, etc.* Edited, with Notes, by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. London: Bohn.
2. *Biblical Researches in Palestine and the Adjacent Nations; a Journal of Travels in the years* 1838 *and* 1852. By EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D., LL.D. Second edition, in 3 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1856.
3. *Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M.A. London: John Murray. 1856.
4. *The Desert of Sinai: being Notes of a Spring Journey from Cairo to Beersheba.* By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Second edition. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1857.
5. *The Holy Places: a Narrative of Two Years' Residence in Jerusalem and Palestine.* By H. L. DUPUIS. Two vols. London: Hurst and Blacket. 1856.
6. *The Tent and the Khan: a Journey to Sinai and Palestine.* By ROBERT WALTER STEWART, D.D. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. 1857.
7. *Tent Life in the Holy Land.* By WILLIAM C. PRIME. London: Sampson Low, Son and Co. 1857.
8. *The Land of Promise, being Notes of a Spring Journey from Beersheba to Sidon.* By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1857.

MOST annalists can identify the localities over which their story rests; so that the two things, story and scene, like soul and body, being honestly knit together and fitted into each other, make up a substantial whole, a genuine historical being,—not only not lacking in any essential part or feature, but possessed of a sufficient amount of clothing and drapery to satisfy the reader that it really is the very piece of authenticity and life which it professes to be.

History has always sought to bring the two things together, at whatever cost or toil; and the annalist, who knows his office and mission, has invariably manifested an uneasiness, a sensitive consciousness of failure, when unable to achieve this union.

In many cases, however, the attempt at union has broken down, or been at once abandoned as hopeless. The two parts have, in the run of ages, been so thoroughly severed, that with our present amount of information and research, reknitting

is impossible. It is not that both parts have been found, but cannot be brought together, so that

> "They stand aloof, the scars remaining,
> Like cliffs which have been rent asunder:"

it is, that *one* has totally perished. One, indeed, is found,—entire enough, it may be, after its own kind; but its fellow is awanting. There is no "dreary sea" flowing between the sundered cliffs, but a stormy ocean, that has succeeded in wearing down and engulfing perhaps the mightier and more majestic of the two. Sometimes it is the *site*, sometimes it is the *story*, that is amissing,—the survivor ill at ease, if not disconsolate, without its mate. The story, when it outlives the site, seems to hover, like one of Ossian's ghosts, over cities and regions, uncertain where to alight, or, indeed, whether it be possible or wise to alight at all. That Homer was born, and that he was born somewhere upon the face of the broad earth, is admitted by all, save those whose vocation is, not to find truth in fable, as in Esop's manlier days, but fable in truth, as in Strauss' less upright age. But for the birth-place itself we search in vain; and the old name still hovers, as it has done for ages, over the seven cities of Greece, unable in any of them to fix its home. The site, when it survives the story, lies cold, inexpressive, soul-less, like some corpse cast ashore from wreck which has no friend to recognise it, or some skeleton discovered in an unnamed and unknown sarcophagus. Who that has explored the wonders of Elora,—that magnificent Indian excavation that casts Petra into the shade,—has not eagerly asked for its history; and, standing in the vast rock-hewn hall of Keylas, has not felt surprised, almost ashamed, that the annals of that wondrous memorial of ancient science, strength, and riches,—city, palace, temple, all in one,—should have perished from the earth! That which, on a smaller scale, we feel when gazing on Stonehenge, or the round towers of Ireland, or the rude stone-circles of Shetland, or the Jebel-Kheim of Malta, or the Obelisk of Heliopolis, or even the Pyramids of Ghizeh and Sakharah,—we are made to feel, on a much larger scale, and in a more impressive manner, when looking at the marble-blocks of Goura, the cave-temples of Kennery, or Carlee, or Mavalipuram, the ruins of Bejapûr (the Palmyra of the Deccan), or Petra the rock-city of Edom, or Yucatan with its constellation of forest-buried cities. From all these the history has perished. There they moulder; —bodies, out of which the soul has fled;—harp-frames, whose strings have been torn away.

The antiquarian or historical student,—nay, even the general reader of history or antiquities,—will be thoroughly conscious of the truth of these remarks. Of such students or readers we find

two classes,—the one the counterpart or converse of the other; both most important, and reciprocally helpful.

One class is seeking sites for histories; the other is seeking histories for sites.

The former go forth, with their finger in the well-replenished volume, in quest of localities which they desire to look upon and examine, as well as name, and into which they would fain fit the hundred floating items of authentic narrative or semi-authentic tradition. The latter betake themselves to some old ruin, whose *name* reveals nothing beyond some local incident or shadowy legend, but which does itself, in its every nook and tower and pillar, bear the most living marks of having once had a story; a story in every stone; a story which, though long lost, must evidently have been no common one; a story which the traveller longs to resuscitate, and on the recovery of which he would gladly bestow a life-time's research. These two classes, though often separate, sometimes unite in one individual, who, both as historian and antiquary, carries on the two lines conjunctly: at one time searching out localities for his narratives, and at another, narratives for his localities.

The exactest specimens of these classes are, perhaps, to be found in books of Eastern travel. The number of these works is very great, almost incredible. But they fall, with sufficient exactness, under the above twofold subdivision,—needing only this further remark, that the Syrian traveller is generally, though not without exceptions, the man seeking sites for histories, and the Egyptian traveller the man seeking histories for sites.[1] Not with Egypt, however, do we mean at present to concern ourselves, save in passing, great as are the attractions of Abu-Sembel, Karnac, Luxor, and the Necropolis of Sakharah,—of which last the discoverer Mariette has taken possession in the name of France, and which he would fain keep under lock and key as an antiquarian *preserve* of his own. We must not linger by the Nile, that most majestic of all noble streams, with its varied fringes of sand and verdure, of palm and tamarisk, of hut and palace, of pyramid, obelisk, temple, and mountain. We must leave, on the right, its fair waters, enlivened and beautified with the gleam of a hundred sails, moving gaily through the sunshine that lies in such joyous tranquillity upon its burnished waves.

We might sail or steam up the river to feed our wonder upon the gigantic temple-ruins that strew its banks,—from Ghizeh to Denderah, Edfû, and Eswân,—with their white limestone or

[1] The old travellers in Palestine are mere retailers of ecclesiastical legends. Their sites and their histories are for the most part traditional, and often purely fictitious. Felix Fabri (A.D. 1483), whose travels fill three Latin octavos, is decidedly the best of them. His narrative is minute and lively.

purple granite. But the travellers whose works head our article have not taken this route; so, leaving the Nile-boat or railway at Bulak, we strike eastward, tracking their footsteps. There is one advantage for this, at least to ourselves; we shall be saved the toil of seeking histories for sites, and shall have the easier and perhaps more lively occupation of finding sites for histories.

Long before the traveller reaches Bulak, whether by boat or train, he is struck with the increasing fertility of the region through which he is moving. Alexandria, in spite of its gardens and palm-plantations, would seem by all accounts to have a dreary, barren aspect; and for miles around, the country is said to look pale and scorched,—a region of sandy flats or monotonous undulations. But, as he sweeps eastward and southward, the sand gives place to the black soil; verdure is becoming luxuriant; and he feels that he has entered on a territory whose superior fruitfulness is not of yesterday,—a territory which, in spite of neglect and unskilfulness, still retains the evidence of having once been the garden, or at least the pastureland of Egypt. The question immediately rises, "Is not this Goshen?" Nor can there be much hesitation in answering the question affirmatively. This district of Lower Egypt must have formed part of the rich territory granted by Pharaoh to the sons of Jacob. It would be rash to attempt to mark the boundaries of the region. There are no relics of Israel anywhere to be found. Nor can the Egyptian cities, with which Israel's history stands connected in this quarter, be identified. Hence one can only speak generally, and say, Somewhere on this most eastern branch of the Nile,—somewhere between this and the "Wilderness of Shur,"—must Goshen have been; and though you cannot mark off its outlines, nor map out its geographical details, you can say that this fruitful tract of Nile-watered soil was the very land on which Israel fed their flocks, and where they multiplied and grew. At the same time, it is to be remembered that this district has not been explored, and is perhaps less known than the more distant and inaccessible parts of Upper Egypt. Its interest is wholly Biblical, or, we might say, wholly Jewish. It has no stupendous ruins nor stately pyramids to attract the eye of the traveller or antiquarian. Hence it lies to this day unexplored. The traveller, hastening southward to Upper Egypt, or eastward to the Desert, gives it a passing glance,—says, "Yes, that must have been Goshen," and goes upon his way to more showy scenes and more imposing regions. Let the next Egyptian traveller take a reviewer's counsel, and pass more leisurely through this unknown territory. Let him not grudge to lay out a few weeks upon it. He may obtain a richer prize than he thinks. But the railway between Alexandria and Cairo, which

whirls him past the ancient pasturage of Jacob's sons, is not likely to stimulate such efforts at discovery. Affording such facilities of transit to Upper Egypt, and abridging the distance between Alexandria and Cairo from three days to seven hours, it tempts the traveller to hurry at once beyond the Delta, and to spend his weeks or months amid the ruins of Luxor or Karnak.

We note, then, this region between the Lower Nile and the Eastern Desert as one yet to be explored. It is Goshen most certainly; but no one has yet fully traversed and adequately searched it.

Dr Robinson's statements as to the locality of this Biblical region are brief, but satisfactory, though little is added to the information already possessed.[1] He did not traverse this region, but made careful inquiry respecting it when at Cairo. The modern province of *esh-Shurkiyeh*, "extending from near *Abu Zábel* to the sea, and from the Desert to the former Tanaitic branch of the Nile," is at this day reckoned the most fertile in Egypt, and it is here that the ancient Goshen must have lain. In the middle of the fourteenth century this district possessed 383 towns and villages, and was valued at a million and a half of dinars, showing that in that age it was one of the most valuable districts of the land. To the present day it retains its high value, and is said to yield the largest revenue of all the Pasha's provinces. Without determining how far north Goshen extended, and whether it took in Heliopolis or the district around Cairo, we must keep in mind its position relative to the Desert, into which it once sent, in such haste, its two millions and a half of alien population. Goshen lay alongside of the Desert,—say at least some sixty or seventy miles,—without intervening mountain, or stream, or sea, or frontier stronghold of the Pharaohs. A march into the Desert was to Israel a very easy and simple thing. Taking with them food and water, they could have started at once eastward, and been soon beyond the reach of "Busiris and his Memphian chivalry." Pharaoh might no doubt have pursued; possibly dashed in among the unarmed rear with his chariots; but he could not have *intercepted* them. They would have been encamped in the Desert before he could have heard the news of their departure.

It is this that is the true key to the question of their passage over the Red Sea.

It is usually assumed, that, from the position in which they were in Goshen, they could not help crossing that sea in order

[1] "Biblical Researches," vol. i., pp. 52–54. See also Dr Wilson's "Lands of the Bible," vol. i., pp. 98–101; Dr Stewart's "Tent and Khan," pp. 29–33. Mr Stanley refers very generally to Goshen, pp. xxviii. xxix.

to reach the Desert. This would have been the case had Goshen lain somewhere between Cairo and Thebes. In that case, they would have pushed forward with all haste northward, in order to turn the flank of the Mukattem range at Cairo, and get round the tongue of the Red Sea at Suez, into the wilderness. But Goshen was far *north* of Suez, and by its proximity to the Desert, furnished them with a way of immediate escape out of Egypt. Instead of availing themselves of this, however, they march *southward*, not *eastward*,—that is, they marched in such a direction as *not to escape* either from the sea or from Pharaoh, which they might have done, but, to throw themselves between both. Before this southward march, escape was a simple enough process, merely demanding expedition and order; after this, escape became not only difficult but impossible, save by some supernatural interference to extricate them from the meshes of that net into which they had deliberately thrust themselves. A people ignorant of the country, and following a leader as ignorant as themselves, might have committed this tremendous and fatal blunder. But they had lived for generations on the borders of the Eastern Desert, and, therefore, knew it well; their leader was one who knew the southern as well as the eastern district of the peninsula, for he had been at Horeb before this; and, besides, the road between Egypt and the Desert was thoroughly well known in those days, when the mines of Magharah and Surabit-el-Khadem were worked by the Pharaohs; so that Israel's divergence from the natural road, which was one of comparative safety, and their selection of another, which was not only not the way to their destination, but one of hopeless and overwhelming peril, is something which has not yet been accounted for on any of those principles either of wisdom, or strategy, or daring, which the history of great emergencies does sometimes exhibit. It was this divergence from the proper track, and the apparent madness of that southward movement, which deliberately threw the Red Sea between them and the Desert, that led Pharaoh to plan and execute his attack. For such a divergent march as that of Israel there must have been secret reasons, and these reasons were not long of unfolding themselves. The God of Israel was here to fetch His last stroke of vengeance upon Egypt, and complete what the ten plagues had not yet effected. The peerage, or "chivalry" of the land, as Milton well calls it, was now to be laid prostrate. For this end was the strange southward march,—a march which acted as a stratagem of war to draw out the whole remaining host of Egypt in pursuit, in order to complete the humiliation of the kingdom.

Here, then, there is what one may, with all reverence, call a supernatural *misleading* of the people, in order to accomplish an

end the most triumphant, and to lay the foundation of results, whose permanent duration may be seen, centuries after, in the history of the delivered nation.

The attempt, then, to evade or dilute the miracle of the passage of the Red Sea, is one which multiplies twofold the difficulties in the adjoining parts of the history. The dissolution of the miracle does not satisfy any demand of the narrative, nor afford any clue to the strange story. The expulsion of the supernatural leaves the Mosaic narrative in a most unsatisfactory state,—a state to which its unaffected and simple sincerity does not entitle it.

Granting that the historian has exaggerated the event,—that he has built up a mighty self-honouring fabric out of very paltry materials,—that he has introduced the supernatural into events which, at the most, can only be called extraordinary,—that he has taken advantage of a striking but fortuitous juncture of natural events, to raise a story of the miraculous,—still we can hardly do less than admit that he believed what he was saying. Homer, indeed, writes of the supernatural plentifully enough, but you do not feel under any strong necessity of crediting his marvels, nor even of supposing that he credited them himself. But with Herodotus it is different. He writes of what he saw and heard; he believed what he wrote; and he expects you to believe it also. You may say he was mistaken, or misinformed, or credulous, or ignorant; though every new discovery is telling us that the old father of history was as accurate as he was honest. But you give him at least the credit of not wishing to impose upon his readers, but writing what he himself believed. With Herodotus we may class Moses in this respect. Nor are we asking much when claiming this equality. Moses wrote what he believed, and that which he wrote and believed was what he saw and knew. Our concern is with the bare narrative itself, and our object is to ascertain what Moses himself believed.

This narrative Dr Robinson deals with in his first volume. He begins and ends his statement with the assertion of his belief in the miraculous nature of the event; but his intermediate arguments and facts go to show that there was no real miracle in the matter. He brings Israel just to the northern extremity of the sea, and then, by means of a strong east wind, and a low tide, and broad sand-banks, he takes them across dry-shod. If, however, they were at this point of the Gulf of Suez, there was no need even for wind or ebb or shoal; for by turning half a mile or less to the north, they would have rounded the point at once upon dry land. But this is, after all, not the exact point to be settled. The difficulty lies much deeper. Dr Robinson has not touched it.

Assuming that the facts as to the shallows are precisely as he

states them, the question still troubles us, *Did Moses mean this?* If he did, he has certainly not made use of language either the most apt or the most natural to express his meaning. If the non-miraculous or the semi-miraculous hypothesis be true, then his language is unaccountably inaccurate. It is not ambiguous, it is not awkward, it is not dark: it is simply inaccurate.

Dr Robinson's statements are not new. They are to be found in the German commentators of the last century. But he was among the first that conjoined the non-miraculous argument with the profession of full and unqualified reverence for Scripture. Maintaining both the veracity and the inspiration of the Bible, he has advanced statements which it will be difficult to reconcile with either. In such a case, the evil is the greater, because the writer is one fitted to speak with authority, and therefore likely to be listened to by those who would suspect such reasonings were they found in Burckhardt, or Henniker, or Lepsius. Though the American traveller has attempted, not a denial, but merely a dilution of the miracle, he is not on that account to be let pass as if he had done something less than German commentators have ventured on. He has not by any means gone so far as they have done; but he has gone far enough to involve himself in the same consequences to which their irreverent and unguarded statements must, of necessity, conduct. His admission of the miraculous, to a certain extent, does not neutralize the tendency of the principle he advances; and his "dignified protest," as Lepsius has called it, against introducing too much of the miraculous into Scripture, is not fitted to win him the confidence of some, while it will barely save him from the imputation of fanatical credulity from others.

It is some years since Dr Wilson called attention to Dr Robinson's views, as expounded in the first edition of his work. In the second edition, recently published, we observe no modification or change; so that now, after sixteen years, we have his last and ripest sentiments. Not agreeing wholly with the route which Dr W. assigns to the Israelites, we still think his arguments as to the miraculous passage unanswerable. Dr Robinson takes no notice of them in his last edition; and here, perhaps, there comes out one of his peculiarities. He does not like to be corrected, nor to change an opinion, particularly in deference to a modern, and especially an English traveller. The elaborate attention given by him to the old travellers, and modern German authors, is rather a contrast to the slender and sometimes disparaging notice taken of recent English works. His volumes are, for research, accuracy, and fulness, beyond praise. They are a most valuable treasure-house of Eastern travel and discovery. But all this is no reason why faults should not be noted, whether in reasoning or in facts. The high reputation of the author makes

it needful that his aberrations should be distinctly pointed out. His logic sometimes grievously fails him; a topographical crotchet takes possession of him, and he writes, in one or two cases, more as the special pleader than the patient geographer.

The geographical part of the argument against Dr Robinson's view is thus put by Dr Stewart:—

"There are three theories, each supported by respectable names, which pretty well exhaust the subject. The first of these, put forward by Niebuhr, and supported by Dr Robinson, is, that the passage of the Israelites was across the narrow channel above the town of Suez, or across the narrowest part of the bay, immediately to the south and west of the town, where there are now shoals of considerable extent, perfectly dry at low water. Dr Robinson prefers the latter; but in order to give some appearance of credibility to this theory, he is obliged to suppose that the Red Sea in those days was much deeper and broader in the vicinity of Suez than it now is—a hypothesis in support of which it would be difficult to bring forward either scriptural or geological evidence. None of the conditions requisite for the fulfilment of so great a miracle are to be found in the channel above the town. The passage is so narrow, even where he supposes their march to have been, that there could not have been space for both the host of Israel and the army of Egypt within low-water-mark at the same time, unless it were got in the breadth of land dried up, instead of its length; the depth of water, judging from its present condition, was not sufficient to have drowned all that host; and, with the head of the sea only four miles distant, the horsemen and chariots of Egypt might, with the utmost ease, have sped round by the shore in time to interrupt the landing of the Israelites, without exposing themselves to any risk of disaster."—Pp. 54, 55.

The scriptural part of the argument is thus stated by Dr Bonar:—

"Israel's passage of the sea has, by some, been considered a strictly natural event, with nothing more of the supernatural in it than might be ascribed to a providential concurrence of circumstances. It is affirmed that the passage was made at or above Suez, that the tide was at ebb, that the ebb was a very low one, that the east wind made it lower, that the shoals were left dry, and that upon the dry ground thus produced by this fortunate concourse of physical phenomena the two millions marched across into the peninsular Desert.

"This, however, is hypothesis, not history. The above statements are assumptions, not deductions from the Mosaic narrative. However plausible, they are conjectural and gratuitous. Their object is to furnish such an explanation of the event as to render a miracle superfluous, or failing in that, to reduce it to its minimum of the supernatural. Assumptions such as the above amount to positive inventions of fact,—inventions not at all suggested by the record, and liable to peculiar suspicion as having been got up for a special purpose,—in-

ventions whose tendency is to impeach the historian's truthfulness, and to impute to him language, not merely exaggerated in the extreme, but incorrect and insincere, nay, studiously meant to mislead. We take the narrative of Herodotus as we find it; we make no assumptions inconsistent with his strict veracity; we give him credit for telling us fairly what he saw and heard, in words not fitted to mislead or to leave us in doubt *as to his own belief*, and we are not warranted in treating Moses otherwise. That, by the acceptance of a literal interpretation of the narrative, we should be committed to the admission of the miraculous in the event, is no sufficient reason for resorting to such an exegesis or to such assumptions.

"Moses narrates the event in a way such as to make his readers suppose that he was relating a miracle, and not a providential concurrence of natural circumstances. If he meant no miracle, he misleads us entirely, both as to the event itself, and as to his own belief of its supernatural character. His narrative is fitted to deceive, and his descriptions are not merely overdrawn, but express the *reverse* of the actual fact, as when he speaks of the waters "standing up" and forming "a wall" on either side, whereas they must have sunk down and been much lower than usual, if Israel crossed at ebb-tide on the shoals."—Pp. 97, 98.

"Most assuredly Moses, and David, and Asaph, and Isaiah *believed the cleaving of the Red Sea to be one of the greatest miracles ever wrought on earth.* They had no idea of an ebb-tide and shoals. Dr Robinson and others may say that they were mistaken. If that position be taken up, then I understand the state of the question,—and certainly, *it is the only real question before us*,—viz., whether the opinion of the sacred writers as to such a matter of fact *is to be depended on?* It is impossible to explain away their language, or to evade it by pronouncing it the exaggeration of poetry or the license of oriental figure.

"Not that this is a question as to *verbal* inspiration. I confess that I do not see how we can have the *thoughts* of God if we have not His *words;* but this is not after all the question. Grant that the words are not infallible—still they are words *which were evidently meant to express a miracle.* The *thought* or *opinion* of the writers in the above case was, that there had been a miracle. Attach what *value* you please to their words—still the *meaning* is as obvious as any meaning can be; and it is with the *meaning*, not with the *value* or *quality* of the words, that our argument has to do.

"The only answer to all this is, that the words are inaccurate and exaggerated. But what authority has any one to pronounce the language of another inaccurate? If a man is prepared to *prove* them inaccurate by personal observation, or by other history, or by their involving an impossibility, let the evidence be stated in full. The advocates of the non-miraculous have not attempted this line of proof.

"In the absence, then, of evidence to the contrary, we must recognise the accuracy of the language employed in the statements cited above. The sacred writers *believed* in a miraculous division of the Red Sea, and *they have said so.* Let Rationalism step in here, and

show that Moses, and Joshua, and David, and Isaiah, and Paul, were wrong in their *belief;* for it is on this that the question really turns. And that question involves in it, not the fallibility of men, but the untruthfulness of God. For if God has spoken through them *in any sense*, then *He* certainly meant us to understand that the passage of the Red Sea was altogether supernatural. *He* would not Himself speak, nor allow His servants to speak, in a way that would convey a totally false impression of the facts. *He* would not, as the God of truth, have told us that the *sea stood up on either side of Israel as a wall*, if He wished us to understand that the ebb-tide had swept away every drop of water on the right hand and on the left.

"The denial of verbal inspiration to the Scriptures may seem a light thing; but let it be remembered that it is founded on the assumption of their *verbal inaccuracy;* and it is almost superfluous to say that inaccuracy of words involves inaccuracy of thought and of statement; so that, according to the deniers of verbal infallibility, the Bible, though its author is God, contains inaccurate language, deals in inaccurate statement, and utters inaccurate thought. Other books are admitted to speak correctly the words and sentiments of their authors; but this alone does not convey either the words or thoughts of its author, but many things inconsistent with truth, and at variance with the author's mind! The denial of verbal inspiration may facilitate the Rationalist in evading all that he is not inclined to believe, and may free him from certain trammels which are felt to be irksome and oppressive; but, founded as it is upon the assumption of *inaccuracy in word and opinion*, it can only lead to an utter denial of the whole book itself, if not to a denial of Him whose revelation it professes to be.

"If the Korân does not contain Mahomet's words, and does not accurately represent his sentiments, of what value is it as an exposition of Mahommedanism? If the Bible does not utter the words of God, and if it does not accurately represent His mind, of what use is it as a revelation from God? And what becomes of His love and truth if He could give to His poor blind creatures a volume professing to come from Himself, yet awanting in that *most essential of all things in authorship*—a true statement of facts, and an accurate representation of the author's mind?"—Pp. 103–106.

As, in regard to Goshen, the traveller in Lower Egypt is seeking a site for a history, so in respect to the passage over the Red Sea, it is the same. In seeking for Goshen, he takes the Biblical description as he finds it, and fixes on esh-Shurkiyeh, because it fulfils the conditions, both physical and geographical, which the history demands. So as to Israel's route. He takes the history, and he seeks a site for it—a site which will fulfil, not evade the history. Such a site he cannot possibly find amid the pools, or ponds, or sand-banks, which the extreme point of the sea presents to this day; but some miles farther down, where the mountain-bluff, terminating a long rugged range, rises erect almost out of the waters, or leaves at least but some yards of beach, and

where the supernatural stroke that smote the waves in their blue depths produced a wall of water on either side, through which the delivered myriads passed in safety.

The opposers of Dr Robinson's view advance here a statement, which ought to have no inconsiderable weight. They maintain that it is the *accuracy* of Scripture language that is involved in this question. Were it the interpretation of the words that was needed, hermeneutics might be called in to adjust the difficulty, and settle the controversy. But no doubt has been suggested as to the meaning of the Mosaic language, and so no room afforded for criticism to step in. Whatever may be said of the *song* which celebrates the deliverance, the *narrative* itself is singularly plain, and free from mystery or exaggeration. Judging of the narrative as it stands, without gloss, the most rigid critic would at once say that a miracle was meant; and that, if it had not been meant, very different language must have been employed,—just such language as would be used in reference to the transit of an army over a river, which a happy combination of wind and drought had rendered fordable.

The case so standing, it is obvious that it is the *accuracy* of the language that is called in question.

All who regard the Bible as a record of Divine announcements, must feel that this impeachment is of the most serious kind. The dispute shifts; and, from being a question of interpretation, becomes one of veracity. It is not upon the historian's style that the judgment is thus made to sit, but upon his personal good faith. He wants us to understand one thing, while he is secretly conscious that something else,—something far less remarkable,—is the authentic history.

This is at variance with the strict verity which we are entitled to count upon in simple narrative between man and man; much more is it at variance with the higher and more unimpeachable verity which we expect in Divine annals,—God's narrative to man of His own proceedings,—that is, in inspiration. It would not beseem Herodotus, much less Moses. It would be fiction, not history.

It might not be pure fiction; but it would be fiction upon a historical basis. It would be a novel, "founded upon fact." There are, no doubt, different degrees of fiction; but no degree of it is admissible in history,—still less in historical inspiration, or inspired history;—call it either.

Nor is this a point into which the question of figurative language finds its way. We are speaking of simple history; and in that any figure that may occur, is introduced solely to give greater accuracy to language which, without it, would have been too feeble and inexpressive to be accurate. The difference be-

tween the figure, and the history which is meant to be illustrated by it, is, in all such cases, quite perceptible.

We take the Mosaic narrative as we find it. There is obviously a miracle contained in it, and a very stupendous one. We have neither the wish nor the right to displace it. And as to reducing it indefinitely, bringing it to a mere razor-edge, so that no one could say whether it were a miracle or not, we simply say, What is gained?

But we cross the Red Sea and encamp at *Ayûn Musa*, the wells of Moses, where verdure as well as water may still be found, and to which some of the citizens of Suez still resort for country quarters. The likelihood is, that this was Israel's first encampment after crossing the sea. The name says a good deal for this, and the distances between this and the after-localities noted in their desert-story confirm this. Comparing the statements of travellers, the geography of the region, and the Scripture narrative, we are led to believe that this is really a site found,—that it was here that the song of deliverance went up from Moses and Miriam—leading, as they doubtless did, the voices of the mighty multitude. Dr Robinson's description of this spot is brief but expressive. The place is noticed by almost all travellers who are setting out for Mount Sinai. Though not the actual site of a miracle, it is the termination of one and the commencement of another. For scarcely had Israel left these fountains than they began to feel the want of water, for the first time. Here one notices the exceeding accuracy of the narrative; for, according to the testimony of every traveller, the next two days of the Desert are most thoroughly bare and waterless. They reach Marah, where they murmur, and are supplied miraculously.

The miracle of the sweetened water has found small favour with many. We shall not undertake to say whether Mr Stanley believes it, as, though mentioning the locality, he keeps silence as to the miracle. That Dr Robinson believes it, we suppose may be admitted, though he does not say so, and though it is difficult to reconcile his belief of it with the following statement:—"Burckhardt suggests that the Israelites may have rendered the water of Marah palatable by mingling with it the juice of the berries of the ghurkud. The process would be a very simple one, and *doubtless effectual;* and the presence of this shrub around all brackish fountains would cause the remedy to be always at hand."[1] Dr R. thinks, however, that the ghurkud berries could hardly have been ripe at the season when Israel passed the Ain Howârah; but this is all the answer he gives to Burckhardt's denial of the miracle! One might admit that the

[1] Vol. i., p. 67.

proposed remedy is "simple," but that it is "doubtless effectual" would require proof. We should be inclined to write "doubtless *in*effectual;" for we have been told that even a copious infusion of brandy is ineffectual, and that such mixtures, instead of extracting or modifying the bitterness, only make it more nauseous. Our readers can try it by taking "a half-and-half" of sea-water and brandy or port wine. There is another thing which Dr R. might have added,—that the whole region round Ain Howârah is utterly destitute of verdure, not only ghurkuds and tarfas being awanting there, but the commonest and poorest of the desert shrubs. Allowing the potency of ghurkud berries to do then, what no amount of wine or brandy can do now, we must still reckon it unaccountable that this sweetening of the acrid waters should have taken place at that very part of the Desert where the sweetening herbs were not to be found. We read of the solitary palm still attracting the traveller's eye, and the well of turbid brine at its foot still repelling the lip of Arab or camel; but the ghurkuds,—they have passed away, if indeed they ever existed here out of Burckhardt's fancy. The narrative itself by no means suggests either berries or peel, or any such natural sweeteners. It reads thus,—"'And Moses cried unto Jehovah; and Jehovah showed him *a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters*, the waters were made sweet." What follows has a simple sublimity about it, which the denial of the miracle quite destroys,—"There He made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there He proved them, and said, If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of Jehovah thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians: FOR I AM JEHOVAH THAT HEALETH THEE."—(Exod. xv. 25, 26.)

We pass from the miracle of the water to the miracle of the manna. But now we have a history wholly without a site. We can say, somewhere between Elim and Rephidim—somewhere between Wady Ghurundel and Wady esh-Sheikh—the manna must first have descended, but more than this we cannot say. Its proper locality remains unfound, as Scripture has given us nothing by means of which we might identify it. It was in "the wilderness of Sin" that Israel first tasted the manna. More than this we cannot determine. As to the miracle, Dr Robinson speaks very decidedly;[1] and the following brief statement is quite satisfactory:—

[1] Mr Stanley's brief notices of the miracles are, from first to last, so peculiarly adjusted, as to indicate nothing as to his belief. He is not committed to their denial: still less to their reception. To him they are apparently without importance or attraction. His dalliance with the Greek legends of the Desert, in preference to the Biblical history of miracle, reminds one of Schiller's ad-

"In accordance with a former promise, the old man likewise put into our hands a small quantity of the manna of the Peninsula, famous at least as being the successor of the Israelitish manna, though not to be regarded as the same substance. According to his account, it is not produced every year—sometimes only after five or six years; and the quantity in general has greatly diminished. It is found, in the form of shining drops, on the twigs and branches (not upon the leaves) of the turfa—*Tamarix Gallica mannifera* of Ehrenberg,—from which it exudes, in consequence of the puncture of an insect of the coccus kind—*Coccus manniparus* of the same naturalist. What falls upon the sand is said not to be gathered. It has the appearance of gum, is of a sweetish taste, and melts when exposed to the sun or to a fire. The Arabs consider it as a great delicacy, and the pilgrims prize it highly, especially those from Russia, who pay a high price for it. The superior had now but a small quantity, which he was keeping against an expected visit from the Russian Consul-General in Egypt. Indeed, so scarce had it become of late years, as to bear a price of twenty or twenty-five piastres the pound.

"Of the manna of the Old Testament, it is said, 'When the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the Desert a small round thing, small as the hoar-frost on the ground;—and it was like coriander seed, white;—and the taste of it was like wafers with honey. And the people gathered it, and ground it in mills, and beat it in a mortar, or baked it in pans, and made cakes of it; and the taste of it was as the taste of fresh oil. And when the dew fell upon the camp in the night, the manna fell upon it.'

"Of all these characteristics not one is applicable to the present manna. And even could it be shown to be the same, still a supply of it in sufficient abundance for the daily consumption of two millions of people would have been no less a miracle."—ROBINSON, vol. i., p. 115.

These statements may suffice as to the miracles of Scripture. We do not mean to argue the question of miracles or inspiration. Our position is a humbler one, and subsidiary to the wider and more general one. It is simply a protest in behalf of the accuracy of the Bible, and the good faith of its writers. The weight or authority to which their statements are entitled is another matter. We are the more careful to keep this point before our readers, because of certain assaults recently made upon the correctness of Scripture.[1] In the last century, a band of able but unscrupulous writers appeared, whose object was to get rid of Scripture *in toto*, by exposing its inaccuracies. Bolingbroke,

miration for "the gods of Greece," and his sighs for their disappearance. Bunsen's "God in History" has shown us that historical Pantheism can be grafted upon Scripture itself; and one cannot but hesitate before accepting the philosophy which deals with the beauties rather than with the truths either of Scripture or tradition.

[1] "The Doctrine of Inspiration," etc., by the Rev. John Macnaught, Liverpool.

Toland, Chubb, Morgan, worked hard at their self-appointed task of overthrowing "superstition." Most laboriously did they gather together the supposed absurdities and inconsistencies of Scripture, in order to overwhelm the Bible beneath its own rubbish. But the Book emerged from this deistical dust unharmed; and, for two generations, these objections had almost gone out of sight. They have, however, within these few years been reproduced; and not by men, like those of the last century, philosophers, belonging to no church; but by ministers of the orthodox churches of our land. These successors of the philosophical Deists of a former age have gone over the same ground as their predecessors, and uttered the same accusations against Scripture, though in more reverent words, with this exception, that the old assailants spared the Gospels and the words of Christ, whereas their modern imitators have not scrupled to pronounce upon the inaccuracies and improprieties of "Him who spake as never man spake." In the nature, or rather the extent, of inference, the new differ from the old: the latter made use of the supposed inaccuracies to disprove entirely the claims of Scripture; the former merely employ these inconsistencies to set aside its inspiration. But which of the two classes has logic on its side? Clearly that of the old Deists. If their premises were correct, their conclusion was irresistible; and to stop short of it, is to give up the whole case. If the Bible be as inaccurate as Mr Macnaught says it is, then it has no claim upon our confidence or respect: it is much less inspired than Herodotus, or Plato, or Milton, or David Hume, or Macaulay. We are very far indeed from accusing all the questioners of some of the Bible miracles with entertaining such views; but, by a theory of miracles which assumes the inaccuracy of the Mosaic narrative, they are playing into the hands of Deists and semi-Deists, and aiding them in discovering inaccuracies, where even they did not expect to find them.

But we resume the track of our Desert travellers,—or, at least, we select some of their footsteps, not venturing to explore the whole region. The first oasis which the traveller meets with in this western margin of the Peninsula, along which Israel marched to Sinai, is *Wady Ghurundel*, which, from its position as well as its water and palms, has been long conjectured to be the Elim of Scripture. It would seem to be one of the richest tracts of this barren land,—watered by a quiet stream, and adorned for two or three miles by palms and tarfas,—the former of these trees being counted by hundreds, the latter being without number. Neither Dr Robinson nor Mr Stanley seem to have fully explored this valley, nor to have any adequate idea of its fruitfulness and beauty. From the descriptions given by numerous

travellers, it must be a spot of no common beauty,—a spot wanting but two things to complete its excellence, grass and flowers. In spite of tree and shrub, the Desert still proclaims itself the master, even there, by refusing to take on the slightest patch of verdant clothing for its undulating sands. Dr Stewart's description is as follows :—

"After breakfast I walked up the Wadi Gherundel alone, with my Bible as my companion. A stream about twelve feet in breadth runs down from the spring, which the Arabs told me was six hours higher up, and though only a few inches deep, I am informed it never fails the whole year round. This wadi is by far the most fertile we have come to since leaving the Nile, if such an expression can be applied where not a blade of grass is to be found. A number of palm trees and thickets of tarfas, which really deserve the name of trees, grow in it, besides the shrubs to be met with in all the wadis of the Desert, among which is the *Ghurkudda*, a plant bearing berries of an acid taste, which some have thoughtlessly suggested might have been used by Moses for sweetening the waters of Marah, and the *Rahbol*, of which the camel is particularly fond. This wadi is of great length, forming an opening in the range of Ghebel et Tih, and taking its rise, as I afterwards found, close to the summit of Nakb el Rahkiney, one of the passes leading to Nukhl. If the Israelites marched along the sea-shore they would naturally turn up this fertile valley towards the well, as their progress southward after a few miles would be stopped by the Ghebel Hummam Faraoun, between which and the sea it is impossible to pass. I learned from a friend who visited the spring a month or two after I had passed this way, that water in abundance may be found in it, as in the Wadi Useit, by scraping up the sand to the depth of a foot or two. There is only one palm tree beside the fountain, but there are many to be found scattered up and down the valley. This wadi is generally supposed to be the Elim of Scripture; but Dr Wilson prefers the Wadi Useit, as being farther from Ain Howára. Provided the Israelites marched by the plain near the sea-shore, there could be no objection on the score of distance between Ain Nichele and the spring in this wadi; but as those of Wadi Useit are only five or six miles distant from it, I am much inclined to believe that Elim, with its twelve wells, includes both valleys, and that the hosts of Israel, who had not yet any regular order of encampment, were scattered around where the most ample supplies of food and water could be found for their cattle. I am the more disposed to adopt this opinion from the consideration that the Israelites, instead of halting for a single night, probably passed some weeks in this oasis, as it deserves fully to be called. The mouth of this valley is evidently a place much frequented by Bedouins. On the northern headland there is a grave-yard, the first I had seen; and around my tent there were traces of many encampments, and a huge cliff beside it, hollowed out like an alcove, was black with the smoke of their camp-fires."—Pp. 72, 73.

Dr Bonar's statement is similar:—

"The birds were chirping in the tarfa trees, some of which might be fifteen or eighteen feet high, pleasantly though faintly fragrant. These birds were not the desert fowls called quails; though these we frequently met with in small flocks,—not among trees, but in the more barren plains of the Desert. The palm trees were without number. I began to count them, but having reached the eightieth, I desisted. They extend for more than a mile and a half down the wady, and must amount to several hundreds at the lowest estimate, so that the place is quite a palm-jungle. Most of them have four or five stems shooting up from one root. They have been goodly trees, as the prostrate trunks showed, but have been cut down clean by the ground, and the present forest is made up of shoots, which gives a stunted and shaggy appearance to the whole. The palm, like the olive, seems, when cut over, to send up new shoots or suckers, so that we saw several stems coming up from one root."—Pp. 121, 122.

Feirân is another of these oases, which, though few in number, are still sufficient to remind the traveller that he is still upon the habitable earth. Though not so extensive as Ghurundel, nor watered by the cool streamlet, it seems to have attracted more eyes and won more hearts than any other circle of the Desert. Inhabited now only by the Nomad Bedouin, who pay it stated visits in order to cultivate its palms, it was, from the sixth century and onward for many ages, the abode of thousands of anchorites, whose memorials are still scattered over the mounds and mountain-steeps, in the shape of shattered pillars, broken conduits, ruined walls, deserted cells, and empty tombs. Feirân! How the poor Arabs love the very name! How proud they are of its richness and beauty! How their Sheikhs love to expatiate upon its perfections! And no wonder, if half of what travellers have written of it be true. Anywhere it would be beautiful, with its princely palms and noble peaks; how much more in such a grim, wild waste, as that with which it is girded on every side!

Towering above this bright garden, and only a few miles off, rises that five-peaked mountain, of whose magnificent ruggedness travellers have written so much, *Serbâl.* Dr Stewart has revived the opinion, that this is the authentic Sinai; though, so so far as we are competent to judge, without success. That it *might be* so, we do not dispute. But so might *Et-Tih;* so might *Tuset-Sudr;* so might some of the fierce group of Feirân; so might many another mountain in this wild region. But there is nothing in its history to which we might fasten the slenderest thread of probability in its favour. As a hill of incomparable grandeur, and not very far from the locality where, according to the narrative, Sinai was, it might be the Mount of God. That is all we can say. Its difficulty of ascent is great, only to be

overcome by resolute wills and iron muscles. A traveller, who had reached its summit, told us, that the labour and peril were such, that not only had he to scramble on all fours, or crawl like a serpent, or climb like a goat, but repeatedly he threw himself on the rock, resolved not to move a step farther. Arduous as are the ascents of the Sinaitic group, this goes beyond either Jebel Musa, or Safsafeh, or Katherin. But this settles nothing. There are other objections. Serbâl has no plain at its base, and no such remarkable hollow in its centre, as its rival undoubtedly possesses; and Feirân is much too small, as well as too distant, to have been the encampment of Israel. In this opinion Mr Stanley and Dr Robinson concur; nor do the statements of Dr Stewart appear to us to shake it.[1] Mr Stanley's words are these: "It was impossible not to feel that for the *giving* of the law to Israel and the world, the scene was most truly fitted. I say, for the *giving* of the law; because the objections urged, from the absence of any plain immediately under the mountain for *receiving* the law, *are unanswerable*, or could only be answered if no such plain existed elsewhere in the Peninsula." As to the legend got up by some, that it was the seat of Arab worship and sacrifice, Mr Stanley questioned his guide, and tells us the result:—

"In reply to the question suggested by Rüppell's assertion of the estimation in which Serbâl was held by the Bedouins, as shown by sacrifices on its summit, he returned the following decisive answer: 'Arabs never pray or kill sheep on the top of Serbâl; *sometimes, however, travellers eat chickens there.* The ruined building on the top was built by the Franks, or by the Derkani, the original inhabitants of the country, for keeping treasures. The ruins in Wady Feirân are also by Franks. There used to be a Frank windmill on the north-east side of the valley, and corn was carried across from the convent by a rope.'"—P. 73.

Perhaps it may be as well to add the following summing up of the argument by Dr Robinson. It seems to us pretty conclusive:—

"SERBAL.—Since the first publication of this work, the idea has been brought forward by Lepsius, and strenuously urged, that Jebel Serbâl is to be regarded as the Sinai of Scripture. See his Reise nach der Halbinsel des Sinai, 1846; also Breife aus Aegypten, 1852, p. 340 sq. 417 sq. See also the argument stated in Bartlett's Forty Days in the Desert, p. 55 sq.

"The main argument urged in behalf of Serbâl, is the fact, that the adjacent Wady Feirân is, and always was, well watered and fruitful; while the region around Jebel Mûsa is an inhospitable desert. Hence the former is the only fit spot in the peninsula for the supply of the Israelites with water and sustenance; and as such must have been

[1] Dr Robinson, vol. i., p. 590. Stanley, p. 72. Dr Stewart, p. 116.

known to Moses, and selected by him. See Lepsius Reise, p. 20–22. Breife, p. 341 sq. Bartlett, l. c. p. 56.

"This argument leaves out of view two important points in the question; *first*, that there is around Serbâl no open spot or ground corresponding to the historical account of Israel before Sinai; and, *secondly*, that the supply of water for the host at Sinai was miraculous.

"Wady Feirân runs for a time parallel to Serbâl. In it for about four miles there is a constant succession of gardens and plantations of palm trees; there are fountains, and in almost every garden a well; but the water is hard; and the valley is not more than a hundred paces across, with high mountains on each side. (Burckhardt, Trav. in Syr., p. 603 sq.) From about the middle of Serbâl, the Wady 'Aleiyât comes down nearly at right angles to Wady Feirân, forming the direct and usual mode of access to Serbâl. These two valleys contain the only open ground, which can be taken into the account. It needs but a glance at the maps of Lepsius himself (Reise), and the sketch of Bartlett (p. 57), to perceive that they do not correspond to the circumstances of the Scriptural narrative.

"It is admitted, that the main encampment of the host must have been in Wady Feirân itself; from which the summit of Serbâl is only here and there visible. The base of the mountain is reached by the Wady 'Aleiyât, after a walk of *about an hour;* Bartlett, p. 57. This latter valley, according to Bartlett, is an unfit, if not impracticable spot for the encampment of any great number of people; the ground is rugged and rocky—towards the base of the mountain exceedingly so; pp. 57, 58, comp. p. 62. Beyond the fountain all path soon ceases; and the course thence to the base of the mountain is over a wilderness of loose blocks, which it is no easy matter to cross without slipping; *ibid.* p. 62.

"I need not stop to show how utterly incompatible all this is with the narrative in Exodus; where it is said, the people *stood at the nether part of the mount,* Ex. xix. 17; and Moses was directed to *set bounds round about,* lest the people should go up into the mount or *touch the border* of it; Ex. xix. 12.

"The testimony of Scripture, that the supply of water for the host was miraculous, removes the objection made against the present Sinai. At Rephidim the people having murmured for water, the Lord commanded Moses to smite the rock *in Horeb,* and water should flow out; and Moses did so; Ex. xvii. 5, 6. If Rephidim, as I have elsewhere supposed (p. 120), was near the entrance to the central granite region, then Horeb was near; and it is easy to see how the miraculous fountain might supply water for the host during their sojourn at Sinai. But if their main encampment was in Wady Feirân, in which water was always plenty, where was the necessity for a miracle at all? and especially in Serbâl (the Sinai and Horeb of Lepsius), which was but an hour distant from the well watered encampment.

"I have elsewhere suggested, that the stations of the Israelites, as enumerated, refer perhaps rather to the head-quarters of Moses and

the elders, with a portion of the people who kept near them; while other portions preceded or followed them at various distances, as the convenience of water and pasturage might dictate; pp. 72, 73. Thus, during the long sojourn at Sinai, it is not at all improbable, that a part of the people with their flocks may have been encamped in the fertile Wady Feirân. Yet, on the other hand, it seems no less obvious, on the great occasion, when the Lord descended on Sinai and gave the ten commandments, that the whole congregation, even all the people, were assembled before the mount. Ex. xix. 9, 11, 16, etc.

"It is singular that Lepsius (Breife, p. 421 sq.) should quote the authority of Mr Bartlett as an advocate of his views. Mr B. presents the argument indeed, not however as his own, but expressly as that of those who 'adopt a rationalist interpretation, and consider the Bible account as a legendary or mythical amplification of a slender historical foundation.'"—P. 55.

Wady Mokatteb, or the Written Valley, is another of the peculiar spots of the Desert. It is no *oasis* certainly. Its rocks and slopes are utterly verdureless. No well is to be found in any of its recesses, and not a drop of water can be wrung out of its scorched and weary sands. It is no camping-ground for any who do not carry water as well as food along with them. Nor is there shade during the day from palm or rock; for all the day long does it lie broadly exposed to every ray that pours down from Arabia's burning sun. Protected from the only rays that one can tolerate in the Desert, those of sunrise and sunset, it is swept over by the whole burning strength of noon. And such a noon, when it flings its heat down upon the sands without a cloud or breeze!

The old rock-writings of this wady are full of interest; nor have they as yet had full justice done to them. If unbiassed scholarship would apply itself to their decipherment, something would be extracted, which would at least end the controversy regarding them, even if it did not contain much of information or interest. That they are the work of Christian pilgrims, on their way to Feirân or Sinai, is mere absurdity. No pilgrims ever wrote these thousands of inscriptions, for no pilgrims could remain a day in this valley. Whoever might resort to it, pilgrims would not. Nor would they have left traces of their handiwork only in Wady Mokatteb, where they could not have stayed, and not in Feirân, where they *did* stay. But to what nation could those Christian pilgrims belong who wrote an alphabet belonging to no known Christian nation under the sun?

But we are not going to settle the question. Whoever wrote these inscriptions, and drew these sketches of goats and camels, must have *stayed* here. There must have been some reason why this unattractive and unwatered neighbourhood should have been

fixed upon, to the almost entire neglect of all the other regions of the Desert. And no theory ought to be listened to that does not set out, or at least end, with accounting for this.

Instead, however, of taking up successive points or objects, let us try to give our readers some idea of this great and terrible wilderness in its more general features. For details, they must consult the works already referred to. But meanwhile let them accept the following sketch, for the accuracy of which the writers of the above volumes will be sufficient vouchers.

The Desert of Sinai is commonly understood as embracing the triangle formed by the Gulf of Suez on the west, and the Gulf of Akabah on the east,—the two limbs of the maritime fork, known in ancient as well as modern times by the name of the Red Sea. If the region between the Euphrates took the name of Mesopotamia from its position; if the sea between Europe and Africa is called the Mediterranean from its boundaries; the Sinaitic Desert, were it large enough to take so dignified a name, might be designated the *Mesoceanic* Highlands of Arabia. But, perhaps, "the Sinaitic Peninsula" is sufficient for it; unless, from its curious resemblance to the Pyramids of Egypt, it may be called the Desert or Arabian Pyramid, having as its apex the *Ras Mohammed*, and its base the mountains and desert of El-Tih. Though the vast tract between these two seas is properly one great region of barrenness and unpeopled desolation, extending from the promontory above named to the southern slopes of Palestine, yet it has, from the earliest times, been subdivided into smaller deserts, each with its own district-name. From the south-western border of Palestine to the Gulf of Suez, and beyond it a little, it was called the wilderness of *Shur;* then came the wilderness of *Sin;* then the wilderness of *Sinai;* then, turning north by the Gulf of Akabah, came the different deserts of *Paran*, *Zin*, and *Kadesh*, while in the centre lay the desert of *Beersheba.* All these names have perished; but others have come in their place, and in several cases the new names have not altered the old limits of the provinces. The *Terâbin*, the *Tawarah*, the *Tiyâhah*, the *Haiwât*, the *Sawâlihah*, the *Aleikât*,—are the designations of the desert tribes, taken from the names of the districts which they specially haunt. For though they are thorough nomads, they have their own independent domains, ruled by separate Sheikhs. That domain may be small and barren,—the poorest that ever owned a ruler; yet it is their birth-place and their burying-place. Though wanderers over a hundred hills, they count this their home. Here they were born; here they have known what life's affections are; here they hope to die and be buried.

It is of some importance to get a correct general view of the

Desert in some of its broader features; and it is worth while to correct one or two false, or at least one-sided ideas, in common currency regarding it. Few take the trouble to inquire what the Desert really is. They are content to think of it merely as a sand-waste, a region of waterless desolation. A slight study of one or two of the books of travel already quoted from will set them right, without the toil and heat of a desert-journey.

The Desert is not one vast level area, stretching over an immense region, like a yellow sea, in unrelieved, unbroken monotony of plain. It not merely swells and undulates, but it heaves into wide table-lands, nay, bursts up in all directions into the magnificence of cliff, and ridge, and mountain. Though none of its hills reach the nobility either of Libanus or Anti-Libanus, yet they have a fierce grandeur peculiarly their own; and the eight thousand feet of *Jebel Katherîn* fall but little short of the ten thousand feet of *Jebel-esh-Sheikh*. There is far more of the mountain than of the plain in the Desert; and for one broad plain or strath, such as *Debbet Ramleh*, there are at least a hundred hills—most of these truly Alpine. The hills of the African waste are low and rounded, but those of the Sinaitic highlands exhibit some of the grandest specimens of mountain scenery which earth contains.

The Desert is not a region of mere scorching calm, without a breeze or a tempest. Even at noon, and in the heart of some valley, there comes a quiet breeze,—not certainly "stealing and giving odours," as in the Shûbra gardens or the vale of Nâblus, but still bringing coolness to the hot air and the parched Arab, as it passes on its way. The storm, too, wakes up and tries its strength against the sharp peaks of *El-Benât*, or rushes through *Nukb-Howai*, "the pass of the winds," or loses itself in the mountain network of *Esh-Shubeikeh;* and while, in the plain below, the sand-drift is pouring along, like yellow hail, the snow-blast is sweeping over the hill-top, and reminds the traveller of Skiddaw, or Schreck-Horn, or Snee-Hatten. Yet the sand-storms of the Peninsula, though they make the camels halt and the Arabs cower, and the traveller stop his ears and eyes, are not destructive like those of Eastern Arabia or Africa. The sand is not fine enough to admit of its being raised by the blast in sufficient quantities at a time to overwhelm its victims. A whirlwind in the Ghôr of the Jordan would be a more unpleasant assailant than any tempest that ever brushed along the white bluffs of Et-Tih, and lifted the clouds of grey sand from its base to deposit them on the steeps of Jebel-Wûtah, or amid the slag-debris and scoriæ of Surâbit.

The Desert is no mere sand-field, or series of sand-fields. You find sand in abundance certainly,—on the hill-slopes, in the beds

of the wadys, and in the broad plains that intersperse in all directions their yellow reaches or grey stripes. But there seems to be an immense amount of stone and rock overspreading the land, extending for miles between the hills, and in some places hiding the sand. Sometimes these are found, in isolated blocks, (a large stone, having shot down from the cliffs into the valley), as in the case of the Hajir-er-Rukkab, or Stone of the Rider, near the Ain Howârah;[1] sometimes they are found in level patches, the debris of the hills having spread itself out, and bedded itself in the sand or clay; sometimes in rugged heaps, like Highland cairns, which appear at a distance like artificial mounds; sometimes rolled and pounded, as if some iceberg had once passed along, grinding the rocks to fragments, and spreading them out in fields of stone, to be afterwards sifted by the winds and caked together by the rain-floods, so as to form a smooth, broad highway, extending for miles, and to present a vast plain or area of cyclopean mosaic, or a stripe of tesselated pavement, relieving the monotony of the waste by breaking up into variegated stripes the vast tracts of grey or yellow sand.

The peninsular Desert is not a land without rain; and speaking generally of the East, we may say, that there seems to be much more rain than we usually give it credit for. In Upper Egypt, certainly, there is hardly such a thing as rain. That region—the region where the wondrous ruins of a hundred temples crowd together, embalmed, and so preserved by the hot dry air, as effectually as their tenants are by spice and odours—may be called rainless. It is wholly at the mercy of the Nile. Middle Egypt has more rain, though little to boast of. Lower Egypt has considerably more; and in some places might do battle with the droughts on its own resources. But the Desert has more than all Egypt together,—only so regulated as to be useless, save for maintaining the thin-strewn dusky shrubs which so timidly sprinkle its wadys. It has its rainy seasons, during which the clouds pour down a deluge; but there is no such regular supply of water as to tell even upon its lowest hollows or most sheltered plains, save in the way of scooping out water-courses, or tearing up tamarisks, or cutting away the half gravelly, half sandy soil, into what the Bedouin call *Jurfs*, or abrading the more impressible parts of the sandstone steeps, or still more rarely helping (along with local springs, sometimes hot, sometimes cold) to rear up an oasis of palms and tarfas, such as that of Feirân, hard by Mount Serbâl, whose praises so many travellers have sung, and as many more likely to sing again. For, by all accounts, it is quite a gem of desert-verdure, —a genuine "Palmyra," though without a city and without a

[1] Robinson, vol. i., p. 66. Wilson's "Lands of the Bible," vol. i., p.

queen. The rain meant for Egypt seems to be swept aside from that level region by the stormy west wind; and attracted by the mountains of the Peninsula, it turns aside and pours itself down in water-spouts upon the Sinaitic wastes. But it comes in such rushes that it brings no blessing to the soil, and is so unequally distributed, as to time, that even the spring gets no refreshment from the winter floods,—nay, hardly can remember that they have been. If the traveller is bold enough to penetrate the Peninsula during the summer months,—from April on to August or September,—he may with certainty count upon rainless skies; and he may pitch his tent anywhere, even in the low bed of the torrent; nor will he find a drier or safer place of encampment than any one of the hundred tarfa-groves that cover the bed of el-Arish, from the spot where it leaves the slopes of Et-Tih, to the place where it spreads itself out over the sands of Rhinocolura. But if he is bent on a winter-tour, or travels even so early as January or February, he must be on the outlook, not for showers merely, but for floods. He dare not choose for his encampment that sandy hollow where the tarfa and the rittem are so invitingly waving; for though it should be in Wady Taiybeh, "the good," or in Wady el-Markhâh, the "valley of rest," he may find himself reckoning without his host. If the wind shift to the west during the night, bright as the sunset might be over the blue of Bahr Suweis, or above the brow of Abû Deraj beyond, he may find himself, tents, turbans, baggage, provisions, camels, fowls, and all, hurrying down a swollen river, which, ere the next evening's shadows have come down upon these sands, will have passed into the sea, or wholly vanished in the thirsty porous ground, leaving no trace of its exuberant flow, save a few pools in the deeper hollows, or a few drops in a hole of yon flat stone, which the thirsty Arab or his camel stoops to drink up.

Our travellers tell us, too, that the Desert is not so absolutely bare and verdureless as we sometimes imagine. One traveller, indeed, speaks of a thin clothing of vegetation, which is seldom withdrawn from the hill-sides and valleys; but the others do not concur in this, and while not refusing to do justice to its excellences, think that a "thin sprinkling" of vegetation would be nearer the truth than a "thin clothing." For certainly it would seem that, according to our northern notions at least, the Desert may well be called unclothed, if not totally bare. Yet it has verdure of its own—fitful, coarse, and dingy as that may be. There are few parts where the Bedouin may not find shrubs sufficient, in quantity and size, to feed his camel for a night. In some places, no doubt, the region is so absolutely waste, that he has to carry provision for his camel as well as for himself, and he produces at night his bag of beans, as the drayman or cab-

man of our streets does his bag of oats for his horse upon a journey; but this is rather infrequent; generally he finds a sufficiency of desert-herbage for his camel, and here and there (in some moister place) something less coarse for a small flock of sheep or goats. Musing over such passages as these,— "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, the myrtle, and the oil-tree; I will set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together," the traveller wonders at the marvellous picture thus sketched in the unfailing word, and asks, "Has this ever been?" "When is all this to be?" Totally unlike to so fair a portrait do the terrific features of the Desert at present seem. What forest does he see anywhere here, or what stream to water even the stray tree that might be planted? Is it conceivable that the savage ruggedness of El-Amârah can smile with verdure, or the wide but barren bends of Esh-Sheikh throw up the cedar or the myrtle? But there are some spots where not only the shrub struggles up out of the sand, but where *trees* show themselves, some of low stature, some of considerable size. There is the tamarisk or tarfa, with its thin wiry foliage; the wide-branching acacia or seyaleh, which is the shittim-wood of Scripture, and the tree from which gum-arabic exudes; the rittem or broom, under the shade of which, in the wilderness of Beersheba, Elijah sat down in his desponding weariness; there is the fruitful nubk, which, with its tiny apples, feeds the dwellers in some richer wady till the date appears; then there is the palm-tree, with its shaggy stem in Ghurundel, or its well-pruned tapering stem in Feirân, towering above all the rest, and casting the shadow of its feathery crown, in sunshine or moonlight, upon the passive sand. So scanty, however, is this forest-verdure, that it can hardly be said to relieve the brown or yellow sterility of these cheerless wastes.

Besides, everything like grass seems to be awanting. No carpet of green anywhere spreads itself under foot, or clothes the rugged steeps. Even in some bright oasis, where the palm-shadows cool the ground, and the air seems more genial, and the birds are singing, there is no verdure on the ground, and even the commonest weeds are awanting. The soil will support nothing which cannot strike its roots at least some six inches into it. There is nothing beneath your feet but the monotony of the endless sand, whose colour, unlike the "universal green," fatigues, instead of refreshing the eye. The oasis is *adorned*, but not *clothed*.

But whatever one misses in the earth beneath you, you miss nothing in the heavens above you. The greenness of earth is awanting, but the blue of the heavens has become brighter and purer. The varied twinkle of flowers under your feet is gone;

but the sparkle of the orbs overhead has doubled its lustre. The flowers have folded up their blossoms, and hid them from the hot air beneath the sands; but the stars have unfolded theirs all the more freely, as if the desert sky, with its arch of matchless azure, were the soil in which they can best give forth their brilliance. The north-star has come down low in the heavens, and you feel that another two hundred miles to the south would make it drop out of sight, or only glimmer on the horizon; but other stars are ascending in the opposite horizon, and you feel that you gain as much as you lose by your southern latitude. Yet the brightness of sun, and moon, and stars, cannot make up for the want of other things. You miss the wreaths of village smoke, rising from a hundred homes; for which the wild blaze of Bedouin fires, flinging up their gleam upon the rocks, is no equivalent. You miss the lark's song, the streamlet's murmur, the whisper of the woods; for which the scream of the eagle, and the torrent's rush, and the shrill echo of the cliff, are no compensation. You miss the mighty masses of cloud that give such splendour to our sunsets; and for which the round red blaze of an Arabian sun, dropping down like a fiery globe, is no equivalent.

In the Sinaitic latitudes, the length of day varies but little throughout the seasons. A little before six, when the sky is still darkly blue, a faint whitish glow steals up the east, and then strikes across to the west in pale, silky purple, while the zenith remains untouched in its star-studded blue. This is the signal that the night is done, and that the sun is coming up. In less than half an hour every mountain has taken on the golden radiance. The living glory slowly creeps down the cliffs, every five minutes altering the hue of the mountain-sides, which had hitherto remained a mass of shade, till it reaches the mountain-base, and shoots across the brightening sand. It is day: morning is at an end. So at sunset. Swiftly the sun drops down from the flaming firmament, and in half an hour all is night,—with only the tall cone of the Zodiacal light to tell where the sun had been. What a blank in the beauty of the fairest day is this absence of twilight—the time when it is neither day nor night, but something more grateful than either!

Seldom do these travellers speak of seeing the face of man in their journeyings, and when they do see him, they think there is something worthy to be noted. A tree and a man are rare in these strange regions. No one traversing the Hartz Forest would note or count the trees; nor, in passing down Cheapside, would make note of the men he saw; but in the Desert the traveller notes both as marvels, and talks of them with interest at the close of a weary journey. Just once, perhaps, in two or three days, he meets a caravan on its way from Sinai to Cairo, or from

Cairo to Sinai; or perhaps, still more seldom, he may meet a solitary messenger, or come upon the black camel-hair tent under which a family of Bedouin is sheltering itself from wind, or sun, or rain. Little enough of man, and still less of woman, is to be met with in these sands.

No village, no town of living men, does he light upon. The ruins in some of the northern wadys, such as Ruhaibeh and Serâm, remind him that there had been once cities here; and those in Feirân speak of the six thousand monks that once had their abode in the convent or the mountain-cell of that more southern wady. But, save in the convents of Wady esh-Shueib, at the foot of Jebel Mûsa, or the khâns at Nukhl or Akabah, on the line of the Haj road, he sees no abodes of congregated men. But what he does not see of the living, he does see of the dead. In life the Bedouin wander; in death they come together, and are thus "gathered to their fathers" in the spots which, for ages beyond tradition, have been the tribal cemeteries. Traversing the more inland parts of the Desert, he sees not unfrequently groups of stones, perhaps a foot high, which in the distance might be mistaken for waymarks, or the mysterious circles of olden worship; but as he comes near, he sees that the stones are generally arranged in couplets, a few feet asunder. The stones are unhewn and uncarved, without a name, a date, or line—fragments of debris from the neighbouring cliff, inserted sufficiently in the sand to keep them erect. No church, no mosque, no minaret; no enclosing wall! But Moslems do not bury in or beside mosques. Here and there a saint's *wely* is built for and used as a mosque; for Mohammedanism, as well as Popery, ascribes sanctity, if not to dead men's *bones*, at least to dead men's *tombs*. Generally, however, Eastern grave-yards are at a distance both from city and mosque. These Bedouin tombs are, by all accounts, strangely, sadly attractive to the passer-by, from their rudeness and loneliness. Here and there the Arab has planted the green-leaved, white-blossomed rittem, the slenderest and most graceful of his native shrubs. And this he has chosen for affection's memorial. There it stands, in its ever-green beauty, braving the desert-sun or courting the desert-breeze, above the quiet dust of centuries, at once the indication of Desert poverty, and the unobtrusive expression of Desert love.

A less attractive sight, the traveller tells us, are the remains, not of the dead, but of the living. Wearied with a long day's sultry march, during which his only shelter from the heat has been his white umbrella, for which he paid dear enough at Cairo, he comes up, about sunset, to some bright sandy level, such as El-Markhâh, which, shaded from sun and wind, looks out upon he Red Sea in its blue stillness, or to some quiet nook, as Wady

Esh-Sheikh affords, looking up to the not distant Sinaitic cliffs,—he finds the ground covered with the filthy relics of a Bedouin encampment which had yesterday or last week quitted the spot,—half-burnt shrubs, blackened stones, embers of extinct fires, torn sandals, shreds of old garments, fragments of rope, bones of animals, with numerous indentations in all directions, where men and camels had been lying. Or, approaching some wide-branching seyâleh tree, he is surprised to find its branches covered with rags of every hue and shape, like the mast of a ship on some gala-day. Have the rags been drifted in upon the breeze, or has a torrent passed this way and deposited its floating spoil upon the arresting branches? No. They are votive offerings of Moslem pilgrims or the Bedouin, hanging there as propitiatory gifts or thanksgiving memorials;—the seyâleh or acacia being the only tree on which these memorials are found, as if it alone were sacred. Or he notices in the distance curious objects on the sand, which look like baskets of wicker-work, white as snow. On each side of the road between Cairo and Suez, traversed annually by so many thousands of beasts of burden; or in that region of the Desert where Abbas Pasha built his palace, on the very peak of the mountain that adjoins Sinai, these strange basket-like objects appear every mile or two. He goes up to them, and finds that they are the skeletons of camels which the vulture has picked clean, and which sun and rain have bleached to the whiteness of ivory; for the camel is left to die on the spot when he falls down exhausted. No one throws a shovelful of sand upon him; ere his eye is closed, and life is gone, the vulture is there, screaming and tearing, till, in a few hours, only his bones remain—in a few weeks or months to be buried in the sweeping sand-drift.

In the Desert, too, the traveller finds strange traditions, old and new, Mohammedan and Christian—traditions of love, cruelty, superstition, miracle,—though none of daring deeds,—true deeds for moulding a nation's character, such as fasten their stories to the rocks of home. There is Jebel el-Banat, the "Hill of the Maidens," where two Arab sisters, "long, long ago," in the madness of disappointed love, twisted their locks together, and flung themselves from the double peak into the rocky ravines below. There is the grave of Sheikh Amrî in the northern region, between Hufîr and Neheyeh, where, beneath a rude cairn, lie the bones of a chieftain famed only for the blood he shed and the cruelties he inflicted—blood and cruelty which still bring down on his remains the hot curses of each passing son of the Desert. There is the chapel-tomb of Sheikh Saleh, in the valley which still bears his title, if not his name. Here, once a year, the Desert tribes assemble to commemorate his birth or death, with game, and feast, and sacrifice. There is the convent of St Katharîn, at the

foot of Jebel Mûsa, where miracles are recorded, and the places shown where they took place,—the very indentation made by the body of Moses on the rock, the very cypress tree planted by Elijah.

The *silence* of the Desert has been frequently noted by travellers.[1] There is no silence so profound anywhere, either by day or night. The little lizards, shooting like arrows from bush to bush, or from rock to rock, are wholly noiseless; the black ants, burrowing everywhere in the sand, are unheard; the light foot of the gazellah amid the crags sounds not, save when he dashes down some stone into the valley below. Even the wind, as it takes its way over the sands, moves along in silence (as through some Æolian harp that has lost its strings), having no outstanding object to break the smoothness of its course and draw out the sounds, save when it rouses itself into tempest. All is silence,—silence even at noon—silence especially in moonshine or starlight—silence, whose profoundness, when long continued, ceases to be soothing or solemn, and becomes absolutely painful, if not appalling, oppressing the spirit with an indescribable sense of dreary desolation. Mr Stanley thus refers to this subject, and, in connection with it, to the marvellous distances which sound will traverse in these solitudes. His statement illustrates more than one Scripture narrative.

"It is this probably, combined with the peculiarity of the atmosphere, that produces the deep stillness and consequent reverberation of the human voice, which can never be omitted in any enumeration of the characteristics of Mount Sinai. From the highest point of Râs Sasâfeh to its lower peak, a distance of about sixty feet, the page of a book, distinctly but not loudly read, was perfectly audible; and every remark of the various groups of travellers descending from the heights of the same point rose clearly to those immediately above them. It was the belief of the Arabs who conducted Niebuhr, that they could make themselves heard across the Gulf of Akaba; a belief doubtless exaggerated, yet probably originated or fostered by the great distance to which in those regions the voice can actually be carried. And it is probably from the same cause that so much attention has been excited by the mysterious noises which have from time to time been heard on the summit of Gebel Mousa, in the neighbourhood of Um-Shômer, and in the mountain of Nâkûs, or the Bell, so called from the legend that the sounds proceed from the bells of a convent enclosed within the mountain. In this last instance the sound is supposed to originate in the rush of sand down the mountain side; sand, here, as elsewhere, playing the same part as the waters or snows of the north. In the case of Gebel Mousa, where it is said that the monks had originally settled on the highest peak, but were by these strange noises driven down to their present seat in the valley; and in the case of Um-Shômer, where it was described to Burckhardt as like the sound of artillery, the pre-

[1] Stanley, pp. 14, 65.

cise cause has never been ascertained. But in all these instances the effect must have been heightened by the deathlike silence of a region where the fall of waters, even the trickling of brooks, is unknown."—Pp. 14, 15.

Once or twice in the course of ages has this silence been broken. Before the days of Joseph or Abraham, the kings of Egypt had their quarries and copper-mines in these solitudes. At Surâbit El-Khadem there are still the monumental inscriptions of the Pharaohs, as well as the relics of the smelting furnace. At Wady Magharah there are like hieroglyphical inscriptions on the soft sandstone, and slopes of debris down from the "Magharah" or Cave, where once a busy Egyptian population toiled in excavating stones and metals for King Gatcheres.[1] At Wady Mokatteb there remain, upon a thousand rocks, the written vestiges of the multitudes that must once have taken up their abode in that most barren of all desert valleys.

Once again was its silence broken by the voices and footsteps, not of thousands, but of millions, when Israel, their chain snapped, their yoke shivered, fled from the oppressor. In a single day was the Desert transformed into a populous city, and the voice of man and woman, of age and childhood, was heard amid these silent cliffs. Then the smoke of Israel's sacrifice, the notes of Israel's song, went up into these tranquil skies. For the first time, the Desert had a history. And what a history! One only of forty years indeed; but one into whose brief years were crowded events, of which each one by itself would constitute an era, and make a nation or a country famous for ever. That story opens with ten awful plagues that left the oppressor desolate,—plagues which the divine accuracy of Scripture language forbids us to reckon less than supernatural. If ten battles such as Marathon had been fought,—if ten sieges such as Troy had been endured, there could not have been a commencement of history half so glorious as that with which Israel's Desert-story began. Behind them, as they leave the land of their bondage, the sword of the avenger flashes; but the sea opens its green waves to welcome them, and then closes its depths over the enemies. And if the retreat of Xenophon's ten thousand has of itself formed a history, what estimate may we take of that history of which the passage through the sea was but the opening scene? The Desert receives them; the pillar-cloud leads the way; the bitter water is sweetened; the manna descends; the rock becomes a fountain; the old dwellers of the Desert, the Amalekites, assail them in vain; Sinai is reached; the God of Israel, amid thunder and brightness, gives His law; for forty years the people wander amid these rocks and valleys which we have been sketching.

[1] Osburn's "Monumental History of Egypt," vol. i., p. 304.

Then the silence of the Desert was broken—broken by miracle and mighty deed—broken by the tread and voice of millions,—broken as it never had been before, or since. For into the silence out of which it emerged, has that old desert returned.

But in traversing these wastes, we carry a history in our hands, and for that history we are seeking sites. In one or two spots, such as the Written Valley or Magharah, we are seeking a history for sites; but in general it is the converse of this that we are in quest of. Yet discoveries here are hard to make. The interval has been so long, and the population so scanty, that, though the race is still the same, old names have perished and new ones been substituted, so that the work of identification is attended with peculiar difficulties. Most of our identifications are but guesses, while by far the larger portion of Bible scenes connected with Israel's Exodus and sojourn remains unknown. The sites of Marah and Elim—as represented by El-Howârah and Ghurundel—are but, after all, conjectures; and Sinai, as identified with Jebel Musa, is only a probability, founded upon circumstantial evidence and thirteen centuries of unbroken tradition. In these cases the native names are no helps. But there are one or two which have some claim upon our notice, more recently searched out. There is *Hadharah*, north-east of Jebel Musa, which may be regarded as almost certainly identified with *Hazeroth*, one of the first stations to which Israel came after leaving Sinai.[1] There is Wady *Berah*, which, though with less certainty, is conjectured to represent the *Taberah* of Moses (Num. xi. 3, Deut. ix. 22). There is *Aelana*, at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Akabah, which might have been reckoned certainly the Elath of Scripture (Deut. ii. 8), were it not that Jerome sets this down as ten miles east of Petra; and Ain el-Ghudyan might easily be the Arabic transmutation of *Ezion*, in Ezion-Gaber, so far as letters are concerned; but Solomon's Ezion-Gaber was a seaport, whereas Ghudyan is some eight or ten miles from the shore,—only, as Dr Robinson suggests, the gulf may have extended some miles farther north than at present. There is *Jebel esh-Sherah*, a few miles south of Petra, which appears to be the Arabic successor of the Hebrew *Mount Seir*. There is *Wady Ghudaghidh*, a little westward of the Arabah, which probably represents the *Gudgodah* of Deut. x. 7, and the *Hor-Hagidgad* of Num. xxxiii. 32. There is *Ruhaibeh* in the north, which is in all likelihood the *Rehoboth* of Isaac (Gen. xxvi. 22). A little farther north is *Ararah*, which may bear the name of the *Aroer* in the south of Judah. Other places besides these will, we are assured, come to light, as the inquiries

[1] Num. xi. 35. Wilson's "Lands of the Bible," vol. i. pp. 255-257. See also Burckhardt and Robinson.

of travellers extend. We have not mentioned *Wady Jerur*, as corresponding to the *Gerar* of the Old Testament, as this seems to us very doubtful, to say no more. If Dr Stewart could show that Wady Jerur ran north some fifty or sixty miles, till it approached the ancient *Daroma* of early geographers, he would go far to prove his point. But Wady Jerur runs east and west; it is eighty or ninety miles south of the Daroma; it could hardly have been a Philistine region, as Gerar doubtless was. Besides, Eusebius and Jerome are express in their statements as to Gerar being only twenty-five miles south of Eleutheropolis.

But the whole of this midland region, between Palestine and the Desert, is full of interest. It has been little traversed, and hence but imperfectly known. Travellers have, in most cases, turned off their northern route either at Nukhl or earlier, in order to visit the City of the Rock, and so have only entered Palestine at Hebron or Dhahariyeh. Hence the whole district lying between Kalat Nukhl and Ruhaibeh, or rather, we might say, between Nukb er-Rakineh and Bir es-Seba, has been hitherto but poorly explored. Yet, as some of those who have traversed it remark, this is one of the most historically interesting portions of the Desert; if, indeed, we may call it Desert, and not rather part of Palestine. It is the land of the Patriarchs, of Abraham and Isaac, the country of faith, the home of the sojourners who had as yet reached no permanent dwelling-place. The reader of the Book of Genesis must feel that this region has attractions of its own, which the Desert has not, which Palestine has not,—not merely something belonging to a border land, but something linked in the heart of every believing man with the peculiar features of those who dwelt here as strangers, with nothing but the tent and the altar.

But we pass into the Land of Promise; still, as hitherto, seeking sites for histories. Here the identification of sites is much easier, and has been far more extensively accomplished. From the time that you cross Wady es-Seba to the hour when you quit the boundary at Baneas or Saida, you tread almost every hour upon ruins, which, when interrogated, yield the secret of their history in the somewhat altered, but still easily recognised name. Three books are all that are needful in assisting the traveller—the Bible, Josephus, and the Onomasticon of Eusebius and Jerome. There are minor helps, but these are the chief. It is almost entirely from these, that maps, till within the last twenty years, have been constructed; and it is wonderful how accurate these are in the main.

Had ecclesiastical tradition been less relied on; had it been dismissed at once as incompetent and fallacious, these maps would have been much more correct than they are. But, relying

on the statements of pilgrim-travellers who followed one another blindly, and not suspicious of the lies which monkish legends have embodied, both as to places and events, our chartographers have, till recently, disfigured their maps by adopting localities on ecclesiastical authority alone. Hence, till lately, the site of the Holy Sepulchre was never called in question; the pit of Joseph was set down at Khan Jub-Yuseph, not far from the Huleh; Bethulia was given as south of Jerusalem, at the Frank Mountain; Shiloh was placed at Neby Semwîl, close by Jerusalem; Dothan was written down as north of the Sea of Galilee, not far from Safet; Tabor is called the Mountain of the Transfiguration. These palpable blunders were not accidental, nor matters of mere ignorance: they were the result of an unconscious attachment to ecclesiastical tradition, and of an unwillingness to abandon sites which, if fictitious, had at least been consecrated by the adorations of pilgrim-zeal for at least a thousand years. Even Reland, in his "Palestina,"—a book of marvellous sagacity, accuracy, and research,—has not thrown off the shackles of tradition. Clarke was the first to take sword against tradition, and his Travels contain the first attack upon the hitherto almost unquestioned topography of Jerusalem and Palestine. But he was too vehement and indiscriminate. He was an iconoclast without judgment; and would have swept away almost every tradition, on the sole ground on which others had hitherto received them.

It began now to be seen that there were two classes of tradition afloat throughout Palestine, one the native, the other the monkish; the former the original and authentic, the latter the superinduced and fictitious. Distrust of the latter has been working its way into men's minds; while confidence in the former has established itself no less successfully. Hitherto men had been content with the mere surface tradition; but now, having got down into a lower stratum, they are amazed at the discoveries which they are making,—discoveries which had hitherto been unattempted,—discoveries which, thirty years ago, would have been pronounced the fruits of rashness and irreverence.

The well-known discovery of the true site of Dothan supplies a good example. The monkish traditions fixed it in a place which could not fit into the Scripture narrative. In 1851, Lieutenant Van de Velde found, accidentally, ruins which the natives called "Dothan." These were in a position which fitted exactly into the account in the Bible.

It is, then, to the native tradition that we are to look for the topography of Palestine. When the ecclesiastical and the native agree, we accept the agreement, though laying little stress upon

it; when they differ, we at once receive the native as the genuine and trustworthy.

Every traveller who has honestly traversed the land, with the Bible as his guide-book, has made some discoveries. Of these Dr Robinson stands highest; and if in some points he has failed, that failure need not detract from the greatness of his merits as a whole. He has crotchets; he writes sometimes in too one-sided a spirit; he makes too much of old travellers, and too little of recent ones; he has, in our judgment, confused the topography of Jerusalem;—but still he has done much, very much for Palestine. The "Narrative" of the "Scotch Deputation," published about the same time, has been of no small service in the same field; and travellers from the East have in several cases acknowledged its value. Dr Wilson's "Lands of the Bible" is an admirable book, though the lovers of light reading may not find their way through it. Van de Velde's "Syria and Palestine" is the work of a Christian mind and an able pen, though the descriptive is at times rather overlaid with the reflective. As for De Saulcy, he rambles on most agreeably, though his discoveries do not always commend themselves to our credence, and his flippancy (at times almost scepticism) is reprehensible. Of the many others who have written their traveller's story we cannot speak at length. Some are worthy of careful study, as elucidators of Scripture as well as of geography. When a man writes faithfully of what he himself did see and hear, he is worth reading, if he writes even with a moderate measure of intelligence; but when he writes of what he ought to have seen and heard, or of what other travellers have seen and heard, or of what monks have seen and heard, he is not worth the time spent on reading his preface, so far at least as discovery goes.

There is considerable danger,—so far, we mean, as truth is concerned,—in travelling with a theory in one's head, especially if the traveller be naturally somewhat obstinate and hasty. A theory may be innocuous enough, if the traveller who has given it lodgment is quite willing to have it dislodged and knocked to pieces at the first ruin he reaches, or the first hill his eye lights on; but if he persists in making it his guide, believing and disbelieving according to its suggestions, he will make little way in topographical discovery anywhere, and least way of all in a land of which the ancient landmarks are only beginning to be dug up or recognised. This is especially true of the *chorography* of Jerusalem itself, of which no satisfactory plan or map has yet been given. Robinson was much too short time there, even reckoning both visits; and as he seems to have made up his mind on certain leading points from the very first, and not to have looked at the other side of the question at his second visit, we cannot but en-

tertain suspicions of the accuracy of his views. Eight or ten days' stay in that city was not sufficient to familiarize him with its complicated details, versant as he was, more than most, in such matters. The evidence and arguments by which some of his main positions are sustained, strike us as incomplete, if not fallacious. The more that the subject is studied, the more will it be seen that the correct topography of Jerusalem remains yet to be given, and that some of the main positions assumed by Dr Robinson will require to be first of all set aside. This is too wide a subject to be discussed here, and involves too many points, as well as the investigation of a mass of evidence, ancient and modern, which would require a whole article. But it is right that those interested in the matter should be made to know that there have been very decided exceptions taken to Dr Robinson's theory, and that those who are best acquainted with the subject consider it as far from being settled as ever. Most thoroughly has the American traveller sifted one question, that relating to the Holy Sepulchre, and demonstrated that the present site is a fiction;—ancient and venerable it may be, but not the less a fiction. On other points, however, he has not been so successful; and that we are not alone in our judgment, may be seen from the following extract from a quite recent American work, whose title appears at the head of this article. The author thus combats one of his fellow-countryman's leading positions,—that relating to the *lie* of the Tyropœon, and what we may call its western terminus. It may be difficult fully to explain the matter without a plan, but the following passage will, to a certain extent, tell its own tale:—

"I have yet another view of this matter to take. Dr Robinson gives part of the passage from Josephus, as follows:

"'Over-against this (Akra) was a third hill, by nature lower than Akra, and formerly *separated by another broad valley.* But, afterwards, in the times when the Maccabees ruled, they threw earth into this valley, desiring to connect the city with the temple.'

"This third hill was Mount Moriah, the hill of the temple. Now, it is clear, that there is no intimation that Akra was separated from Moriah by any valley. Even Dr Robinson's peculiar method of translating the passage (which gives us a sentence actually without meaning) is certainly conclusive that the 'other broad valley' did not separate Akra from Moriah. This translation, if it means anything, implies that Moriah itself was divided by another broad valley. But the Greek is *πλατεια φαραγγι διειργόμενος ἄλλῃ πρότερον*, and the correct translation, I apprehend, 'formerly otherwise separated by a broad valley,' that is, from the other city. The sentence will then read: 'Over-against this was a third hill, by nature lower than Akra, and formerly otherwise separated (*i. e.*, from the other city, or Zion) by a broad valley. But, afterward, in the times when the

Asmoneans ruled, they threw earth into this valley, desiring to connect the city with the temple.'

"If, as I have supposed, Akra included the whole moon-like sweep of the hill from Zion to the fortress of Antonia, then Akra actually needed to be divided from the temple by the trench, instead of being connected with it by filling up a valley. And we are left to look for such a heaping up (χοω) across the valley of the Tyropœon below. We are at no loss to find it. The causeway across this valley has long been a subject of discussion. Its existence is manifest enough to the eye, since it is impossible to go down the Tyropœon valley without climbing over it as it crosses the valley about on a line with the north end of Zion.

"The sentence, then, has a distinct meaning and connection. The third hill, Moriah, was lower than Akra, which actually sloped off to it on the north of the temple. This was its relation to Akra. Otherwise, that is as regards the other great part of the city, Zion, it was separated from it by a broad valley, which afterward the Maccabees heaped up with a causeway, so that the approach to it from that city should be as nearly on a level, as it already was from the new city. The result of this work is obvious. It connected the temple with Zion, as it was already connected with Akra, and thus it was possible to walk entirely around the central basin of the city on an unvarying level, crossing the Tyropœon and the trench of Antonia by bridges.

It follows, if we have correctly located Akra, that the Tyropœon valley is, as we have already intimated, that valley which cut off the north side of Zion, and on the opposite sides of whose ravine the precipitous cliffs of Zion and Akra arose. This valley came into the great basin in the heart of the city, and turning southward, under the north-eastern cliffs of Zion, continued down to Siloam, being then a broader valley, but retaining the same name. The objection, that this name would not correctly apply to the two valleys, loses its force if we believe the crescent shape of Akra, which I have suggested, since there would then be no other valley coming into the basin except this one, which continued by a uniform descent towards Siloam; nor is it impossible that the salesmen who gave it its name originally, carried on their business in both parts of the valley, which would be a sufficient reason for the uniform name."—Pp. 267–269.[1]

Williams was much longer in Jerusalem; and his length of residence would have given his opinions some weight, had he not been all the while engrossed with a theory, or rather wrapt up in one great ecclesiastical idea, that the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre is on the true Calvary. This tradition of the Church must be maintained at all hazards. Wall and gate, tower and hill, must be made to give way to this.

To defend the point of view of the Church, Mr Williams has written his massive work, in which the reader may find all that can possibly be said upon the ecclesiastical side of the question.

[1] Prime's "Tent Life in the Holy Land."

But written by a partisan, the book must be taken for what it is worth.

Mr Ferguson has not been in Jerusalem at all, yet he writes a book of wonderful accuracy upon several points connected with its topography.[1] His theory of the Mosque of Omar being the original site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is open to more objections than he seems to think, or than even his acuteness and ingenuity could answer. But his book is ingenious, though its writer is too much of a dogmatist.

The briefest, but perhaps ablest treatise on the whole subject, is to be found in two numbers of the "Museum of Classical Antiquities." Though not admitting some of the author's conclusions, we think highly of his work.[2]

Superstition has thrown its network of fictions over Jerusalem, perplexing and ravelling its entire geography. We have, to a certain extent, succeeded in disentangling the confusion, and separating the real from the unreal. But no complete unravelling can be effected till we have gone below the surface. It is easy to deny a legend, or to dispute a name, or to disprove a site; but it is not so easy to discover the truth which may have been smothered beneath the fiction, and to substitute the true site and the old name for those which ignorance or church-craft may have given.

Yet in sweeping away the false, let us beware of abandoning the true, or think to conciliate the adherent of the false by casting suspicion on the true, as if all were either equally certain or equally doubtful. There is such a thing as a wise and honest discrimination; there is a weighing of evidence and a sifting of testimony. A deliberate and unsparing onslaught upon the fictitious is no indication of a man's unwillingness to hold fast that which is genuine. Traditions of truth and doctrine not found in the Bible had better, we imagine, be let alone, unless evidence of inspiration can be adduced equal to that on which the canon rests. Traditions of miracles subsequent to the days of the apostles may be received by those who are in need of new miracles, but their authenticity ought to be decided gravely, and the vouchers duly ascertained. But in regard to all that is written in the truest of all true books, we should know that we give up all if we admit that it contains inaccuracies in its statements.

Strauss's object was to discover inaccuracies in Scripture, in order to prove it mythical. He believed in Biblical *contradictions* as part of its inspiration,—as that which indicated its

[1] "An Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem," etc., by James Ferguson, F.R.A.S. 1847.
[2] Vol. ii., p. 18. April, 1853.

mythical character. Its contradictions were needful, in order to keep men from believing its straightforward simplicity. This, however, is a kind of inspiration not generally accepted, even by those who are as eager as the German to detect inconsistencies; as it is thought more scholarlike and more scientific to make these blots reasons for lowering the vulgar standard of inspiration, and flinging off the trammels which that standard had fastened round the freedom of judgment, and by which it had stereotyped theology.

To believe without a standard of belief, to think without a rule of thought, is supposed by many to be spiritual freedom. Thus at least wide enough room is left either for sailing or for drifting, as the case may be; compass, and helm, and anchor, being at the same time somewhat superseded by superior seamanship, and ability to calculate on, if not to control, the elements. The men are no doubt brave, the sea is wide and deep, its surface at present looks blue and winning; but are its farther shores verdure or barrenness?—at its bottom are there pearls or only rocks?

One thing that suggests itself to the reader of these Eastern travels, as he turns page after page, is the marvellous accuracy of Scripture in small things. The narrative spreads itself over more than two thousand years,—or at least the narrators, from Moses to John, extend along this line,—no one having any communication with the other. Yet in their minutest details there is harmony. As to men, places, names, distances, how singular the concurrence! Impostors avoid details. He who compiled the apocryphal Book of Enoch has shown some sagacity in keeping to general statement. He names places, but he never commits himself to relative position or distance. The Bible, in almost every chapter, commits itself to both of these; nor in any one known instance has geographical incorrectness, or even indistinctness, been detected. Each new traveller is discovering fresh examples of precision and accuracy, not merely greater than that of Jerome and Eusebius, but even of Josephus himself.

It neither challenges scrutiny nor evades it. It lets things take their course, in the manifest confidence that it can be no loser by discoveries in science, in history, or in topography. It makes no haste. It can afford to wait, quietly enduring the reproaches flung on it, and the suspicions raised as to its integrity. It waited long for the discovery and decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics on obelisk, tomb, and temple. They came at last, and it found itself no loser. It waited longer for the sculptures and inscriptions of Nineveh. They came at last, and it found in them a vindication and a testimony which have given courage

to many a friend, and sobered, if not silenced, many an adversary.

It waited with equal equanimity for the results of topographical discovery in those lands of which it was more especially the annalist. This was, of all others, the thing most fitted to test, and in which failure would certainly involve the loss of character as well as reverence. In this balance it has been weighed —weighed by caviller and admirer—and *not* found wanting. There were many cities or places for which it did not need to wait, for all along it had been a correct topographer. Hebron, and Bethlehem, and Samaria, and Nazareth, and many other towns, have stood out from the earliest age as witnesses to its correctness. Above all, Jerusalem! No amount of ecclesiastical rubbish has been sufficient to overlay or displace the main features of that city and its suburbs. Along its western side, spreading out to the south, stretches the old plain or valley of Rephaim, where David fought, once and again, the hosts of Philistia. There the Kedron, beginning beyond the north-western angle of the wall, sweeps round the city with its quiet curve, deepening as it bends, and widening into the fruitful hollow where the old olives still mark the Garden of Gethsemane. There rises, to the east, the grey ridge of Olivet, with its scattered olives here and there, reminding the gazer of what it once was, ere Titus swept away its verdure, stem and branch. There, to the south-east, where the extremity of the Tyropœon divides Sion from Ophel, is Siloam, or, as it is now modernized, Silwân, —not a *brook*, as Milton calls it, nor a *fountain*, as other poets have named it, but a *pool*, as Nehemiah and the evangelist have truly designated it,—a pool now in ruins and almost empty, but still reminding the traveller of Old and New Testament verity. There is Sion, too, with the oblong castle which now represents the Tower of David, which, in all likelihood, has sprung out of the ruins of that very tower which took the name of Judah's king. There are all these great features of the wondrous city, just as Scripture has drawn them. Time and the spoiler have swept away much, but they have failed in some things; and these have been left as witnesses to the truthfulness of the old sketches of Jerusalem given us a hundred times over in the Book of Truth.

Not a few of the sites for which it waited long, refusing to alter its measurements according to ecclesiastical caprice, have within these twenty years come to light. In the eastern Kerak, perched on one of the stalwart hills that frown over the Bâhr Lût, is recognised now "Kir of Moab;" as in the Galilean Kerak, whose ruins cover the mounds at the south-western angle of the Bâhr Tubariyeh, is found the Tarrichea of Josephus, if not also the Rakkath of Joshua. For fourteen hundred years Shiloh—where

the tabernacle stood, and Samuel ministered, and Eli died—was fixed on the high peak, some six miles west of Jerusalem, named Nebi Semwîl, in contradiction to the old narrative. A traveller passing northward from el-Bîreh to Nâblus, turns some two or three miles out of his way to the right, and there, on the high slope of a hill which commands a whole network of valleys, he finds mounds of curious ruins, named Seilûn, on the very spot to which the Divine narrative would have led him. Not above a few miles from the hills of Nazareth in one direction, and no farther from Tabor on the other, stands an old square ruin, commanding the whole plain of Esdraelon. The Arabs call it Zerîn; and in it we see the ancient Jezreel of Ahab. A little farther north lies a filthy village, fenced round with prickly pears instead of walls: its name is Solam, representing beyond doubt the ancient Shunem of Elisha. These are but one or two of the many places which have of late years come up to view, and the resuscitation of which has so strikingly verified the Scripture as to the accuracy of its minutest details.

For other sites it still waits. A few years will bring more numerous confirmations. It waits for the discovery of Capernaum; for Dr Robinson's proof as to Khan Minyeh is defective and inconclusive. It waits for the discovery of Dan, in the extreme north; for Dr Wilson's ingenious conjecture as to the identity of Tell-el-Kadi and Dan, from the common signification of their names (judge), is after all doubtful, though adopted by all subsequent travellers. It waits for the resuscitation of Zelzah, in the borders of Benjamin; for, though the suggestion of the Scotch Deputation, as to its being the modern Beit-jalah, on the olive heights above Rachel's tomb, is not unlikely, it wants corroboration. It waits till, somewhere within a two miles' range of Jerusalem, some traveller shall light on Mizpah of Benjamin, the city of the assembled tribes in the days of the Judges; for Mr Stanley's idea, that it is the Scopus of Josephus, though not improbable, is uncertain. It waits, too, for the discovery of Emmaus, so well known, though but once named in New Testament story; for most assuredly the Nicopolis of the Romans is *not* the Emmaus of the Evangelist and of Josephus. That the Roman Nicopolis is now the Arab Amwâs, and that Amwâs represents some ancient Emmaus,—these points are clear enough. But Emmaus—meaning, as it probably does, hot baths—was a name known in the north as well as the south of Palestine. The Emmaus of Luke was a village some seven miles and a half from Jerusalem,—a distance which men might quietly walk to and fro in a day,—not a city twenty miles off, a distance which men, going and returning, could not possibly accomplish so as to be present in the evening in Jerusalem.

We still wait for the discovery of Emmaus, sixty stadia from Jerusalem. It will come in good time; not by the alteration of the text either of Luke or Josephus, but by some traveller, who has no theory to support, lighting on some old ruin, which his fellah-guide tells him is called Amwâs, like two or three other places,—some far off, and some near. But for such a discovery the Bible does not need to make haste, nor do its readers need to be impatient. It will come in good time.

It is not without reason that one would contend for the accuracy of Scripture, even in its words. Accurate precision forms the very perfection of Euclid's "Elements" and Newton's "Principia;" nor is it any disparagement of these to pronounce them stereotyped and unalterable. A modern German, indeed, has said that "everything noble loses its aroma as soon as men restrict it to an unchangeable form;" yet no one supposes that Euclid or Newton have lost their nobility because they are unchangeable in their form and truth. It is the glory of science, that each proposition in these works is as true to-day as it was when first demonstrated by its author. Truth never changes. It advances, it expands, it multiplies; but it does not change. It may be added to, but it cannot be taken from. In acquiring new territory, it does not surrender the old. Its annexations are all genuine *additions*. No mathematics, however advanced, gives up old territory; so no theology, however "advanced," can renounce the dogmatical acquisitions of the past, unless on the ground that they are *false*. To call them obsolete, is childish; to say they are not suited to the age, is a condemnation of the age more than of them. Mathematics cannot advance save by a perpetual recurrence to first principles; and it is only thus that theology can advance. Nor can anything be more suspicious than this disposition to make progress by leaving old truth behind. No one feels himself shackled by his full belief in the "Principia." His adherence to these is no hindrance to progress: much the reverse. Nor does our adherence to the accurate and unchangeable forms of thought and theology, given us in Scripture, prevent our making constant additions to our knowledge. Love does not grow by giving up the past; nor does faith; nor does knowledge; nor does theology.

Not willingly would any one admit the inaccuracy of a favourite author: not without a sigh could he bring himself to believe that the words of "Paradise Lost" were not Milton's words. So, not willingly can any one concede the inaccuracy of Scripture: not without a sigh can any one bring himself to believe that its words are not the words of God. If the Atheist be really sincere, it must have been with a sorrowful heart that he relinquished the idea of the existence of an infinitely perfect

and blessed Being; and it must have been with no ordinary feelings of terror that he discovered that the world's great arch was without a keystone. And if the deniers of verbal accuracy to Scripture be thoroughly sincere, it must have been with no common bitterness of soul that they discovered that the Bible was inaccurate, and that its words were not the words of God. What struggles it must have cost them to believe this! With what reluctance they must have come to this sad conclusion! With what fear must they enter on all speculation, knowing that they are thus shut out from the great source of certainty! And with what tenderness should they bear with the scruples of those who are still clinging to the words of Scripture, and resting themselves on the belief, that God has spoken, that God has written, not thoughts merely, but *words*—unerring words—which they find to be no chain, no trammel, but a lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their path!

The most original thinker is not the man who speculates or dreams; but the man who studies the processes of nature, outer and inner,—and on these grafts his thoughts, and out of these originates his propositions, or axioms, or deductions. For all these processes are the visible expression of thoughts far higher and wider than those of man. So the most original and most advanced theologian is not the man who flings abroad new opinions gaily clothed; but the man who studies every word of Scripture, and every fact contained in these. For these words and facts are of all others the most pregnant and fruitful; seeing they are the embodiments of divine, and therefore infinitely *profound* thought;—thought which, if carefully deposited and honestly cherished, will prove the parent of an endless offspring,—true, original, and progressive, though not of course, like itself, perfect and divine.

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